THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Oral Roberts: Graduating M.D.'s

Reagan's Leading Ladies

Fiction: Louis L'Amour, Alexander Botts & William Saroyan

Diabetes & Hypoglycemia Home Test Kits

Irving Berlin at 95

Lose Fat with Fiber

Woody Allen

A Senator Visits with Soviet Jews

Coaching by Computer

Lucian Lapinski ...

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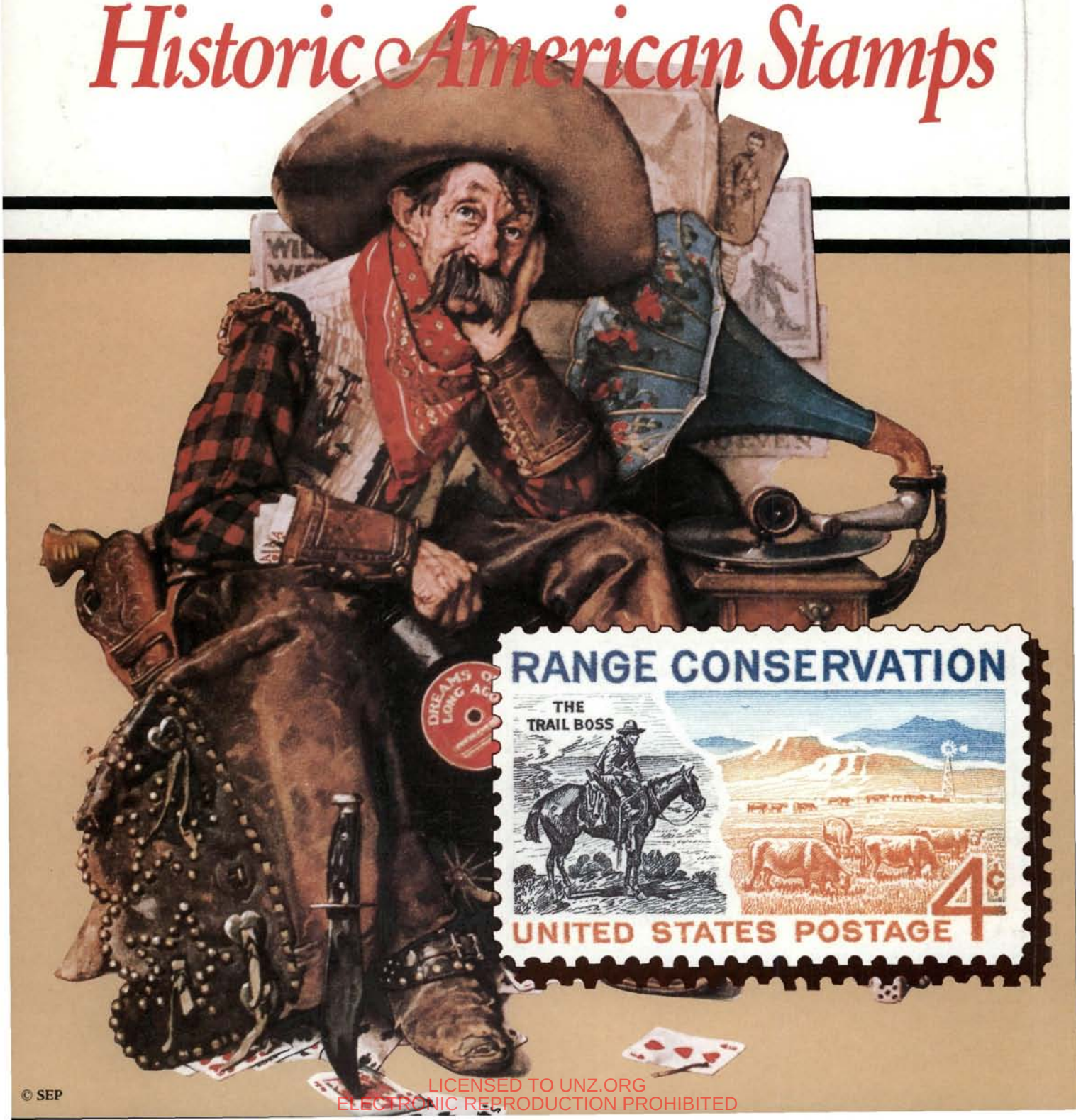
NOW! An All New Collection!

Norman Rockwell Classics combined with Historic American Stamps



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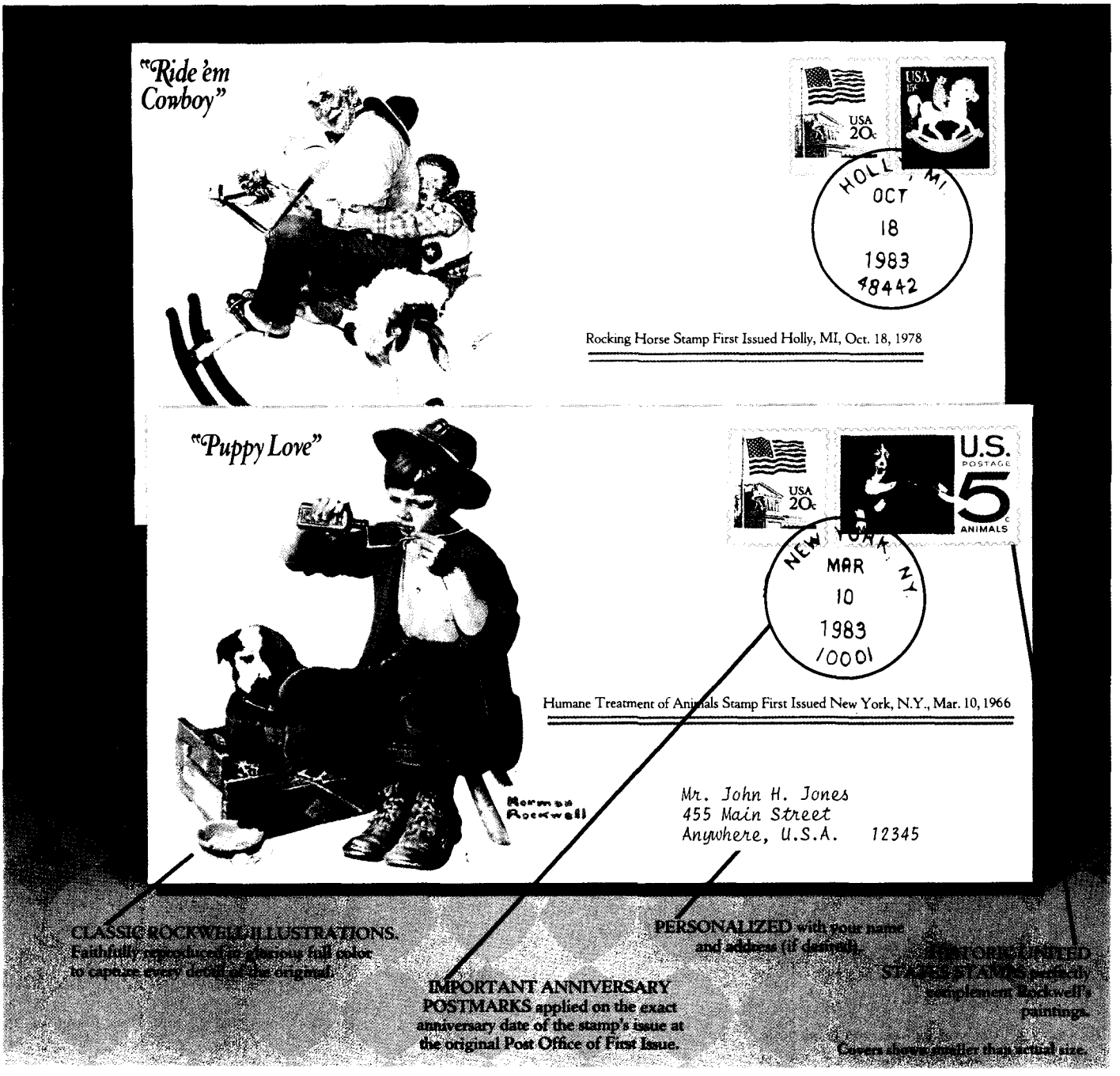
"Ride 'em Cowboy"
USA 20c
USA 15c
OCT 18 1983
48442
Rocking Horse Stamp First Issued Holly, MI, Oct. 18, 1978
"Puppy Love"
USA 20c
U.S. POSTAGE 5c ANIMALS
MAR 10 1983 10001
Humane Treatment of Animals Stamp First Issued New York, N.Y., Mar. 10, 1966
Norman Rockwell
Mr. John H. Jones
455 Main Street
Anywhere, U.S.A. 12345
CLASSIC ROCKWELL ILLUSTRATIONS. Faithfully reproduced in glorious full color to capture every detail of the original.
IMPORTANT ANNIVERSARY POSTMARKS applied on the exact anniversary date of the stamp's issue at the original Post Office of First Issue.
PERSONALIZED with your name and address (if desired).
HISTORIC UNITED STATES STAMPS perfectly complement Rockwell's paintings.
Covers shown smaller than actual size.

In each case the stamp so perfectly complements the Rockwell painting that the result is a cover collection of unsurpassed beauty, meaning, and importance.

Imagine owning many of the century's most colorful, fascinating, and significant official U.S. postage stamps . . . Imagine, too, owning a collection of 100 classic Norman Rockwell paintings . . . Now imagine the two combined in a cover collection of unsurpassed beauty, meaning, and importance.

A tribute to Rockwell and a salute to America!

Norman Rockwell painted portraits of America that will be remembered and treasured forever. He knew and loved the American people — all of us, young and old, cityfolk and farmer, fancy and plain. He taught us to love and respect one another. That's why Norman Rockwell will always be our country's best-loved artist . . . and why his classics for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have become an American tradition that will never be surpassed.

Not surprisingly, many people who love Rockwell are also fascinated by stamps — and for many of the same reasons. Stamps, too, have a lot to say about America. Over the years, stamp collectors often noticed striking parallels between Rockwell's paintings and our nation's stamps: they depict similar themes and even portray the very same subjects.

(continued)

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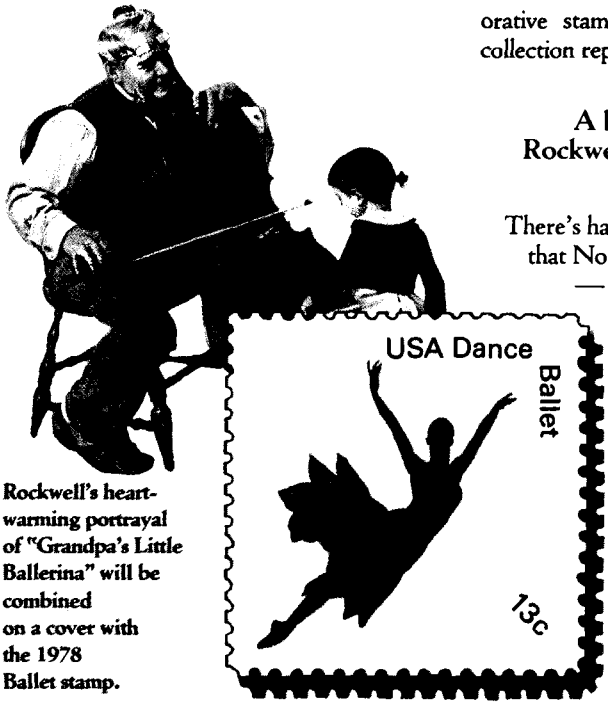

Rockwell's heart-warming portrayal of "Grandpa's Little Ballerina" will be combined on a cover with the 1978 Ballet stamp.

That's why it's so natural to combine the best of Rockwell and the finest American stamps. However, the task was far more difficult than it seems. The paintings and the stamps are sometimes separated by many years. A number of stamps that correspond with the paintings are quite old and difficult to obtain in sizeable quantity — they are available only from dealers and other private sources. It took the full cooperation of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and the vast philatelic acquisition resources of the Postal Commemorative Society to make this collection a reality.

These Rockwell classics have never appeared on Commemorative Covers before!

As you read on, you will see many of your own favorite Rockwell classics — this is Rockwell at his very best. And yet, famous though they are, none of these Rockwell classics has ever appeared on a Commemorative Cover before!

The collection includes Rockwell paintings from the 1920's, 30's, 40's, 50's, 60's, and early 70's — the entire span of Rockwell's career with the POST! The stamps, too, are drawn from several decades — some, in fact, are more than 40 years old!

Only the greatest Rockwell paintings and most important U.S. stamps have been chosen. Norman Rockwell painted nearly 300 magazine covers for the POST. And during the last four decades, nearly 1,000 commemorative stamps have been issued. This collection represents the finest of both.

A beautiful blend of Rockwell classics and historic U.S. Stamps.

There's hardly an aspect of American life that Norman Rockwell did not portray — and in each case we have found a stamp to perfectly complement the painting. Each adds beauty and meaning to the other!

Notice, for instance, how Rockwell's 1933 Christmas painting, "Ride 'em Cowboy," goes perfectly with the 1978 Christmas "Hobby Horse" stamp. The collection includes a number of memorable Rockwell paintings of children — "Puppy Love," from 1923, for instance. The youngster is ministering attentively to his young dog. We know, as Rockwell did, that love is the best medicine. This marvelous painting will be combined with the 1966 "Humane Treatment of Animals" stamp.

Notice how a 1922 Rockwell painting — "Ship Ahoy" — is complemented by the 1957 stamp paying tribute to the craft of Shipbuilding. While Rockwell makes us guess at the view at the end of the telescope, we can assume from the painting's title that it is a large ship, with sails billowing in the wind.

Rockwell's sentimental scene of an old sailor and young boy looking out to sea, "Ship Ahoy," will be combined on a cover with the 1957 Shipbuilding stamp.

Each Rockwell painting will be magnificently lithographed in full color.

Rockwell lavished extraordinary care on each canvas he painted for the POST — he was a perfectionist. So equal care will be taken in producing these paintings on philatelic covers for the very first time. Each cover will be richly lithographed in full color on specially crafted, parchment-like paper — to capture the small, but significant details and subtle shadings of color that make Rockwell's paintings such a delight!

Important anniversary postmarks.

The stamps have great significance, too. So each cover in the collection will be officially postmarked on the exact anniversary date of the stamp's First Day of Issue, at the original Post Office of First Issue. This will add an extra element of history and authenticity to the collection.

Convenient acquisition at a favorable guaranteed price.

Covers will be issued at the convenient rate of three per month. Your favorable original issue price will be just $4.25 per cover — guaranteed for the entire collection. This price includes the lithographed paintings, the historic stamps, the anniversary of First Day of Issue postmarks, and the luxurious Collector's Album. You need send no money now — we will bill you prior to each month's shipment. (As a further convenience, you may have each monthly shipment charged to your VISA or MasterCard.)

Advance Reservation Deadline: September 30, 1983

Please note that many of the stamps in this collection go back 20, 30, and even 40 years — they are no longer available from the Postal Service and we have managed to obtain only a limited supply. Accordingly, reservations for the collection can be guaranteed only until September 30, 1983.

If you're fascinated by historic stamps . . . if you love Rockwell and appreciate his warm, tender and truthful vision of America . . . if you want to see how much more meaning a cover collection can give to being an American . . . then do reserve your collection as promptly as possible to avoid any possibility of disappointment. Allow 8 to 12 weeks for your initial shipment.

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Rockwell's circus clown, "Between the Acts," will be combined on a cover with the 1966 Circus stamp.
5c
UNITED STATES
Rockwell's 1949 classic, "The Three Umpires," will be combined on a cover with the historic 1939 Baseball Anniversary stamp.
CENTENNIAL OF BASEBALL
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
Rockwell's touching portrayal of a boy caring for his dog, "Puppy Love," will be combined on a cover with the 1966 Humane Treatment of Animals stamp.
U.S.
POSTAGE
5c
ANIMALS

You will receive a luxurious Collector's Album, at no additional charge

Norman Rockwell Commemorative Covers

050

Postal Commemorative Society
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Guaranteed acceptance only if postmarked by September 30, 1983.

Please enroll me as a subscriber to the Norman Rockwell Commemorative Covers Collection consisting of 100 covers combining classic Norman Rockwell illustrations with historic U.S. stamps. I understand that my covers will be sent to me at the rate of 3 covers per month, with my final shipment to contain 4 covers, at a price of $4.25 per cover (plus $.50 per cover shipping and handling). A custom Collector's Album will be sent to me at no additional charge.

I need send no money now. I will be billed prior to my first month's shipment. I understand that either party may cancel this subscription agreement at any time.

Mr., Mrs., Miss _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

I would like my covers: ☐ Unaddressed, or ☐ Personalized exactly as shown above.

☐ As a convenience, I prefer to have each monthly shipment charged, at the time of shipment, to my: ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

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CREDIT CARD NUMBER EXPIRATION DATE

_____
SIGNATURE

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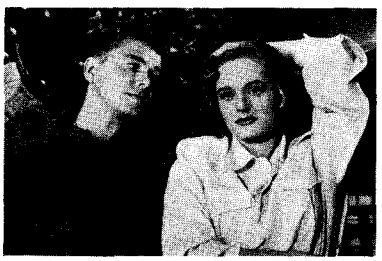
Oral's Doctors—Oral Roberts University Medical School graduates M.D.'s from facilities praised by the accrediting committee. **42**



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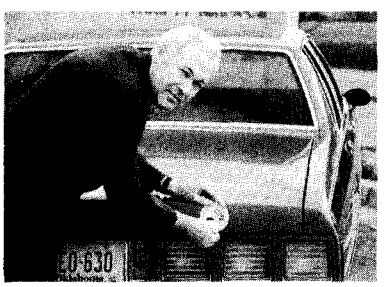

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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(Cover Portrait by Lucian Lupinski)

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BRAN NEWS

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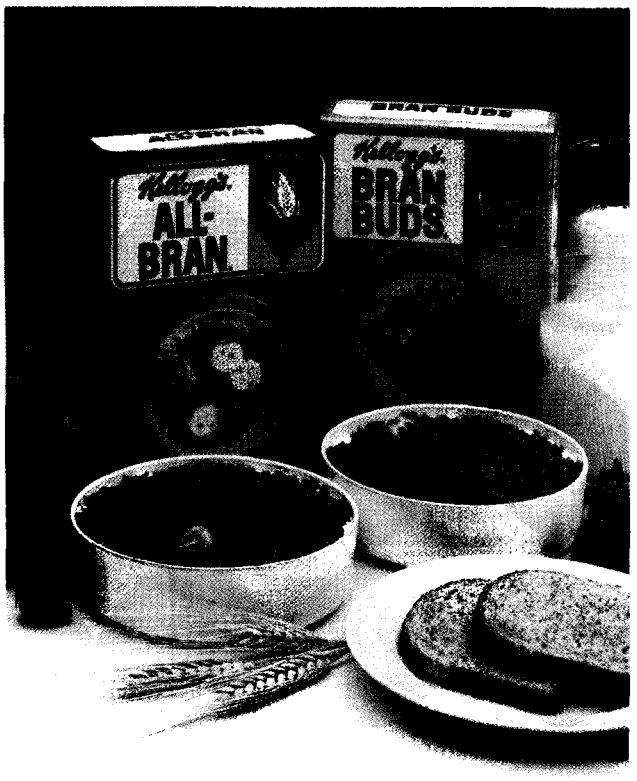

One single serving of Kellogg's® All-Bran® or Bran Buds® cereal is up to four times as rich in fiber as most other cereals'. And up to one-third lower in calories. That's Fiber-Rich!

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Letters

Church and State

Thank you, thank you, thank you for the article by Elton Trueblood clarifying the first amendment to the Constitution. For many years now I have been conducting a one-woman campaign to explain that nowhere does the Constitution mention separation of church and state. It is ironic that the people who shout the loudest about the first part of the amendment completely ignore the second part: ". . . or forbidding the free exercise of same."

The Constitution of the United States should be required reading in every high school in the land. If this were done we might, with luck, raise up a generation that does not equate reciting the Lord's Prayer or singing a Christmas carol in public school as an attempt to foist a state-controlled church upon us.

It is my considered opinion that the greatest menace to our personal liberty is the ACLU.

Helen S. Meyers
Salem, Oregon

Yolk's on Whom?

I love the *Post* and read it with much pleasure. Don't bother to wipe the egg off your face—["Letters," July/August '83] you may need a dictionary for "yoke" and "yolk," but he needs a grammar book for "we" and "us."

"Offend" is a transitive verb and requires the objective case—not "*we.*"

"This offends *us* Western folk."

A case of the pot calling the kettle black.

Mabel Chester
Rollins, Montana

Cover Lover

Love it! I couldn't take my eyes off the July/August '83 cover of the *Post*. Please commission Ann Thompson to do more covers. Praises also go to Mike Leininger for adjusting the house for the cover. How sad it would have been if we had not experienced this artist's work.

Barbara Peterson
Delafield, Wisconsin

Arthritis

Thank you for the SEP. I particularly appreciate the May/June

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EDITORIAL
Cory SerVaas, M.D., *Editor and Publisher*
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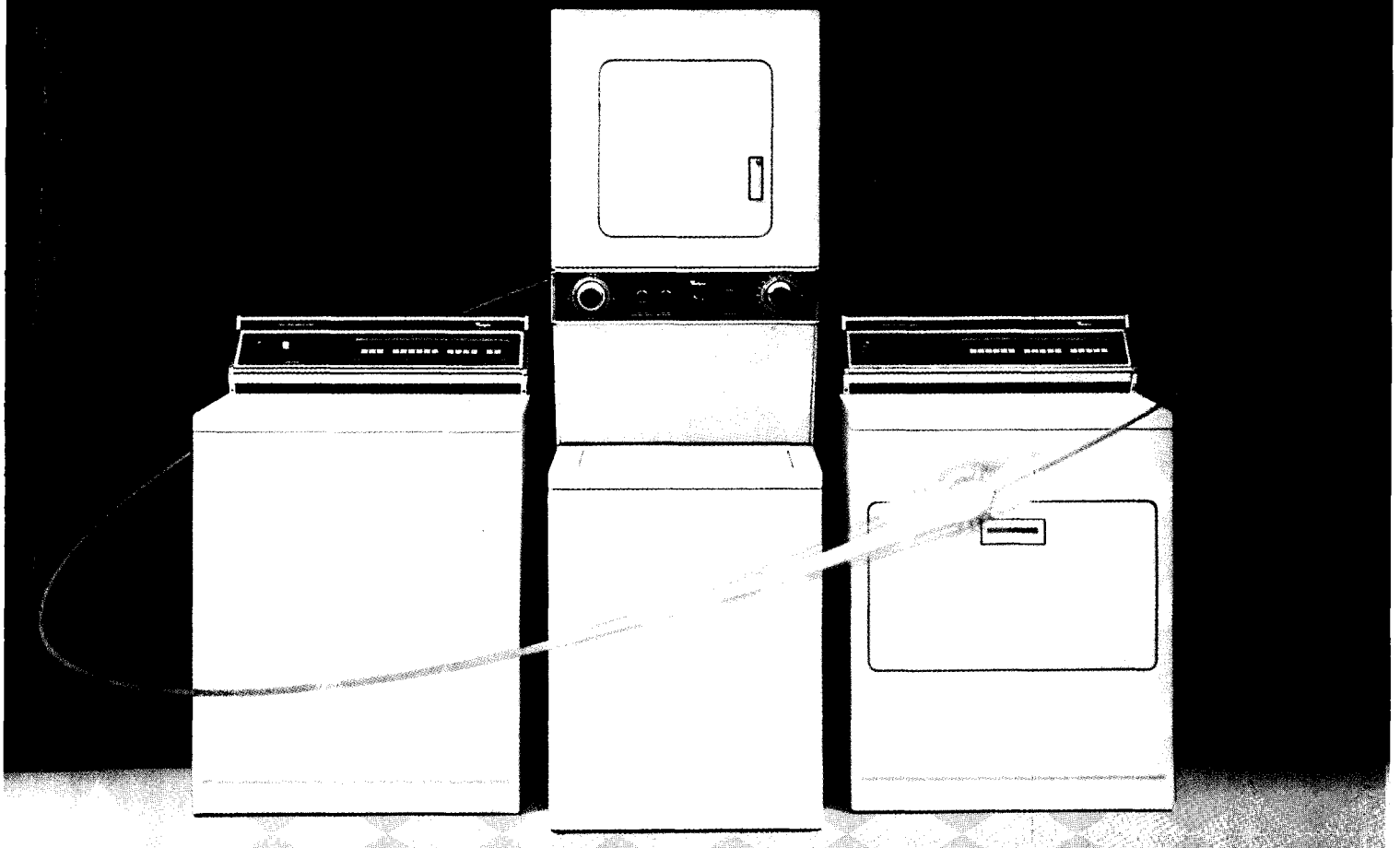
Tough on dirt. Gentle on fabrics. A promise from Whirlpool.



Natural fibers. Synthetics. Blends of naturals and synthetics. It takes special care to handle the toughest dirt and still treat each fabric right.

That's why at Whirlpool, we design versatility into our washers and dryers. Many of our washers let you select the right water level and temperature. The right agitation and spin speeds. The right load size and cool down cycle. Combinations that treat your clothes gently and still get them clean. And we build our washers and dryers in a wide variety of capacities, sizes and styles. Including our new Thin Twin.™ The laundry system perfect for today's smaller living space. Like all our appliances, they're built right. With the Whirlpool promise to stand behind them with pride. And with our toll-free 24-hour Cool-Line® service.*

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Making your world a little easier.

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Cups & Saucers of the World's Great Porcelain Houses

Unique designs each reflecting the pride of its distinguished maker... and each produced exclusively for this unprecedented international collection.

For the first time...25 exquisite cups and saucers – each designed and produced by one of the world's great porcelain houses exclusively for this collection!

Of the porcelain objects available today, many collectors find cups and saucers most appealing. And no size is more sought after than elegant demitasse cups and saucers. They are beautiful, convenient to store and display, and relatively modest in price. Best of all, they can be used as well as admired.

Now, for the first time in collecting history, the Danbury Mint makes it possible to acquire 25 cups and saucers from 25 of the world's great porcelain houses. It will be the collection of a lifetime come true.

Shown above is the elegant wood display cabinet that will be included at no additional charge.

If you could journey around the world on a quest for fine porcelain, you could not acquire these especially desirable pieces. For each of these cups and saucers will be available only in this collection, and only from the Danbury Mint.

A collection rich in history and tradition.

The cups and saucers will vary in appearance, and the collection will have exciting diversity. Each maker will combine a particular shape, size, finish, and decorative motif in a way that is completely characteristic of its time-honored traditions and yet somehow different from anything ever done before.

Wedgwood® will produce a cup and saucer in its beautiful Blue Jasper Ware, which Josiah Wedgwood himself invented in 1774.

Bing & Grondahl, of Denmark, will produce a cup and saucer with its renowned blue underglazing and hand-painted motif. Haviland, of Limoges, France, has chosen a pattern and shape nearly identical to the combination which won a medal for beauty at the 1900 Paris World's Fair. Rosenthal, of West Germany, has gone back to the 18th century for its lavishly ornate cup.

Royal Doulton, Royal Worcester, Spode and Aynsley, all of England, and Royal Tara, of Ireland, will each produce a cup and saucer in fine bone china – known for its strength, lightness, and remarkable translucence.

Noritake, of Japan, will produce an exquisite cup and saucer adorned with flowers outlined in 24kt gold. Pickard, of the United States, will make a cup and saucer the same shape as those in a service used by the Secretary General of the United Nations (the pattern will be different, however, in keeping with the exclusivity of this collection).

Each cup and saucer will be hallmarked with the special identifying mark of its maker, and each will be accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity, bearing the signature of an exec-

(continued)

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Cups and saucers shown actual size.

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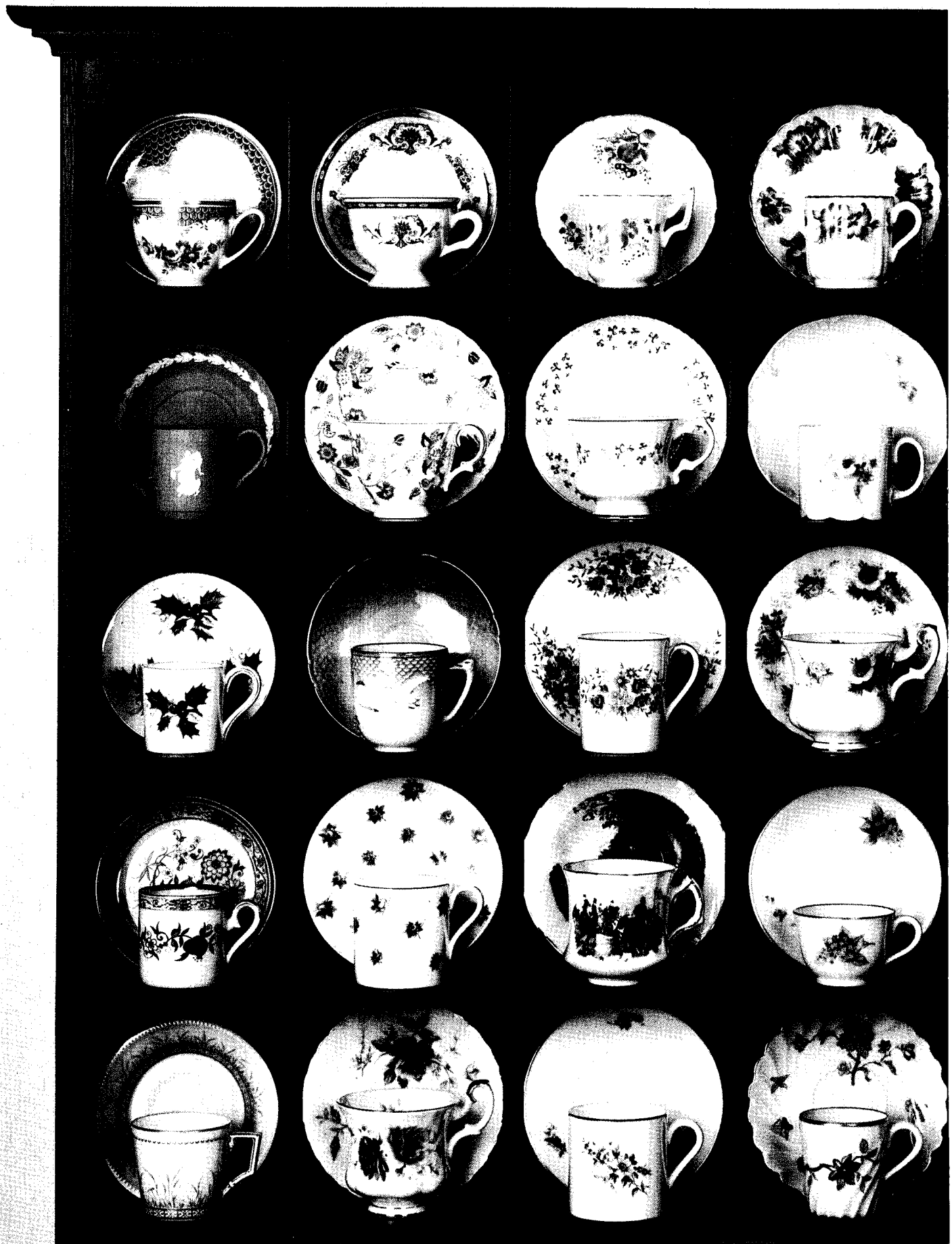

This elegant [illegible] display cabinet, specially [illegible] show the complete collection, will be furnished at no extra charge.

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(continued from previous page)

utive of the particular porcelain house and stating that the cup and saucer are of unique design, created solely for this landmark collection.

A magnificent wood display cabinet – no added cost.

Each collector will receive a magnificent wood wall cabinet to display the entire collection to best advantage. Each cup and saucer will have its own space, highlighted by elegant columns. There will be special grooves in the shelves so that each saucer can stand securely behind each cup, in full and splendid view. The cabinet will be hand-stained and will come pre-assembled, ready to hang.

A very favorable price . . .
a convenient acquisition plan.

Considering the exclusivity of this collection and the fame of the porcelain makers involved, the price is a most pleasant surprise. The original issue price is only $35. This is for BOTH pieces, and this favorable price is guaranteed for the entire collection.

No payment is needed now. Simply complete the reservation application and return it promptly. You will receive your cups and saucers at the convenient rate of one set every month, and you will be billed separately for each shipment. As a further convenience, you may have each cup and saucer charged, as shipped, to your VISA or MasterCard.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

In the unlikely event you receive a cup and saucer you are not delighted with, you may return them within 30 days for replacement or refund. You may cancel your subscription at any time.

The cups and saucers will add charm and beauty to your home for generations to come; they will add interest, grace, and dignity to special occasions. To be among the fortunate few who own them, please send us your reservation now. This is an opportunity not to be missed!

PICKARD CHINA
MADE IN U.S.A.
HAND DECORATED

KAISER

1814
HUTSCHENREUTHER
GERMANY

Villeroy & Boch
Made in Germany

EST 1775
AYNSLEY
ENGLAND

RESERVATION APPLICATION

Z55

Cups & Saucers of the World's Great Porcelain Houses

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
P.O. Box 5290
Norwalk, Conn. 06856

Please return
by November 30, 1983.

Please accept my reservation to the *Cups & Saucers of the World's Great Porcelain Houses,* a collection of twenty-five original demitasse cups and saucers, each designed and produced by one of the world's most famous porcelain houses. The collection will be issued at the rate of one cup and saucer every month at a cost of $35 per set (plus $2.50 for shipping and handling). An elegant wood display cabinet will be sent to me at no additional charge.

I need send no money now. I will pay for each cup and saucer as billed on a monthly basis. Any cup and saucer I am not satisfied with may be returned within 30 days for replacement or refund, and this subscription may be canceled by either party at any time.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you want each cup and saucer charged to your:
☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

_____
Credit Card No. Expiration Date

Signature _____

Allow 8 to 12 weeks after payment for initial shipment.

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'83 issue for the articles on arthritis. For 36 years I have known that diet has a direct effect on arthritis. Having been bedridden with rheumatic fever when I was 13, I was left with mysterious aches and pains in my joints and connective tissues. I told my mother that eating made me sick and set out to determine what foods made me ache and tried to eliminate them from my diet. I still smart with fits of outrage and irritation over authoritative medical pronouncements stating that anyone who believes that diet affects arthritis is a quack of the worst kind. If a child of 13 can figure it out, surely great scientific minds should get around to it sooner or later.

Williams James said it all: "First a new theory is attacked as absurd. Then it is admitted to be true but insignificant. Finally it is seen to be so important that its adversaries claim that they themselves discovered it." No matter how cautiously and carefully the doctor's statements in your articles are phrased—thanks to the SEP editors for printing the truth and offering help to millions. It's about time.

Claire Mackenzie
Gainesville, Florida

Wondrous Woman

Lynda Carter has always been my favorite entertainer. Thanks to David Wallace's article, "Lynda Carter: The Real Thing," my suspicions that Miss Carter is a warm and intelligent person are confirmed.

Anyone with her exceptional beauty, talent and success who still turns to God when the "going gets rough" is someone very special. Lynda Carter will always be my favorite entertainer, and now I regard her as a special person I respect and admire.

Ramona Milford
St. Louis, Missouri

Tale End

I received your May/June '83 issue. I have looked for an explanation of the cover. I am 93 years old and my mother told me about it when I was small. A teacher was watching that her children understand the meaning of a certain phrase, "bitter end." A small boy spoke up: "The dog chased the cat and bit her end."

Ruth Ashley
Portland, Oregon

Stars and Stripes

Both Ann Thompson and Mike Leininger are winners ("*Post* Cover Contest: Painting of a Winner," July/Aug. '83); however, was Mike never a boy scout? Flags hanging (left upper porch) perpendicularly should have the blue field to the left of the viewer (or over the heart, as I learned many years ago).

I realize it may not balance artistically in the painting but it *is* wrong!

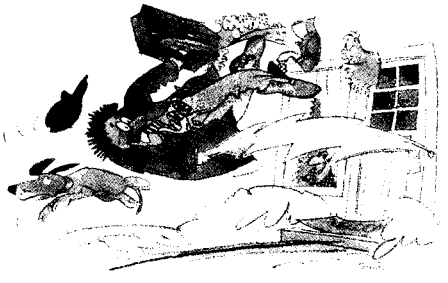
The *Post* has been a favorite magazine of mine for years—I'm 75 now. I've been particularly interested in your recent articles on arthritis. Keep up the good work!

Jessie R. Moulton
Gibsonia, Pennsylvania

Pedestrian Letter

I have a complaint: Maynard Stoddard's article "A Matter of Luck" in your May/June '83 issue caused me tremendous embarrassment. No, I'm not the woman of whom he speaks who was "interested in new crotches": I'm the one who read his piece on the bus and considered disembarking for my uncontrollable laughter!

Mary Elizabeth Malberg
Edina, Minnesota



Dad*gum*mit

After reading the article in the July/Aug. '83 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* on Dr. Paul Keyes, I was quite excited. My family dentist had been preaching "preventive dentistry" to myself, my family and all her patients ever since I've had teeth—some 30 years. The solution of baking soda, hydrogen peroxide and salt was nothing new to us.

Our knowledge, very regular visits and good home care have saved my family the agony of gum disease, since we were all prone to it. My father had the disease years ago when he first discovered this marvelous woman, a general dentist in Jersey City, New Jersey, Dr. Sylvia Moss Feder. Other dentists were ready to pull all my father's teeth. She saved all but two teeth in his mouth.

Other patients whose dentists couldn't cure them were sent to Dr. Feder. She worked miracles through treatments and dedication. Since she passed away several years ago, still practicing in her mid-70s, my family cannot find another dentist with the same motivation and knowledge this woman possessed.

She was a marvelous woman who received little recognition for her efforts except from her patients, who will never forget her. A tribute to Dr. Sylvia Moss Feder and Dr. Paul Keyes and all other dentists in the country who practice this type of preventive dentistry: It works!

Please send a copy of this letter to Dr. Keyes. And please send me a list of Los Angeles area dentists who use the Keyes method.

Jill Prestup
Reston, Virginia

We hope to learn more about the effectiveness of baking soda and hydrogen peroxide in the treatment of gum disease from our Gum Disease Prevention Survey, appearing in the October Post.

NCC Soul-Searching

As a member of a United Methodist Church which is very concerned about all the controversy surrounding the National Council of Churches, of late, I read your article with interest.

I received an unpleasant jolt, though, when Bishop Armstrong named as a "key social issue in which the NCC is involved" "the madness of the nuclear arms race—for if we don't deal with that one, everything else becomes irrelevant: the importance of the family. . ." and so on.

If the church would make its chief concern, its primary goal, the molding and building, the growth, of God-loving—and in this case—Christian families, there would be no nuclear arms race.

The NCC is trying to get rid of a weed by cutting it down, instead of digging it up by the roots.

I get the idea that the NCC has become so preoccupied with saving lives that it has relegated saving souls to a pew in the back. And, after all, that's what it's all about.

Carol Sanchez
St. Amant, Louisiana

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Two expense paid trips for families of four to the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles...plus many other exciting, valuable prizes—televisions, bicycles, cameras, video cassette recorders!

Here's a chance for you and your family to see the 1984 Summer Olympic Games—all expenses paid. Lucky winners of the "Winning Events Olympic Sweepstakes," sponsored by Allbee and Z-BEC Vitamins, will see the world's best athletes compete "for the gold". Look for sweepstakes details at your drugstore's display...don't delay, send in your entry.

Allbee® and Z-BEC® Vitamins

Allbee Vitamin formulas supply all the essential B-Complex Vitamins and Vitamin C your body needs to replenish.

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Official Vitamin Sponsors of the 1984 United States Olympic Team

OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES RULES

1. To enter, hand print your name, address (including zip code and telephone number) and your favorite Allbee or Z-BEC vitamin retailer on the official entry form or on a 3" x 5" card. With each entry include the words: Allbee and Z-BEC Vitamins, Official Vitamin Sponsors of the 1984 U.S. Olympic Team. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.
2. Mail your entries to: WINNING EVENTS OLYMPIC SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 82089 St. Paul, MN 55182. Enter as often as you wish. Only one entry per stamped envelope. Entries must be postmarked by December 31, 1983 for the Winter Winning Events Drawing and received by January 15, 1984. Entries for the Summer Winning Events and Grand Prize drawing must be postmarked by May 1, 1984 and received by May 15, 1984. Entrants assume responsibility for delivery of entries by the Post Office. Entries which are illegible, torn or mutilated will not be accepted.
3. Winners for the Winter Winning Events will be selected on or about the week of January 16, 1984. Winners for the Summer Winning Events and the Grand Prize drawing will be selected on or about the week of May 21, 1984. All winners will be notified by mail. Decisions of the Carlson Marketing Group Inc., an independent judging organization, are final. Chances of winning depend upon the total number of entries received.
4. The prizes consist of:

   Winter Winning Events
   1-First Prize—45" RCA Wide Screen Television
   10-Second Prizes—His and Hers 26" Murray 10 Speed Touring Bicycles
   25-Third Prizes—Original Limited Edition Olympic Lithographs
   1000-Fourth Prizes—Olympic Posters

   Summer Winning Events
   1-First Prize—Sanyo Deluxe Portable VCR
   10-Second Prizes—Nikon FG Camera, Lens, Case and Flash
   25-Third Prizes—Original Limited Edition Olympic Lithographs
   1000-Fourth Prizes—Olympic Posters

   Grand Prize Winning Events—(to be drawn from all entries received.)
   2 Grand Prizes—all expense paid trip to the 1984 Summer Olympic Games in Los Angeles for a family of four.
5. Prizes are limited to one household and are not transferable. No cash substitutes. Winners are responsible for all federal, state and local taxes. If a minor wins any of the prizes, it will be awarded in the name of the parent or legal guardian. All prizes will be awarded.
6. This sweepstakes is open in all areas of the U.S. in which displayed or advertised. Offer void if prohibited or restricted. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.
7. Employees and their families of the A. H. Robins Company and its affiliates or subsidiaries, their advertising and promotional agencies are not eligible. Winners subject to proving eligibility.
8. For a list of all prize winners, please submit a self-addressed, stamped envelope to WINNING EVENTS OLYMPIC SWEEPSTAKES WINNERS LIST, P.O. BOX 82194 St. Paul, MN 55182

Mail entries to:
"Winning Events Olympic Sweepstakes"
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See Official Sweepstakes Rules for mailing deadlines.

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Post People

Holly Coors

As ***Dan Gurney's*** wife, ***Evi***, has learned, you can talk a man out of his racer but you can't talk a racing man out of racing. After his ninth Indianapolis 500, Dan began designing race cars. His Gurney Eagle won both the '73 and '75 Indy 500s, with ***Gordon Johncock*** and ***Bobby Unser***, respectively, at the wheel.

Many plots are hatched in Washington, D.C., but this one, being sprinkled by ***Sue Block***, wife of U.S. Secretary of Agriculture ***John Block***, may be more fruitful than most. It is a demonstration garden sponsored by Glad® Wrap and Bags to offset funding cuts that once threatened to push urban garden projects from the green into the red.

Her dad may be ***Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.***, and her grandfather a noted violinist, but ***Stephanie Zimbalist*** has still had to work for recognition.

That means getting up at 4:30 a.m. each day to play the sassy sleuth in "Remington Steele," the role that won her the title of "Favorite Female TV Newcomer" of 1983.

Cleared of all charges that he once had ties with organized crime, Labor Secretary ***Raymond J. Donovan*** today is attempting to establish better ties with organized labor. "Among the issues on which we agree," he says, "are foreign trade, safe and

Holly Coors

healthful workplaces, and jobs to fix the country's highways and bridges." How to reach these goals, however, creates some disagreement, says the secretary.

According to husband ***Gabriel Ferrer, Debbie Boone*** is not at all like all the syrupy reports: "She talks intelligently about many things." Of main importance now is the birth of

the Ferrers' second child, who will add to their family commitments—"Which," Debbie says, "always come first."

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Quaker introduces Mother's Oat Bran.

A tasty new fiber source that may actually lower cholesterol.

People have long believed oats were good for them. Recent findings, first reported in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,[1] later in the AMERICAN JOURNAL OF CLINICAL NUTRITION,[2] tend strongly to support this popular belief with convincing data.

The "usual high-carbohydrate high-fiber diet lowers cholesterol by an average of 25 percent, which is not too bad," according to the Post article. "But with oat bran we found we obtained about a 35 percent reduction in the serum cholesterol."

Oat bran vs. wheat bran

Bran is the outer fraction of a cereal grain, contains most of its fiber content, and is separated from the flour during milling.

"Basically," the Post article explains, "you can divide fibers into two categories, based on their water-solubility. Some fibers are water-soluble, others are water-insoluble. The water-soluble fibers are the ones that lower the cholesterol to the greatest extent."

The article goes on: "Wheat bran is mainly water-*insoluble*. It doesn't do anything to the cholesterol.

"Oat bran is very rich in soluble fibers and is very effective in lowering cholesterol."

Now packaged for you and sold at nutrition centers/health food stores

You can buy this fine product yourself, in packages labeled "Mother's Oat Bran," with complete directions on the box.

Nutmeg or cinnamon sprinkled on top make the creamy hot cereal version especially delicious.

There's a recipe for Oat Bran Muffins on the side panel.

Common sense, of course, tells you that any food product believed to offer potential dietary benefits should be used as part of a total program, and oat bran is no exception. Persons with medical conditions, especially those related to diabetes or cholesterol levels, should see a physician and follow his or her advice.

In any event, one especially welcome pleasure is the flavor. That should improve your spirits while Mother's Oat Bran is improving your fiber intake.

1. January/February 1980, pp 35 *et seq.*, and December 1979, pp 114 *et seq.*
2. Kirby, R.W. *et al* Oat-bran intake selectively lowers serum low-density lipoprotein cholesterol concentrations of hypocholesterolemic men. Am. J. Clin. Nutr. 34:824, 1981.

Try this delicious new natural, too.

New Mother's Whole Wheat is a great natural change of pace cereal, with other flavor and nutritional benefits. It gives you the bran, the germ, the natural vitamins, minerals, and fiber of the natural grain. With no additives, no preservatives, nothing artificial to get between you and its naturally healthy, robust, and satisfying good flavor.

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LOSE FAT WITH FIBER

Join the Flat Tums Club by learning to eat what the most expensive and effective health clinics are feeding their clients. For weight loss, oats, beans, wheat, corn, brown rice, potatoes, millet and other starches are "in."

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Watching our cook, Elizabeth, lose 28 pounds while eating her usual hearty portions made a believer out of me!

We had been trying to get Elizabeth to cook high-fiber, low-fat, high-carbohydrate recipes for years. At the time I was writing the *Fiber & Bran Better Health Cookbook,* she was sneaking the butter into the stew and leaving the chicken fat in the chicken soup. One isn't a prophet in one's own home. Nathan Pritikin could do what I couldn't. One visit to the Pritikin Longevity Center in California and Elizabeth was proudly displaying her weight loss while serving up Pritikin high-fiber dishes.

Give us each day our daily whole grain bread so that we may live out our threescore and ten in good spirits and health.

Her jolly good nature and her obvious love of good food had won her some friends in the kitchen there. She attended their shopping tours, learning what kinds of food to buy and not to buy. In short, she came away with what she believed were the innermost secrets of the Pritikin kitchen chefs.

Within a few weeks, by cooking bean soups, lentil soups, soybean croquettes and nonfat flapjacks, Elizabeth had lost weight—but she hadn't ever stopped eating. She became a Pritikin convert.

Dieting books just won't do the job for most people, and they never did for Elizabeth. It was the camaraderie of the Pritikin participants, thrown together for six meals a day as though they were on a cruise ship with nowhere to go, that helped her maintain the diet. Most of the participants have much in common—they're middle-aged or older, have successful careers, fame and fortune—but a little angina. Some have the bad news from their cardiologists that the decision is theirs to make—*to have bypass surgery* to get rid of the occlusion in the vessels of their hearts, or *not to bypass* and run the risk of having a sudden, complete blockage of the coronary artery, with the possibility of sudden death. These people, mostly men, are highly motivated to lose weight and to lower their cholesterol levels with the well-planned diet-and-exercise program at the Pritikin Longevity Center. For this they pay $9,100 for 26 days with spouse or $4,600 for 13 days with spouse, which is still much cheaper than open-heart surgery.

Obviously, with those prices, we can't all go to the Pritikin Longevity Center, but the food and exercise his participants get would be good for all of us. Actually, we could all save a lot of money just by exercising and eating the inexpensive starches instead of sugars and fats. The biggest savings would come from fewer trips to the hospital for medical attention.

If you can't attend the Pritikin Longevity Center in California, or one of the other fine programs like it that have been set up in order to motivate people to take the low-fat, high-carbohydrate, high-fiber diet seriously while exercising and monitoring the blood fat levels, then read about it. You can turn your own home into a diet-and-exercise experiment.

FICA is the acronym almost everyone recognizes as the Social Security program, which takes 13.4 percent of all wages, 6.7 paid by the employee and 6.7 paid by the employer. The letters stand for Federal Insurance Contributions Act. We'd like to adopt "FICA" diet as the abbreviation for high FIber/CArbohydrate diet. When you see it in our books and articles, it will always mean high complex carbohydrates and low simple carbohydrates such as sugars. It will also automatically mean low fat, since fats are replaced with carbohydrates. Exercise and the FICA diet could be more important to you than the rewards you hope to receive for your FICA payroll contributions.

Figures indicate that more than 100 million Americans are overweight.

How do we get fat while some societies have no obesity problem whatsoever? Extensive studies made of tribes that live in the rural areas of Africa reveal that men and women living in a rather primitive state do not suffer from obesity. Who ever saw a photo or film of a

continued on following page

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It was a time when cars had tail fins ...
girls wore "poodle" cuts ... everybody moved to suburbia ...
milk cost 21¢ a quart ... and America listened to the best music ever!

Now it's all recaptured in

THE GREATEST RECORDINGS OF THE 1950's

ARCHIVE COLLECTION

From the ballads of Bing Crosby and Doris Day to the birth of Rock 'n Roll—over 500 great songs performed by leading stars of the 1950's. Including out-of-issue and hard-to-find recordings from the archives of the leading record companies of the time.

THE DECADE OF THE 1950's was the greatest in all of American popular music. It brought to the scene the most dynamic singers—the finest composers—the most memorable songs of our time. And the 1950's was also the decade of *recorded sound*—when more hits by more top artists were put on records than ever before.

And now, the greatest of *all* the music of the best time of our lives has been captured in *one* definitive record collection: The Greatest Recordings of the 1950's. All the finest performances of those years—from the archives of *every* major record label—selected especially for this collection by a panel of stars who helped make the fifties great: Patti Page, Johnny Mathis, Jo Stafford, Frankie Laine, Connie Francis, Ray Anthony, Roger Williams and Les Paul.

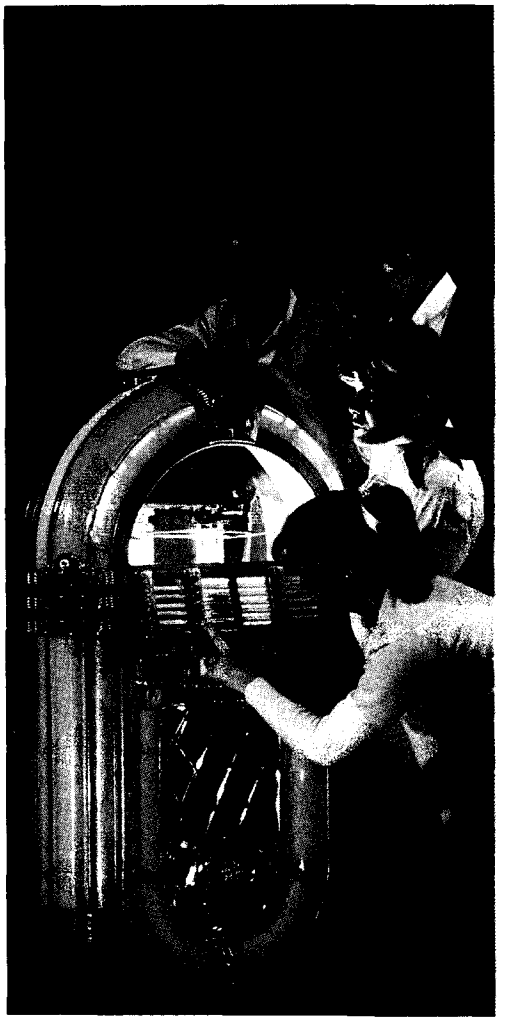
The sounds of a momentous decade

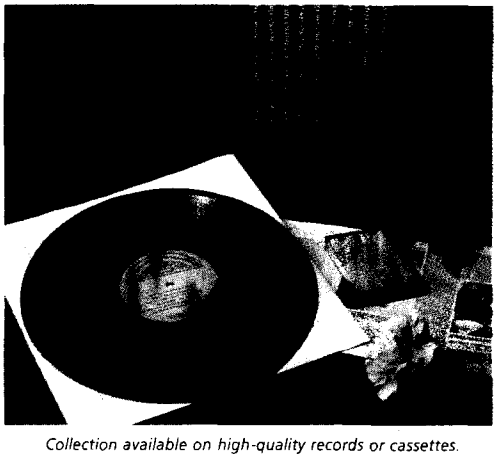
Here are the *great vocalists* singing the great songs: Tony Bennett with "Rags to Riches," Jo Stafford with "You Belong to Me," Nat Cole crooning "Mona Lisa," Eddie Fisher with "Oh My Papa." Here are the *duos, trios and groups*: the Mills Brothers, Les Paul and Mary Ford, the Weavers, Bill Haley and the Comets. Here are the *great bands and orchestras*: Count Basie, Harry James, Ray Anthony, Gordon Jenkins and Mitch Miller.

And there are *rarities* too. The panel included hard-to-find recordings such as Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly singing "True Love" (the only record she ever made). The inimitable Louis Armstrong doing "Mack the Knife." And Jane Froman with her emotional rendition of "I'll Walk Alone."

All the most memorable recordings of that fabulous time—in one outstanding collection to enjoy for years to come.

Strict standards of quality control will be maintained throughout the production of these records—to make certain the *full quality* of each original recording is retained. The records, which are thicker and heavier, will be pressed in an atmosphere-controlled "clean room" where careful attention is paid to pressing *and* inspection. And a special anti-static vinyl compound will be used, which resists the accumulation of dust in the sensitive record grooves. The result is a collection of *proof-quality* records that actually sound better than the originals!





Collection available on high-quality records or cassettes.

Handsome library albums included

A matched set of hardbound library albums has been custom-designed to house the entire collection. And each album will be accompanied by a specially-written commentary—fully illustrated—that weaves together the music, people and events of the time.

If you remember the decade of the 1950's with fondness ... if you long to enjoy again the best music of the decade ... or if you want to be introduced to one of the most exciting eras of our time ... this is an opportunity not to be missed.

But please note: This collection is available *only* by subscription and *only* from The Franklin Mint Record Society. It will not be sold in any record stores. To subscribe, mail the application on this page directly to The Franklin Mint Record Society, Franklin Center, PA 19091, by October 31, 1983.

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fat Pygmy?

Consider the eating habits of the rural Zulus, in Natal, Africa. Ninety percent of their diet is carbohydrates, mostly corn and beans. Working in sugar-cane fields, they also eat unlimited amounts of raw sugar cane. But how does a high-carbohydrate diet keep them thin while putting pounds on us? The answer came from members of the Zulu tribe living in urbanized southern Africa. They too became obese!

The diet of these city Zulus consists mainly of the refined and packaged foods that we Americans consume. (The royalty in Africa are acknowledged as authentic only if they are obese. And that is made possible because they have the wealth to obtain Westernized food.) They eat 85 pounds of refined sugar a year, for example, compared to 6 pounds per person in the rural population. (The average American consumes more than 100 pounds a year.) The rest of the city man's carbohydrates come mainly from grains—but they are in the form of refined white bread. His rural cousin, as we have seen, gets his carbohydrates from corn and beans.

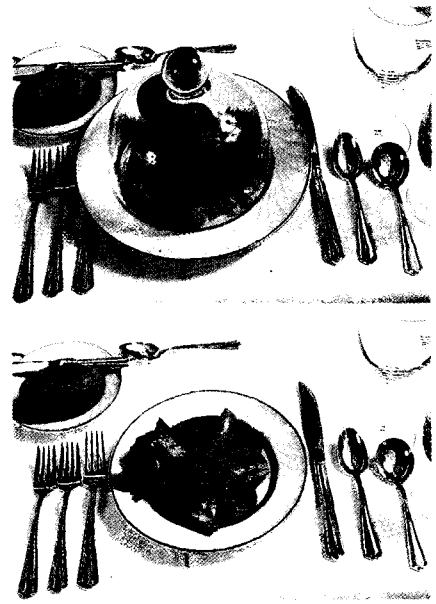
This presents a situation in which those who eat fewer carbohydrates suffer a high incidence of obesity, while those who eat more carbohydrates have almost no obesity. The difference, of course, is that unrefined carbohydrates, with their high-fiber content, are the friends, not the foes, of man's well-being.

If the fat problem were merely one of unattractive appearance, we could live with it. Unfortunately, it is a health problem, and we, too often, can't live with it. City-dwelling Zulus were found to have disease rates similar to the other urban people with whom they lived, but the rural Zulus were much healthier.

Americans themselves were not always the "fat cats" that waddle our streets and clutter our hospitals today. The founders of our once lean and healthy nation maintained their lean physiques.

Two people who are not "fat cats" are Rich and Helen DeVos. After spending two weeks at the Pritikin Longevity Center in Santa Monica, they have what my husband terms "flat tums."

When they came to Indianapolis with their son Doug, we had only two hours between their downtown appointments to enjoy dinner with them. It didn't seem fair to transport them to our home in the suburbs, so we cooked our high-fiber, high-carbohydrate food and brought it downtown to the newest and most exciting dining club in the city, the Skyline Club. Luck was running our way, because the chef, it turned out, had been an Amway distributor in his spare time for four years and was excited about having Rich DeVos, Amway's president, in his establishment for dinner. At 3:00 p.m. we brought our soybean



Croquettes à la Jean with brown rice; Stuffed Zucchini—tasty ways to lose weight *and* maintain a healthy heart.

and vegetable food for a session with the chef and all of his men, explaining in a crash course the benefits of losing weight—of keeping your vessels from filling in with cholesterol, of keeping your blood sugar levels just right and all the other good things that this high-fiber, high-carbohydrate, low-fat diet does for all of us. When you are proselytizing the best French gourmet chef in town you have to step lightly, but Joe O'Donnell was receptive about this dinner party.

When we left our brown-looking creations on the platter in Joe's hands, I must say I had trepidations about the outcome. But I had nothing to fear. After a few phone calls and some last-minute shopping for more bulgur wheat and brown rice, the dinner was in place.

"Would we want to cleanse the palate with sorbet between the soup course and the entrée?" he wanted to know. Well, now, that's a decision. Colorful sorbet, of course, may cleanse the palate, but it also has too many calories in it. We hadn't prepared the sorbet, not being in the habit of cleansing the palate between courses. "It would help keep the cadence of the service," Joe told us. "The waiters are accustomed to serving it." It was included.

When dinner for eight was served, the soup arrived with just the right amount of hoop cheese over the top.

The entrée, the *pièce de résistance,* arrived steaming hot under glass, and *le Baby Pheasant des Gourmets* couldn't have looked more enticing. There was a festive moment when the eight waiters lifted the glass from the "much-ado-about-beans" main course. It takes a lot of nerve to serve a beans-and-no-meat dinner party, and if the DeVoses hadn't been initiated at Pritikin I would never have had the courage.

It was their son Doug I worried about.

He plays football for Purdue University. Do Purdue athletes "carb up," or are they still having steak at the training table, I wondered.

I almost weakened to allow the club's menu for the young people. Our daughter Joan pretends to be irreverent but basically has been converted to putting high-fiber foods back into her diet. She would reinforce her end of the table. So we made the command decision not to let anyone even glimpse the club's posh gourmet menu.

We explained to Doug later that he was included for the health menu since even 20-year-olds can start coating their arteries. In Vietnam 20-year-old American soldiers who were killed in battle were shown at autopsy to be developing cholesterol plaques in their aortas. Filling in of the blood vessels begins early on the fiber-depleted, Westernized, high-fat, refined-carbohydrate diet that most Americans were enjoying during the period between World War I and the Vietnam War. Before World War I, people still ate plenty of whole-grain foods. Since 1970 a large number of enlightened Ameri-

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cans have switched to adding fiber back to their diets.

Another guest, Jim Janz, head of a large Canadian Amway empire, who had lost about 35 pounds after attending the Pritikin Longevity Center, was with us all the way. His enthusiasm for the food made a most profound impression on the young people.

The salad was served after the entrée, on the theory that we wanted the guests to be as hungry as possible during the main course.

The party was acclaimed a great success, so we left our recipes with the chef, and now, hopefully, we'll be able to order these high-fiber dishes from his menu on a regular basis:

Croquettes à la Jean
(Makes 8 servings)

Have cooking:
1½ cups raw brown rice, cooked with 1½ cups bulgur wheat
Have ready:
⅔ cup dry soybeans, soaked overnight, cooked with 1 chopped onion, 1 bay leaf and 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning.

Croquettes

½ cup filberts
¼ cup cashews
1 cup walnuts
1 12 oz. can tomato paste (no-salt-added)
2 onions
1 cup whole-wheat bread crumbs
2 teaspoons corn-oil margarine
Soybean mixture from above, mashed
2 eggs, well beaten
Wheat germ mixed with whole-wheat bread crumbs (for rolling)

Chop first 6 ingredients finely with food chopper. Mix with margarine and mashed soybeans. (Mix should be quite moist; if not, add more tomato paste.) Form into baseball-sized balls and dip into beaten eggs. Roll in wheat germ and bread-crumb mixture. Bake at 400° F. for 30 minutes or until brown.

Sauce

1 cup mushrooms, chopped
2 mushrooms, sliced
2 tablespoons beef broth
4 tablespoons margarine
4 tablespoons whole-wheat flour
2 cups water

Sauté mushrooms in margarine. Add beef broth. Mix flour with a bit of water to make paste. Add to mushroom mixture. Blend on low burner. Gradually add water, stirring constantly. Bring to boil. Cook 5 minutes. To serve: Arrange rice-and-bulgur-wheat mixture on serving platter. Place croquettes on top. Pour sauce over croquettes. Platter can be decorated with steamed asparagus or other green vegetable. Note: Soybeans can be prepared in

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advance and frozen for future use. This allows croquettes to be prepared for the oven in minutes. Remember to always soak the soybeans overnight to soften them before cooking.

Stuffed Zucchini
(Makes 6 servings)

3 large zucchini
1 onion, thinly sliced
1 green pepper, diced
1 clove garlic, minced
½ cup chopped fresh tomatoes
1 cup tomato juice
1 teaspoon dried oregano
1 slice whole-wheat toast

Cut the zucchini in half lengthwise. Scoop out the pulp, leaving ¼-inch-thick shells. Save the zucchini shells for stuffing. Dice the scooped-out zucchini; place them in a large nonstick skillet with the onion, green pepper, garlic, chopped tomatoes, ¼ cup of the tomato juice and oregano. Cook until the vegetables are softened. Fill the zucchini shells with the cooked mixture and arrange in a baking dish. Pour the remaining tomato juice around the stuffed zucchini. Crumble the toast and sprinkle it on top of the stuffing. Bake at 350° F. for 30 minutes or until the shells are tender. Serve with the tomato-juice gravy spooned over the shells.

Veggie Soup
(Makes 8 to 10 servings)

6 carrots
1 large head cabbage
2 large onions
2 stalks celery
2 potatoes
1 large can tomato juice
2 cups beef broth
Garlic powder and oregano
1 bay leaf
Hoop cheese, to garnish

Chop all vegetables. Simmer vegetables in large pot with enough water to cover. Cook until tender, but do not overcook. Add can of tomato juice and beef broth, the bay leaf, and garlic powder and oregano to taste. Simmer for 45 minutes. Remove bay leaf before serving. Shred hoop cheese over individual serving soup bowls and heat.

If you entertain in restaurants often, it's a good idea not to blow your diet, but to convert the chef. Many hotel kitchens now stock All-Bran®, unprocessed wheat bran, skim milk, soy beans, brown rice, oat bran, tofu and other necessities for the FICA diet.

Rich and Helen DeVos are so enthusiastic about the high-fiber, low-fat diet that they have invited a representative from the Pritikin Longevity Center to come to the Amway Grand Plaza Hotel in Grand Rapids, Michigan, to teach their chef.

If Helen DeVos is queen of the Flat Tums Club, then Bunker Hunt deserves honors as the nominee for

Soybeans being served at the exclusive Skyline Club? Well, under glass they become Croquettes à la Jean.

king. Bunker Hunt, the famous Texas oilman and Christian leader, is another Pritikin success story. Many of you have probably seen pictures of him in his portly days. After he and Mrs. Hunt took the course at the Pritikin Longevity Center, he lost so much weight that his wife says, "One of the nicest things about it is that strangers no longer recognize him on the street."

Another early crusader for beans and other high-fiber foods is a savvy R.N. better known as evangelist Pat Robertson's wife, DeDe. You'll love her book, *My God Will Supply,* published by Chosen Books. In it is a recipe for "Self-Control Chili" that her son Tim eats because he doesn't know it's made with soybeans. The recipe alone has been worth the price of the book.

Her recipe has become a favorite in our household—I never tell what's in the chili.

Self-Control Chili
(Makes 4 servings)

2 tablespoons polyunsaturated vegetable oil
3 cups cooked soybeans, ground
1 large chopped onion
1 clove garlic, minced
1 teaspoon oregano
1 teaspoon cumin seed
6 teaspoons (or more) chili powder
2 medium cans tomatoes
3 cups cooked soybeans, whole, 3 cups cooked chili beans or 1½ cups each

In a large skillet combine fat, ground soybeans, onion and garlic, and brown lightly. Transfer to large pot. Add oregano, cumin seed, chili powder, tomatoes and whole portion of soybeans. Cover with water and bring to boil, lower heat and simmer at least 1 hour.

A high point in the crusade to get our readers and "LifeCare Digest" viewers to eat high-fiber diets came last week when we were visited by Dr. James Anderson, an eminent diabetologist and professor on the staff of the University of Kentucky at Lexington. He is "Mr. Oat Bran," having persuaded the Quaker Oats Company to manufacture his oat bran when it became apparent to him that oats—even more than wheat bran—help to lower LDL (low-density lipoproteins), the cholesterol that all of us should try to keep low.

Dr. Anderson is now working on a new cookbook on hypoglycemia and the high-fiber diet. "I think there are new avenues in the treatment of hypoglycemia with high-fiber diets," he said. "Fiber tends to smooth out the blood sugar. You don't see nearly as many hills and valleys with a high-fiber diet."

Not only will this diet help keep you stay thin, but it will help regulate the blood sugar for the diabetic and the hypoglycemic.

Dr. Anderson and I are interested in a new product that was developed in West Germany. It is made from a very efficient fiber food, guar. In the past the problem has been that guar is very bad tasting and is not considered practical for including in the diet, even though it has been shown in animal experiments to be effective for lowering cholesterol and correcting high or low blood sugar levels.

The new product, which has been used in Germany since May of this year, is small guar pellets that are coated with citrus flavoring. The

continued on following page

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F A L L

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C H O I C E S

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purpose of guar is to coat the stomach, making unnecessary the sudden flush of insulin followed by a precipitous drop in blood sugar levels occurring after a meal. For diabetics and hypoglycemics, this is particularly important.

Glucotard® has been approved for testing in this country, and it hopefully will be ready to market in the U.S. by the fall of 1984. We visited Bio-Dynamics Inc., which will market the product; then we invited Dr. Anderson to stay for a dinner of Chicken Breasts Parmigiana, Stuffed Tomato-Avocado Salad, both with oat bran, and Lima Bean Soup.

Here are the recipes for the food that we served:

Chicken Breasts Parmigiana
(Makes 4 servings)

½ cup oat bran
2 tablespoons whole-wheat flour
1 teaspoon oregano leaves
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 chicken breasts, boned, split
1 egg, beaten
1 garlic clove, finely chopped
2 tablespoons polyunsaturated vegetable oil
One 8-oz. can tomato sauce
½ cup (2 oz.) shredded farmer cheese

Combine bran, flour, oregano and pepper. Dip chicken in egg; coat with bran mixture. Sauté garlic and oil in large skillet. Add chicken; lightly brown. Add tomato sauce. Cover; simmer 15 minutes or until chicken is tender. Sprinkle cheese over chicken. Cover; continue cooking until cheese is melted. Serve over whole-wheat spaghetti, if desired.

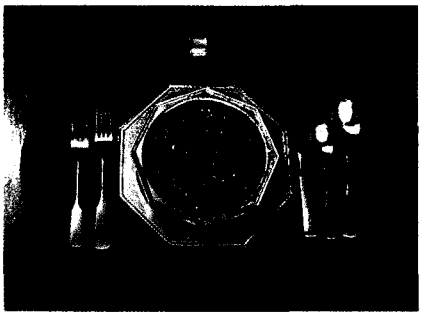
Lima Bean Soup
(Makes 6 to 8 servings)

1½ cups dry lima beans
2 quarts water
3 stalks celery with leaves
1½ large onions
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1½ cups chopped greens (lettuce, spinach or sorrel)
2-3 tomatoes
4 tablespoons corn oil
⅓ to ½ cup millet
¾ teaspoon ground sage
1½ teaspoons caraway seed
4 tablespoons brewer's yeast (optional)
½ teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons thyme
½ teaspoon fresh ground pepper
Grated mozzarella cheese

Soak lima beans overnight in water. Chop the celery, onion, parsley, greens and tomatoes rather coarsely. Place in large kettle with the lima beans, adding enough water to cover. Add the oil, millet, sage, caraway seed, brewer's yeast if desired and seasonings. Mix well. Cover and simmer 2 to 2½ hours, adding water if necessary. The vegetables should always be well covered. Taste for seasoning and serve in individual bowls with grated mozzarella cheese made from part skim milk melted on top.

Tomato Avocado Stuffed Salad
(Makes 4 servings)

4 large tomatoes
1 avocado, peeled and chopped
½ cup oat bran
½ cup chopped celery



Dede Robinson's delicious meatless chili from her book *My God Will Supply* is as good as it is good for you.

2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon pepper

Slice ½ inch off top of each tomato. Remove pulp, reserving pulp and tomato tops. Finely chop; drain. Drain tomato shells. Combine pulp and tops with remaining ingredients. Spoon into tomato shells; chill until ready to serve.

Recently we interviewed Richard Hammer, one of Dr. Anderson's maturity-onset diabetics, on our "LifeCare Digest" series on the "700 Club." In the process of the interview, he ate breakfast in our home and requested All-Bran® with some unprocessed bran poured over it, to which he added skim milk and strawberries. He has lost 70 pounds on Dr. Anderson's regimen and eats a lot of potatoes, beans, rice, lentils and oatmeal. For him, an even more exciting result was that he could discontinue injecting insulin, which he had been doing for more than five years. An extra bonus was that his wife lost weight too while eating the food she prepared for him. . .and so it goes.

Dr. Denis Burkitt is certainly the "Godfather" of the "fiber gang," and while having dinner with him and Mrs. Burkitt at Peter Island in the Caribbean last spring, there came a moment of truth. No whole-wheat bread was available; the waitress served us white bread. I waited to see if he or Mrs. Burkitt would eat it. They both did. Dr. Burkitt explained that whenever he can't get whole-grain breads, he eats white because he believes it is so important to get the wheat in one's diet. He accepts the white with reluctance.

Because Dr. Burkitt works for the glory of God and not himself, many times he gives much credit to others for the work he did in telling the world about his early predictions of the tremendous effect we could make on the health of many civilized countries simply by adding back the fiber that has been removed from our flour. No article or book on the subject of obesity should end without urging everyone to read his works.

In his book, *Eat Right to Stay Healthy and Enjoy Life More*, Dr. Burkitt says, "Fiber is the only constituent in our daily diet that contains no energy (calories). If a high-fiber diet decreases energy absorbed from 1 to 12 percent, it seems reasonable to assume that fiber-rich food helps to keep a person slim."

Starting on a high-fiber, weight-loss diet could be as simple as changing from white to whole-meal bread. Studies have shown that such a minor switch makes a considerable difference in the bulk of food present in the digestive system—even when comparable amounts are ingested. The amount of fiber in the whole-meal bread (four times more than white bread), as well as increased saliva, are the reasons.

Other important additions to the high-fiber slimming plan include bran breakfast cereals, brown rice, fruits, corn, broccoli, carrots, potatoes (especially with their skins), yams, raspberries and strawberries.

And yes, contrary to popular belief, potatoes are not fattening—as long as they aren't prepared

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with butter or other fats. Rich in bulky fiber, they have slightly more calories than apples, but not as many as pears.

Ever since research at Duke University disclosed the benefits of a rice diet for the cardiovascular system, we have tried to eat rice in as many ways as possible. It's a good filling, reducing food.

Here's my adaptation of my mother's chicken rice soup that we cook almost weekly because my husband likes chicken with rice.

Trudy's Chicken and Rice Soup
(Makes 8 servings)

Cook ahead one chicken simmering over low heat with all fat and skin removed. Set aside to cool. Remove all remaining fat. To 7 cups of the chicken broth add the following:

1 cup of brown rice
¾ cup wild rice (4 oz. package)
1 cup diced chicken
1 large bunch celery (leaves and all)
1 extra cup celery leaves
1½ cups mushrooms, sliced in half
1 scrubbed medium-sized potato (cubed)
1 large green pepper (sliced)
Crushed red pepper to taste
Black pepper to taste
2 large bay leaves
1 teaspoon celery seed
¼ tablespoon oregano
1 teaspoon parsley, dried
1 teaspoon spinach, dried
Additional seasonings optional: garlic and dried onions

Cook over low heat for 1½ hours. Soup can be topped with croutons if desired. Remaining chicken can be used in other recipes.

Here is another fiber recipe to include in your menu planning:

Herbed English Muffin Bread
(Makes 2 loaves)

4½-5 cups whole-wheat flour
2 packages active dry yeast
¼ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon marjoram
½ teaspoon thyme leaves
½ teaspoon oregano leaves
2 cups skim milk
½ cup water
1 tablespoon apple-juice concentrate
Cornmeal

In a large bowl, combine 3 cups flour, undissolved yeast, baking soda, marjoram, thyme and oregano. Combine milk and water in saucepan. Heat over low heat until liquids are very warm (120° to 130° F.). Gradually add dry ingredients and beat well. Add apple-juice concentrate. Stir in remaining flour to make a stiff batter. Transfer dough into two 8½"x4½"x2½" loaf pans (or 9"x5"x3" pans) that have been lightly greased and sprinkled with cornmeal. Sprinkle the tops of the loaves with additional cornmeal. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, for 45 minutes. Bake at 400° F. for about 25 minutes or until done. Remove from pans and let cool.

High-Fiber Flour

To make your own whole-grain oat flour: Place 1 to 1½ cups of Quaker Oats (Quick or Old-Fashioned®, uncooked) in blender or processor. Blend or process for 1 minute. Store in tightly covered container in cool, dry place for up to 6 months; use for baking, breading, thickening and browning. It can be substituted for all-purpose flour when thickening.

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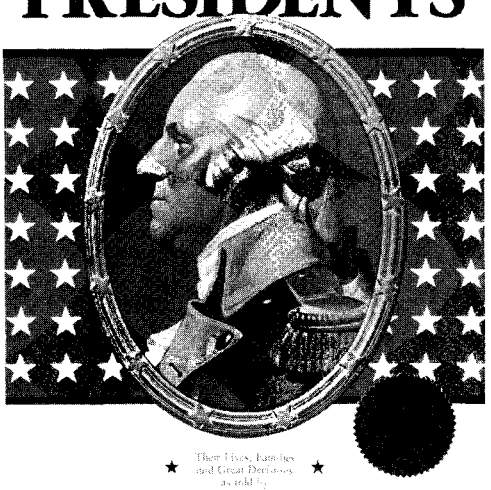

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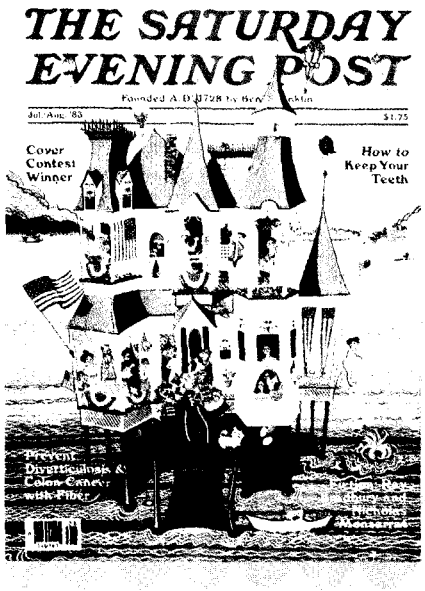
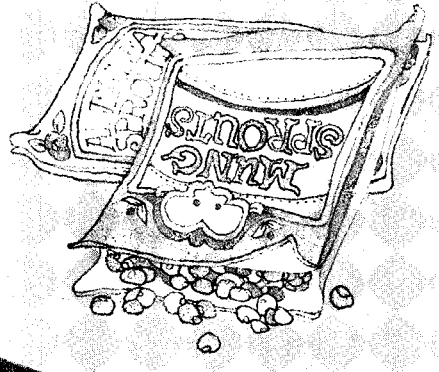
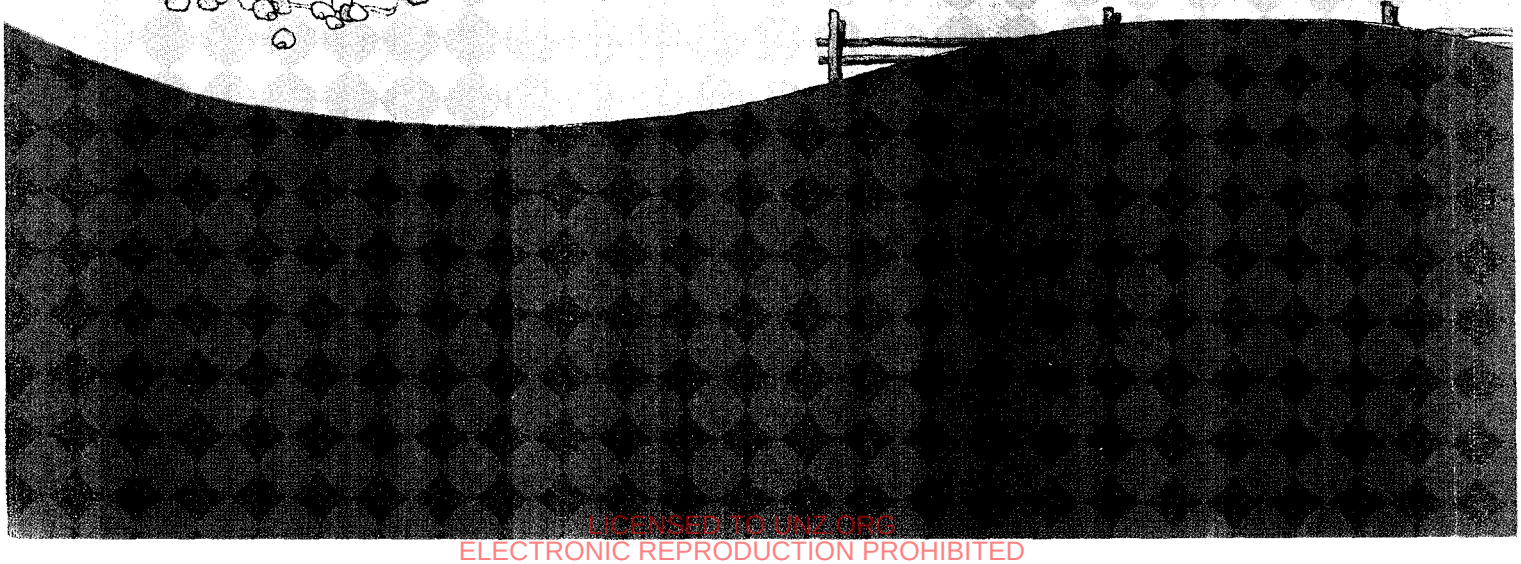


risp, invigorating weather . . . trees dressed in crayon-box colors . . . bins bursting with a bountiful harvest . . . all herald the return of fall and the promise of long, leisurely evenings. How better to fill those evenings than with the stimulating, colorful pages of *The Saturday Evening Post*, abundant with enlightening articles and entertaining fiction, humor,



games and mind teasers, contests for top prizes (including the current "Funny Cover Paint-Out"), tips on where to go, what to buy, what to eat and how to stay healthy and live longer.

Yes, welcoming fall and preparing for winter means more than storm windows and sharpened skates, wool mittens and wood piled to the woodshed roof. It means getting set for days indoors and nights not fit for a dog to be out. It means the promise of "live" entertainment for those otherwise tedious times. And that promise can find no better



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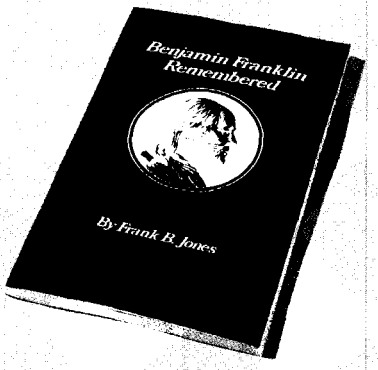

Ben Franklin Remembered
By Frank B. Jones
113 pages

The *Post* is proud to offer this month's bonus, a soft-cover book that will put the wit and wisdom of our founder on your coffee table. In Frank B. Jones' classic *Benjamin Franklin Remembered* you will have not only a chronology of one of the most famous men of his time, but also his outstanding achievements, Father Abraham's speech, and letters, essays and satire about the fair sex.

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UNZIPPING OUR GENES

Much behavior simply cannot be learned—
it must be built into the individual
by an elaborate genetic code.

by Bob Fenley

A mockingbird swoops recklessly on a cat; a fish changes pigmentation of its scales to display aggression; a blind and deaf child traces a joke in Braille and laughs; a roving male lion invades an unrelated pride and destroys its cubs.

Increasingly, scientists are compiling evidence that there is much behavior that simply could not be learned—that it is built into the individual by an elaborate genetic code. In fact, it's almost as if the brain calls on a variety of "game cartridges" as a home video machine does in expressing personality or temperament.

"There is a genetically determined 'hard wiring' of the nervous system," says Dr. Roger Rosenberg, chairman of the Department of Neurology at the University of Texas Health Science Center at Dallas and codiscoverer of the genetically based "Joseph family" disease. ("Hard wiring" is a popular term used in describing a computer's built-in memory.)

Citing the work of several scientists, including Nobel laureates Konrad Lorenz and Karl von Frisch, Rosenberg explained that these ideas have grown into a new field called "neuroethology."

"What they have provided is a body of knowledge that says there is a genetic, nonlearned, innate basis of behavior that animals express as aggression, territoriality and jealousy—the temperament of an animal," he added.

"You can see it in teleost vertebrate fish, in which the fish will signal temperament by the pigmentation pattern on its scales, which again is a pattern of aggression, of planning to attack or, in the female, that she is about to spawn."

The elaborate behavior of the male bower bird in building structures in its courting ritual, or of the Galapagos goose, which performs an elaborate mating dance over a period of hours, or of the graylag goose, which does an egg-rolling ritual in building a nest—all indicate behavior that is not learned but genetically programmed into the in-

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A Bunch of Real Losers

"I've tried everything. The Fabulous Fructose Diet really works for me." **-61**

-42 "I wanted a safe, nutritious way to lose weight. I found it."

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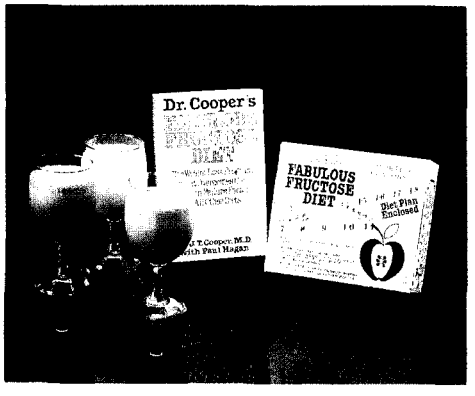

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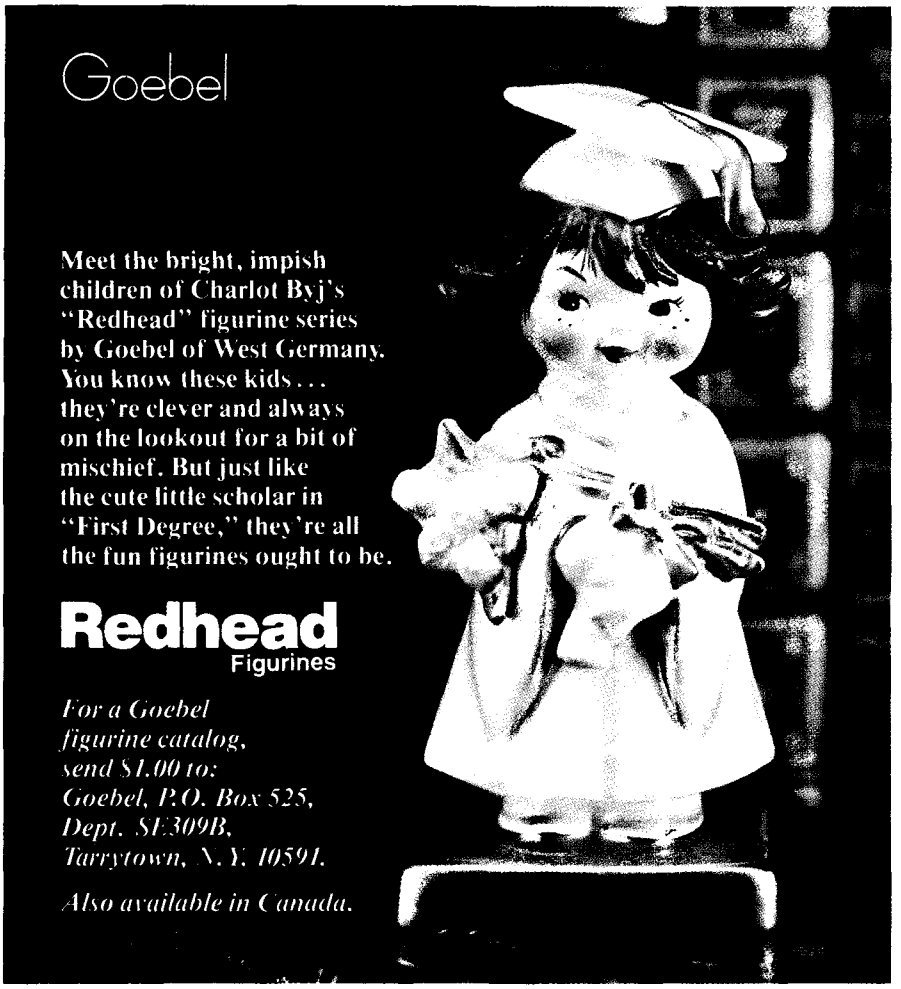
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dividual animal, says the Dallas neurologist.

Humans also display behavior that is more complex but that may well have some basis in genetic expression.

San Antonio scientist Kenneth Blum, chief of the Division of Drug and Alcohol Abuse at the UT Health Science Center at San Antonio, believes an inherited deficiency of brain hormones called endorphins may predispose some individuals to become alcoholics. David Comings of the City of Hope Medical Center, Duarte, California, has identified a specific brain protein, Duarte PC-1, that occurs frequently in alcoholics and suicidal persons and may be a mediator or predisposer of such behavior.

There is a strong belief that depression is hereditary. This belief is reinforced by the discovery that there are abnormal cell-surface markers in those persons with manic-depressive illness.

The question of inheritable tendencies certainly was raised by the recent suicide of Leicester Hemingway, who joined his famous brother, Ernest, and father, Dr. Clarence Hemingway, in self-inflicted death.

Although there may never be a definitive answer to this question, there are definite behavioral patterns connected with scores of genetic neurological diseases.

Rosenberg, an authority on this subject, points out that:

"There is strong evidence in humans that a mutation on the X chromosome can result in a striking alteration of behavior. This is evidenced in the Lesch-Nyhan disease, which is an X-linked recessive disease where the mother is the carrier and 50 percent of her boys develop the disorder.

"They mutilate themselves. They bite off their lips, and they bite their fingers. They have very high levels of uric acid in their blood and high levels of oxypurines in their brains. The enzyme defect is known—HGPRT is deficient.

"These boys may be of normal intelligence—or moderately retarded at the most.

"They do not want to mutilate themselves. They implore, 'Please tie my hands down . . . Please pull my front teeth out.' It's painful. They don't want to perform this kind of behavior, but they have this obsession, this obsessive-compulsive behavior to self-mutilate.

"Obviously, there is a profound alteration of the biochemistry of their brains that is under genetic control and underlies a striking change in human behavior."

Perhaps nowhere else is the division between the intellectual and the obsessive so sharply focused.

"There are inbred strains of mice that have a specific temperament as well as a level of intelligence. Some strains developed since 1940 have varying degrees of aggressiveness and varying degrees of maze-learning ability.

"You can also show that levels of the important neurotransmitters, chemicals that help to carry nerve messages—specifically acetylcholine—are high in the frontal lobes and the temporal lobes of these more gifted animals," said Rosenberg.

"At the human level it is important to look at the development of the child. Irrespective of the race, of the ethnic origin, of the culture, of the geography, the nervous system develops in a programmed, timed manner that is independent of these variables.

"A child begins to follow an object at a month of age, will turn over at about 2 months of age, will sit at about 5 months of age, stands at 10 months, starts to walk at about a year, begins to speak in simple words at about 8 months, phrases at about 15 months of age, simple sentences by 2 years, learns to ride a bicycle at 5, develops higher intellectual functions between 5 and 15 years of age.

"What you're looking at is the genetic program for development of the nervous system, which is not learned and which is independent of these variables.

"You do need an environment to enrich this potential. There have been bizarre cases in which a child has been put in darkness and neglected for years. And the development of the nervous system of that child is impaired. So you do need an environmental reinforcement to bring out that genetic potential," explained Rosenberg.

Harvard biologist Stephen Jay Gould has said: "Genes do not make specific bits and pieces of a

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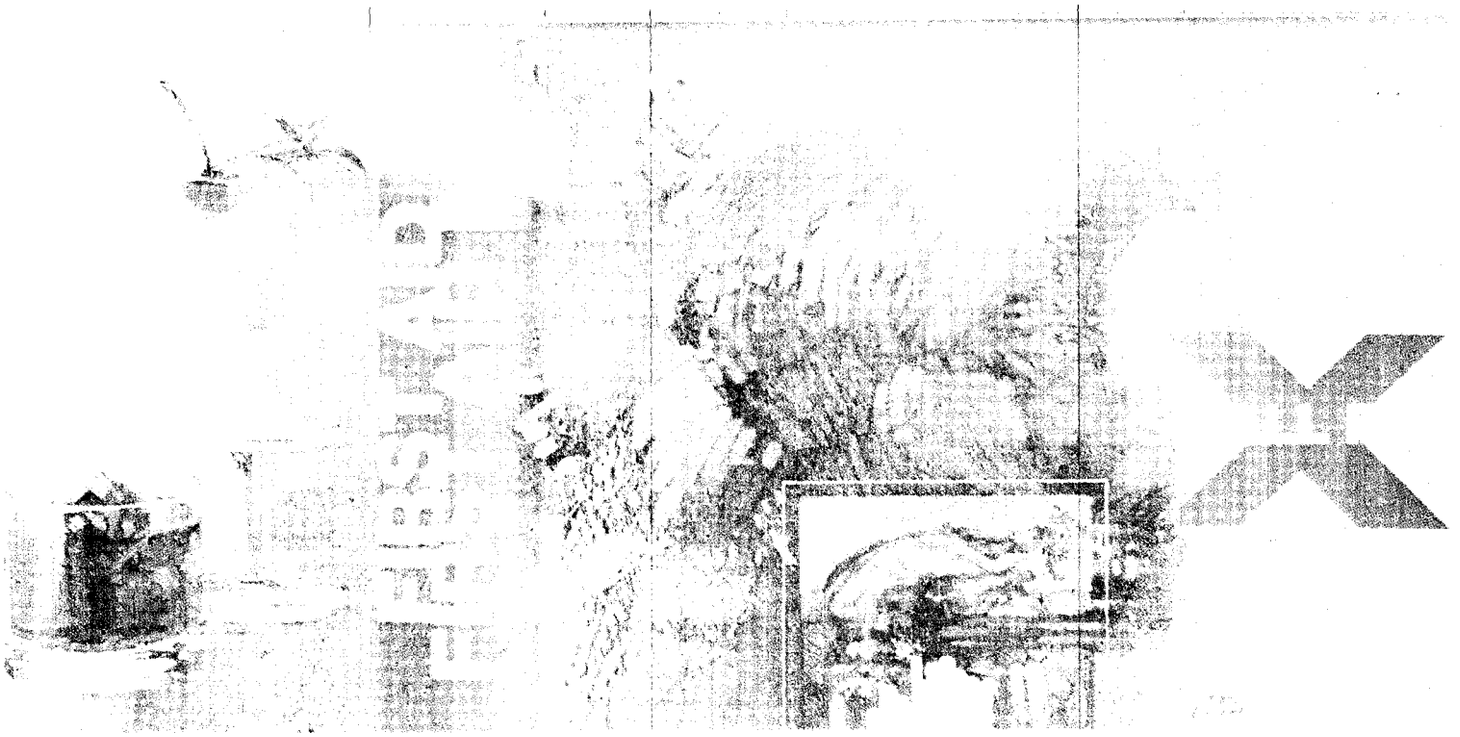

SEPTEMBER ON THE 700 CLUB'S LIFECARE DIGEST

The more health information you have, the better your chances are of safeguarding and improving your family's health. And that's what LIFECARE DIGEST is all about—you and your family's health. Saturday Evening Post editor, Cory SerVaas, M.D. gives you an inside track on the latest health information and most recent medical breakthroughs. You'll get practical knowledge you can apply everyday to make your family healthier and happier, from the newest therapy for back pain to the facts on food poisoning and how to avoid it.
It's all featured each Thursday on CBN's THE 700 CLUB with host Pat Robertson. Watch LIFECARE DIGEST, because you care for the lives you love.

September 1
Travel Tips

Planning a foreign vacation trip? Let us help you with facts about vaccinations (smallpox is one you should refuse). An inflight drink has a one-two punch when you're above 7,000 feet. We'll also help pack your bags with a proper first aid kit. This week, let LIFECARE DIGEST give you a healthy Bon Voyage.

September 29
Food Poisoning

Learn how to avoid botulism, staphylococci, distress from sulfiting agents and food intoxication from salmonella. When will boiling food help and when won't it? Why you shouldn't stuff the turkey the night before baking. You'll have these answers—and more—in this week's segment of LIFECARE DIGEST.

THE 700 CLUB

The TV show that gives answers for life

Check your local listings for time and station

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WARNING: HUMOR COULD BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR ILLNESS

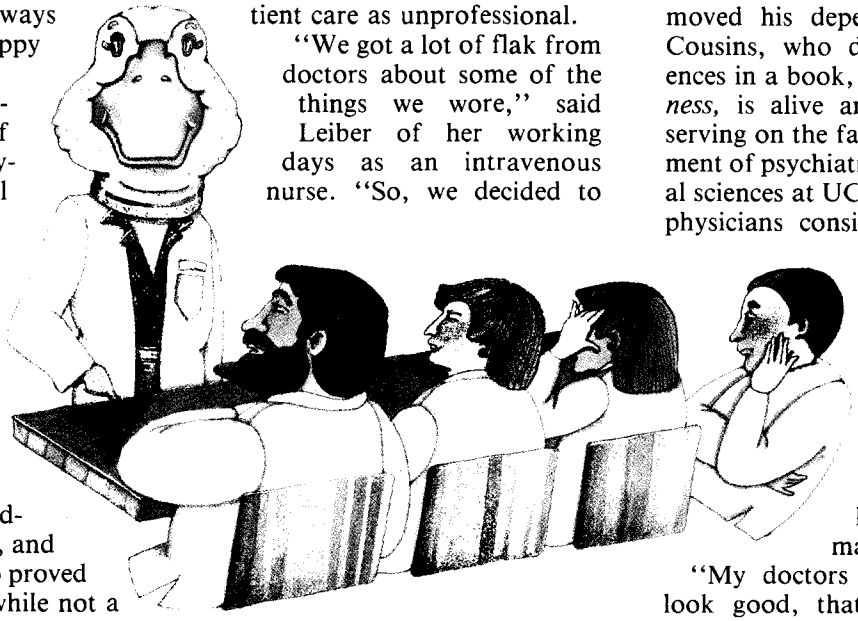
Although it has yet to cure the common cold, humor as a treatment for many diseases is no laughing matter.

by Dennis McCarthy

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

Deborah Leiber always tries to put on a happy face.

She got her chance recently at a convention of nurses, physicians, psychologists and social workers. She asked them to close their eyes and recall their most agonizing moments. When she directed them to open their eyes, Leiber was wearing a giant duck head.



Leiber's comic relief did the trick. It broke the tension that had been building inside the participants, and they laughed freely. It also proved her point that laughter, while not a cure-all to illness, can serve as an escape valve for pressures and frustrations festering deep inside the human body.

Leiber, a registered nurse and an instructor in the nursing school at Oregon Health Sciences University, likes to make her patients and nursing students laugh. So what does she do? She creates a whole new ball game, the NFL. Not the National Football League, but Nurses for Laughter—a different kind of kick in the pants.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for a laugh," she said, "as long as it's tasteful."

Leiber's organization exemplifies the trend toward humor in health care for patients that does not humiliate them or poke fun at their illnesses. But she and a number of her other nurse practitioners are taking a lot of criticism from some members of the medical hierarchy who view their new approach to patient care as unprofessional.

"We got a lot of flak from doctors about some of the things we wore," said Leiber of her working days as an intravenous nurse. "So, we decided to have a professional cap day. But instead of wearing nurses' caps, we wore our regular white uniforms with construction caps, baseball caps, whatever—the patients had a lot of fun with it."

Leiber likes to remind people about the story of Norman Cousins, once chief editor of the *Saturday Review,* who was told by his physicians several years ago that he had a terminal disease. Feeling depressed and convinced that the hospital care he was getting was doing him no good, Cousins checked out of the hospital and into a hotel room, where he prescribed regular doses of laughter for himself in the form of old comedy films and various television series.

Leiber said it was those steady doses of laughter, courtesy of the Marx Brothers, the Three Stooges and "Candid Camera," that helped build up Cousins' strength and removed his dependency on drugs. Cousins, who detailed his experiences in a book, *Anatomy of an Illness,* is alive and well today and serving on the faculty of the department of psychiatry and biobehavioral sciences at UCLA. Leiber and his physicians consider Cousins cured of the disease.

Charlie Gorsuch faced a similar fate three years ago at University Hospital when his physicians discovered a testicular tumor that was malignant.

"My doctors told me it didn't look good, that it looked like I might die," he said.

But rather than "sitting in bed and feeling sorry for myself," Gorsuch decided to use his artistic talents to sketch cartoons for the patients at Doernbecher Memorial Hospital for Children. He said he discovered "what tremendous therapy it is."

When the time came for the doctors to remove his cancerous testicle and to begin the tests to determine whether the disease had spread to the lymph nodes, "Quick Draw Charlie," as he calls himself, was ready. In the operating room, doctors pulled down the sheet covering Gorsuch and found a sign reading, "Hot nodes, get 'em while they're hot!"

A good sense of humor also can be helpful to nurses working in nursing homes—even when the humor doens't generate a lot of bel-

continued on following page

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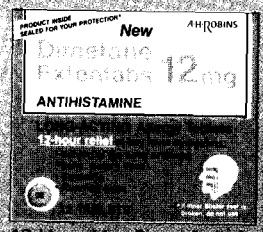
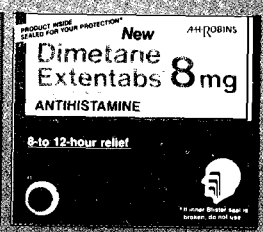
Isn't it time you took a different look at your allergy?

Dimetane Extentabs® Long-Acting Allergy Tablets contain a different antihistamine, one that doctors have prescribed...one that is found in no other non-prescription allergy medication. Dimetane Extentabs® work in an exclusive way that releases some of its special antihistamine fast and then releases medication gradually, giving you an effective level of continuous relief all day or all night.



12 Hour Hay Fever Relief



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Get Dimetane Extentabs Long-Acting Allergy Tablets for 8-12 hour relief of itchy, watery eyes, sneezing, running nose, itching of the nose or throat.

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Consumer Products Division, Richmond, Virginia 23230

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ly laughs, said Joy Smith, director of nursing at the Benedictine Nursing Center at Mount Angel.

"We had a lady with chronic arthritis," Smith recalled. "She was in pain and complaining all the time. Then someone came up with the idea of having her read a joke a day over the intercom."

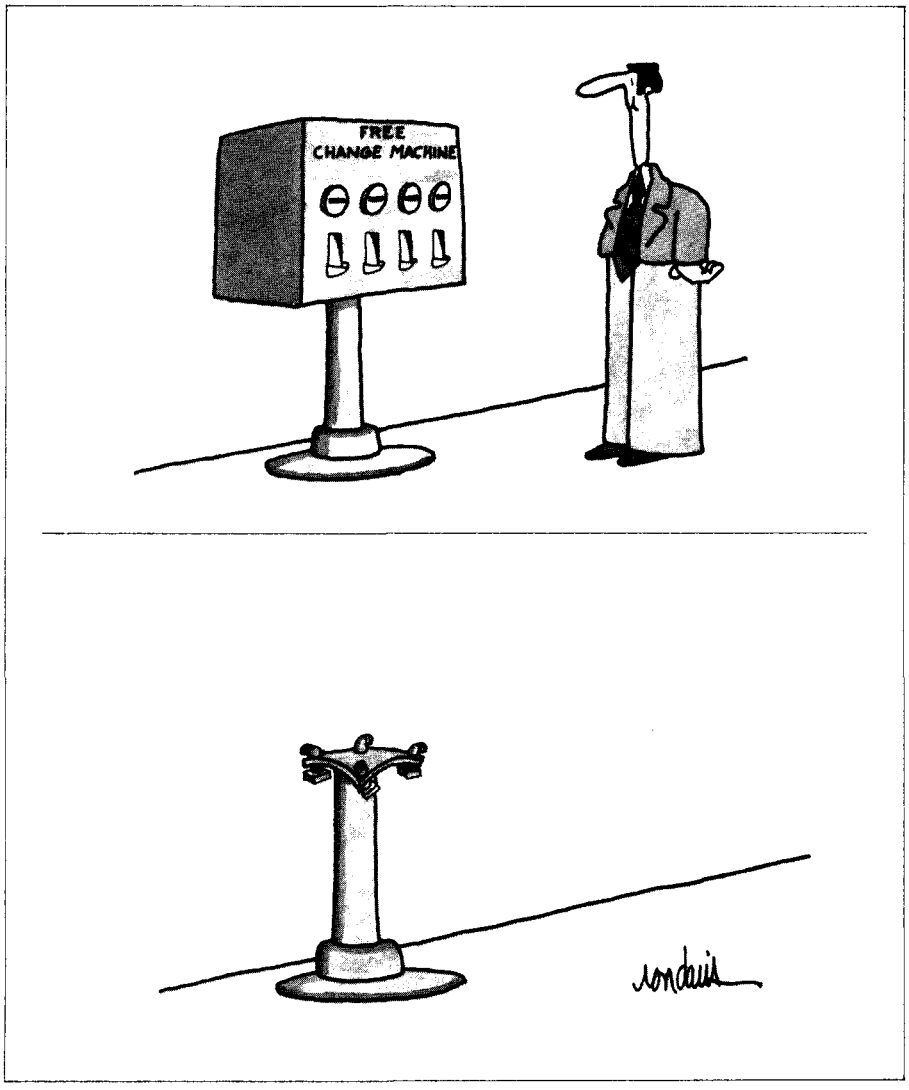
The elderly woman memorized a different joke every day from a joke book that a member of the hospital staff had given her and repeated it over the intercom. But other patients had difficulty understanding the woman because she slurred her words, so they went to her room to find out what it was all about.

"Soon, she began getting the attention she felt she never had before, and she did enjoy memorizing the jokes," Smith said. "When we had a skit here, we asked her to do three jokes and she prepared ten. It gave her a new interest in life."

Dr. John Goldman, a Portland dentist, has worked out his own brand of humor—part slapstick, part vaudevillian, part educational—that he believes could be extended to all fields of health care.

During regular business hours, Goldman is the mild-mannered dentist, dutifully drilling and filling cavities, doing root-canal work and crowning teeth. But give him 20 minutes in a room full of schoolchildren, and he becomes "Dr. Hackenbrush," a Groucho Marx look-alike who fights the good fight against the diabolical "Mr. Plaque." Armed with a toothbrush the size of a two-by-four, Hackenbrush warbles, "Hit the road, Plaque, and don't come back no more, no more!" to the squealing delight of his young audience.

"I'm getting a lot of feedback from nurses and education people who are interested in using this type of approach in other areas," said Goldman, who estimates his small troupe of actors will perform the 20-minute dental skit for about 7,000 grade-school children this year alone.



E.T. "Cy" Eberhart, a certified hospital chaplain and fellow of the College of Chaplains, has worked for 18 years with humor and hospital patients and has developed a format of humorous weekly writings for patients.

"We all admit to having a sense of humor," he said. "Still, one can act as though it's no more than an appendage.

"If we're to keep hope alive in others, we've got to keep it alive in ourselves," said Eberhart, who also serves as an adjunct professor at Linfield College. He has his own way of saying life isn't fair: "Life is what happens to you when you're making other plans.

"Humor helps us get on with the business at hand," Eberhart said. "It doesn't deny the reality of the situation, and it doesn't sympathize with us."

Walter E. "Buzz" O'Connell, a research and clinical psychologist with the Veterans Administration and the author of more than 200 publications on psychotherapy, the sense of humor, death and dying, and religion, said a person's sense of humor is based on a "feeling of worth."

Institutions give the impression of doing something for people, "but they don't teach us how to feel worthwhile," O'Connell said. Too many of them are resistant to change, humorless and rigid. They make those employees who demonstrate a sense of humor feel guilty for looking on the lighter side, he contends.

Maureen Whitman, a registered nurse and director of continuing nursing education at Oregon Health Sciences University, said humor is not the cure-all for serious diseases but laughing can relieve anxiety in patients, lessen their depression and help them cope with their diseases.

Research has shown that laughter can help people physiologically as well: in helping circulation, increasing the respiratory capacity, aiding the digestive tract and in causing beneficial chemical changes in the brain important in controlling pain, according to Ms. Whitman.

Perhaps that is why the motto of the Nurses For Laughter is: "WARNING: Humor may be hazardous to your illness."

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For arthritis pain, try Aspercreme. An effective alternative to aspirin.

Aspercreme® is an odorless rub that penetrates to the point of pain to give you hours of relief. Without the side effects aspirin may cause.

How does Aspercreme work?

Unlike pills that go throughout your body, Aspercreme concentrates strong relief where you want it and need it most—directly at the point of arthritis pain.

When you rub Aspercreme in, its penetrating action goes into painful areas to bring relief within minutes. It's like rubbing pain away. And it works wherever minor pain of arthritis strikes—fingers, elbows, shoulders, knees, back.

How long will relief last?

Aspercreme gives you relief which lasts for hours. Long-lasting relief during the day, when you're active. And at night, when you want to get to sleep and stay asleep.

How does Aspercreme compare to Aspirin?

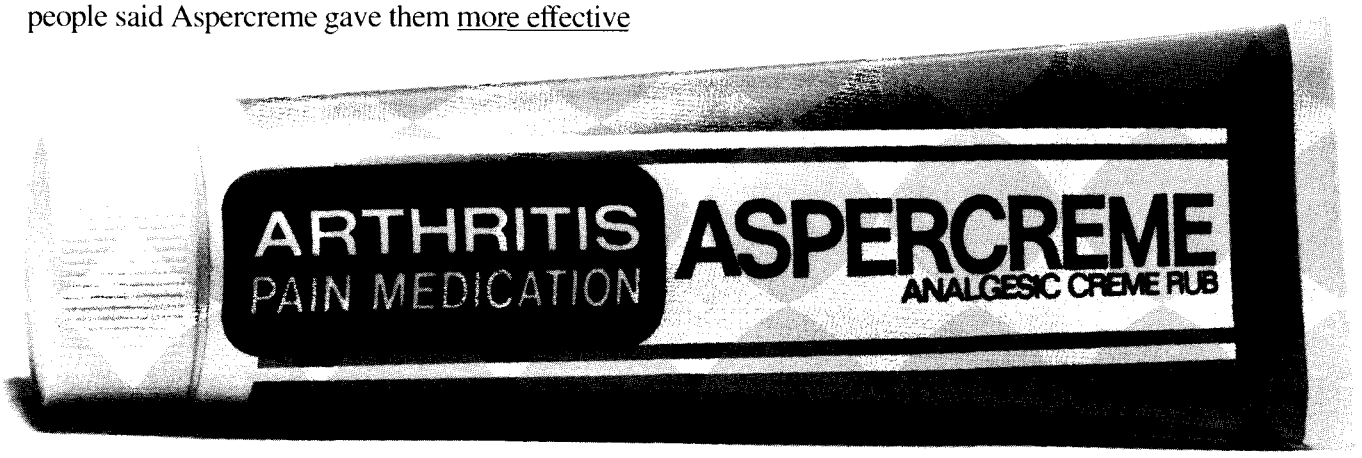
In recent consumer questionnaires, 77% of the people said Aspercreme gave them more effective pain relief than aspirin. And because Aspercreme has a non-aspirin pain reliever, it can't cause aspirin stomach upset or any of aspirin's side effects.

How does Aspercreme compare to other rubs?

Unlike most rubs, Aspercreme has no odor. Relatives, friends—nobody knows you're using it. And Aspercreme is non-greasy, so it can't stain clothes, sheets, pillowcases or upholstery. It vanishes quickly and easily right into your skin. And Aspercreme doesn't cause a "burning sensation." No wonder more pharmacists are now recommending Aspercreme instead of the other leading rubs.

Can Aspercreme work for you?

If you've been taking more pills than you like for minor arthritis pain, Aspercreme is a strong, effective alternative. Aspercreme contains Salycin,™ a non-aspirin salicylate pain reliever that gives relief at the point of arthritis pain. Relief without the side effects pills may cause. And relief without the liniment odor of some rubs. In short, let Aspercreme work for you.



Strong, effective relief without unpleasant odor.

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POST SCRIPTS

Heinrich Schnibble Buys a Suit

"Good afternoon, sir. May I help you?"

"Yes, sir. Something for winter? Or for spring?"

"Ja. Und also der summer and fall."

"Er—very well, sir; right this way. What size, please?"

"Ach, du lieber! Ich ben wanten der size mit fitten meinself!"

"I know that, sir. All——Never mind; I think we have just what you want right here in a size 42 short."

"Goot! Ich ben tooken das suit."

"Splendid choice, sir. Just slip on the trousers and——"

"Ach, nein! Ich ben tooken das suit in ein box."

"But, sir, the trousers have to be cut off and cuffed, and there may be other minor alterations. You want the suit to fit, don't you?"

"Himmel! Das suit ist nicht ben fitten?"

"Oh, of course, it'll ben fitten. But all our trousers come long, without cuffs. Leg lengths are never the same, so we——"

"Ach! Mein length ben der same. Mitout changen."

"I don't mean your legs don't ben ——Uh—what I do mean is——"

"Ist der cutten and cuffen ben costen?"

"No, indeed, sir. We make no charge for alterations."

"Goot! Ich ben needen das suit for der whirlengeswingendancer."

"And I'm sure you'll ben—for der whirlengewhat?"

"Der dancen party mit whirlen and swingen der fräuleins. Ach!"

"Oh, yes, the big square dance out at——Say, isn't it tonight?"

"Ja, mein friend, Hans Obermeyer, ist der outcaller."

"Well, I ben terribly sorry, sir, but I'm afraid we couldn't finish der cutten and cuff—der alterations—before tomorrow."

"Ach! Ist der whirlengeswingendancer ben waiten? Nein!"

"I know der whirlen—I mean, der dancen won't ben waiten, but it's impossible to——"

"Himmel! Mitout der store ist fixen der cutten und cuffen, ich ben——"

"You ben what? Der cutten und cuffen can't just happen all by itself!"

"Dummkopf! Ich ben callen der manager und demanden——"

"Dummkopf yourself! Meinself ist der manager!"

"Ach, du lieber! Ich ben tooken das suit und fixen der cuffen meinself mit ein stitchenneedler!"

"Goot! It'll ben ein mess, und der shirlengeswinger ist laughen und ——Ach! Please don't tell where yourself ben getten das suit."

"Meinself ist tellen! Und Hans Obermeyer ist tellen!"

"Himmel, nein! Nein! Ich ben dancen das suit in time for der cuffengerwhirl—I mean, der stitchencutten ist——Ach! I'll only tooken a few minutes. Please wait; outsiden der store!"

—Dave Morrah

That's Tooth Slow

The woman asked the dentist how long it would take to pull her tooth.

"Only two seconds," he replied.

"And how much will it cost to have this done?" she asked.

"Twenty-five dollars," he answered.

"For only two seconds work?" she said.

"Well," the dentist said thoughtfully, "I could pull it out more slowly if you'd prefer."

—Mrs. A. Mayer

A Fishy Reason

Some men go fishing just for the halibut.

—Louis Hasley

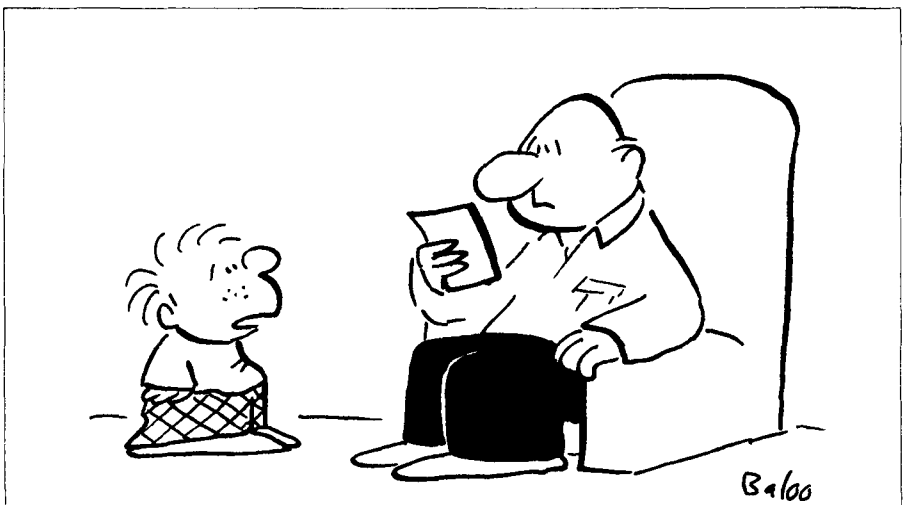
Wisdom Teeth

It's extremely difficult to convince the young that wisdom comes with age and that many a true word is spoken through false teeth.

—Rose Sands

The Unbeatable Foe

University of Texas cheerleader:
"Give me a. . . . T!
"Give me an. . . .E!
"Give me an. . . .X!
"Give me an. . . .A!
"Give me an. . . .S!
"Texas! Texas! Get 'em, Long-



"Gee whiz, Dad—are you gonna believe me, or some burned-out third-grade teacher?"

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horns, get 'em! Yea, Texas! Yea, Texas! Texas!"

Washington, D.C., cheerleader:
"Give me a. . . . T!
"Give me an. . . .A!
"Give me an. . . .X!
"Give me an. . . .E!
"Give me an. . . .S!
"Taxes! Taxes! Taxes! Get 'em, long forms, get em! Yea, taxes! Yea, taxes! Yea, taxes!"

—Frank Komadina

Getting Back

A persistent young suitor spent so much money on his girl over a two-year period that he finally married her for his money.

—Ray Tillmann

Walking the Planks

Foreman, noticing that all except one man were taking two planks at a time: "Why do you carry only one board, when all the rest take two?"

Worker: "Well, it's like this: I figure the other guys must be too lazy to make two trips like I do."

—James E. Knowles

Growing Pains

Three little boys sat on the curb. One held a model airplane, one a toy fire engine, the third a ladies bathing-suit catalog. A stranger passing by asked, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

"A pilot," said one.

"A fireman," said the second.

"Anything at all," said the third. "I just want to grow up."

—A. H. Berzen

Summer Sabotage

If gentle tones and words of praise
Are really part of all plants' needs,
I'd like to catch the nasty soul
Who's speaking kindly to my weeds.

—Laura Mason

After Math

I laugh when my wife buys a dress;
My laughter, though, is hollow
Because I know shoes, hat and purse
Will almost surely follow.

—Dick Emmons

Uninsured Liability

A 65-year-old man went to his insurance agent to ask about getting some term insurance. The agent asked him, "How old was your father when he died?"

The man said, "What makes you think he is dead? He is still living and doing business every day."

"Well, how old was your grandfather when he died?"

"What makes you think *he* is dead?" said the man.

"Well, how old is he?"

"He is 105; and as a matter of fact, he is getting married tomorrow."

The agent replied, "Getting married? Why would he want to get married at 105?"

"Well, what makes you think he wants to get married?"

—Anonymous

Now You See it, Now You Don't

Mr. Jones spent the entire morning laying a new carpet in the living room. The job completed, he stepped back to admire his work. Reaching into his shirt pocket for his pack of cough drops, he found they were not there.

It was then he saw the small lump under the carpet in the middle of the room. His heart sank. He was not about to rip up that carpet to get those cough drops. Looking around to see if his wife was anywhere nearby, he walked over to the bulge, stepped on it and ground it flat.

It was at this moment his wife entered the room. "It looks beautiful, honey. I'll help put the furniture back, and don't forget your pack of cough drops there on the window ledge."

As she turned to leave the room, she asked, "By the way, have you seen the parakeet?"

—Julia M. Baskerville

Slow Start, Quick Finish

A teacher assigned the students in her class to write a 150-word essay about cars.

One young lad handed in the following: "Once my dad bought a new car and took my sister and me for a ride in the country. We went about 15 miles and it broke down and wouldn't start again. That's only 32 words but the rest aren't fit to write."

—Mrs. E. O'Brien

Voice of Experience

If I were only young again
And knew what I know now,
I'm sure I'd make the same mistakes,
But this time I'd know how.

—Hans G. Mueller

"I realize, of course, that you must have many financial obligations. This one, however, is the most immediate."

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NO-SMOKING SIGNALS FROM THE WORKPLACE

So concerned are some corporate managers about the harmful effects of smoking that "if the President of the United States came in and lit up, he'd be expelled immediately."

by Nick Thimmesch

Part II

Historically, most business people are satisfied if their firms run relatively free of trouble, turn a profit and seem headed for a successful future. Few pioneer in controversial actions such as being ahead of the pack on the issues of equal opportunity in employment and nonsmoker's rights. But there are some lively exceptions.

"If the President of the United States came in and lit up," says Oscar Austad, president of his own company in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "we would expel him immediately."

Austad is a purist. No one—suppliers, customers, employees or visitors—smokes on his premises or grounds. He claims his employees, most of whom don't smoke, are grateful. Customers, he says, offer few complaints and many compliments.

But most managers aren't owners, and even if they are, they are not as ardent as Austad. So companies have been careful in formulating rules for smoking in the workplace.

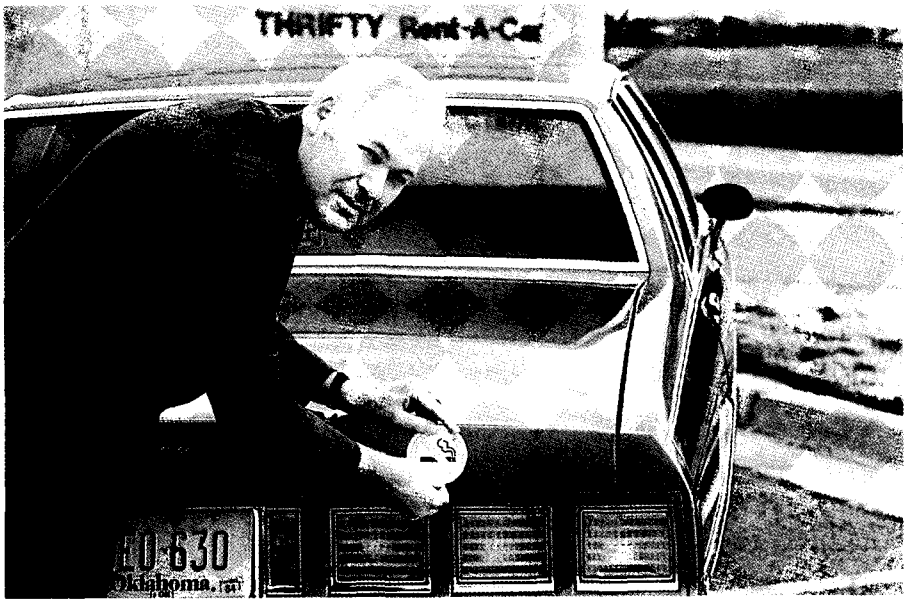
Mobil Oil got so many requests from its employees in the New York headquarters that it designated a major portion of its cafeteria as nonsmoking. The Bank of California permits employees to place "No Smoking" signs at their desks. Sears Roebuck & Co. divided its conference rooms in New York City for smokers and nonsmokers. New England Mutual Life Insurance Co. did the same and also removed cigarette vending machines from its Boston headquarters.

Xerox Corporation encourages employees in its Stamford, Connecticut, offices to "take action" against smoking on the job, and provides its employees with signs reading either "Thank You For Not Smoking" or "Positively No Smoking."

Newspaper people are often depicted in films and on television as being heavy smokers. But the "Front Page" atmosphere is a thing of the past at many papers these days. The *Wall Street Journal* divides its New York copy desk into smoking and nonsmoking areas. The *Chicago Tribune*, though having no written rule on smoking, has designated many areas in its building as "no smoking."

Companies involved in the processing and handling of asbestos, such as Johns-Manville Corp. and Nicolet Industries, have taken extra precautions on smoking since medical research shows that asbestos workers run a 92-times-greater risk of getting lung cancer if they smoke. Johns-Manville won't hire smokers for its asbestos mines or in plants processing asbestos. Smoking in such mines and plants is prohibited, even in cafeterias and parking lots. Still, unions have protested these policies, claiming that the company should provide smoking areas for its employees.

Many firms offer incentives to employees to get them to quit smoking. Some pay bonuses, others finance courses to break the habit and some make straight cash payments to workers who stop. Merle Norman Cosmetics of Los Angeles, for ex-



By putting 12 percent of its fleet off-limits to smokers, Thrifty-Rent-A-Car (see part I) has not only won the praise of many a nonsmoker but may have inspired two other big car-rental companies to become copycats.

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FIVE-YEAR STUDY SHOWS:

High blood pressure may be reversed without drugs!

Read about startling research conducted at a world-famous clinic—Now detailed in a *free* special report available with your trial subscription.

If you have high blood pressure, you may know all too well "the misery of potent drugs."

That's how one distinguished international medical journal refers to some of the drugs used to control high blood pressure—and no wonder!

Side effects of such drugs include arthritis, liver disease, diabetes, heart failure, senility, mental depression, disturbed heart rhythms, angina, glaucoma. And a recent U.S. Government report on another drug, used by one million Americans, indicates that the drug has caused cancer in laboratory animals.

But now there's good news—exciting news—from one of the world's leading medical institutions:

Researchers there, treating 4,000 hypertensive men and women, succeeded in reversing 85% of the mild cases and 51% of the severe cases—*all without using any drugs!*

How was it done? Where did this crucial experiment take place? Why did the doctor who conducted the study hail it as "the first scientific proof of what many of us have been seeing in our offices for years."?

It's all explained in a fascinating, 40-page booklet called "The Natural Way to Control High Blood Pressure"—together with a host of other valuable insights to help you cope with blood-pressure problems:

- *Noise, Sleep, and Your Blood Pressure*
- *Lower Your Blood Pressure with Better Diet*
- *Do You Have a Minute to Lower Your Blood Pressure?*
- *Potassium Puts the Lid on Blood Pressure*
- *Blood Pressure and Your Water Supply*
- *And much more*

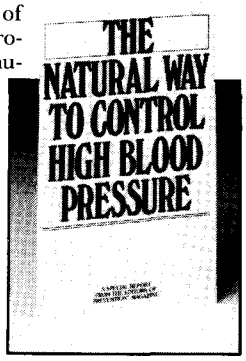
To receive your copy of this truly important special report, *free,* you need only try a money-saving subscription to *Prevention*—with the promise that, if it's not for you, you can cancel immediately . . . keep the report without obligation . . . and owe nothing.

Prevention
12 Ways to LOWER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE NATURALLY
"TEDDY BEAR" POWER
LIFE ON THE LITE SIDE
Suddenly, Healthier is Easier

Is *Prevention* really helping people like you?

Today, more than 2,500,000 men and women pay to receive *Prevention* every month. We just don't think *Prevention* could have found so many loyal friends, coast to coast, if it weren't helping people *right now*—and if it hadn't helped people over the years.

They depend on it for a wide range of sometimes controversial, always stimulating health ideas and guidance: On menopause and allergies, depression and back problems, insomnia and headaches.



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We'll send you, free, the 40-page report on high blood pressure and start you off with a twelve-month subscription at the low introductory rate of $12.97.

Today in America, more than 20 million people are faced with high blood pressure. Thousands, perhaps millions, of others may have high blood pressure without knowing it. And, even if you're a lucky one, chances are good that your blood pressure will go up as you get older.

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Please send me, *free,* your 40-page report. "The Natural Way to Control High Blood Pressure," enter my subscription to *Prevention,* and bill me at the money-saving rate of $12.97 for twelve monthly issues. (I save $5.03 off the regular cover price.) 80807

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ample, forbids its employees to smoke and gives each one $10 every 90 days as a thank-you.

Some crusaders against smoking are now suing to prohibit smoking in sports areas and domed stadiums. But realists in the movement admit that a total prohibition on smoking in these caverns makes the crowd laugh whenever such an announcement is made. It is more practical to establish smoking and nonsmoking sections in these huge facilities.

Can you imagine a dancehall or disco that bans smoking? Well, there are many, and one that ASH likes to point to is the Fresh Air Boogie Box dancehall and social club for nonsmokers in Addison, Texas.

Once, smoking was a prestigious habit, and movie stars and sports heroes with cigarettes in hand or mouth were the role models. Today, the reverse is true, and cigarettes are as pilloried as "demon rum" once was.

Dr. William L. Weis, associate professor of business administration at Seattle University, loves to push his argument by asking entrepreneurs:

"Would you like to shave personnel costs by 20 percent, insurance premiums by 30 percent, maintenance charges by 50 percent, furniture replacement by 50 percent and disability payments by 75 percent?"

The answer, of course, says Dr. Weis, is a 79-cent sign reading: "NO SMOKING." He argues that the additional annual cost to a firm employing smokers and allowing smoking in the workplace is $4,611 in 1981 dollars. Dow Chemical Co. in 1974 estimated that its total excess costs in wages for smoking employees versus nonsmokers for its Midland, Michigan, division alone was $657,146 per year. Cigarette smokers missed 5.5 more days a year than their nonsmoking colleagues, Dow reported.

Environmental Improvement Associates reports that the national average for smoking employees shows they lose 17 percent more work days because of smoking-related illnesses, can be up to 10 percent less efficient than nonsmoking employees, become ill 3.5 times more often on the job than nonsmokers and have twice as many accidents.

The economic case goes on and on: Air conditioning requirements are six times greater for smoked-up rooms; a smokefree building can be constructed for 30 percent less money; and housekeeping costs for buildings where smoking is permitted are substantially higher than they are in no-smoking buildings.

The health costs are more difficult to compute, but it has now been clearly established that people breathing somebody else's smoke suffer health damage, and this fact has formed the telling argument in an increasing number of lawsuits. Linda Batchelor, an employee of Fresno County, California, for ten years, won a workmen's compensation suit for $17,500 after she argued that her employers ignored her pleas that her respiratory problems were being caused by nearby smokers.

The United States, more than any country in the world, is a nation where petitioners and activists can bring about great changes in the law and in society. Businessmen were reminded of this verity in the turbulent years of the '60s and '70s, when public interest groups of the Nader variety sprang up everywhere to challenge the status quo. The lesson was often painful.

No activist shook the tobacco industry, rattling vast areas of business in the process, more than John F. Banzhaf shook it. He founded ASH in March 1968, when he was only 27. The year before, Banzhaf had won fame when he single-handedly and successfully petitioned the Federal Communications Commission to require broadcasters to devote substantial time to nonsmoking messages (commercials).

Since then, ASH has led the fight against the jeopardies of smoking on a score of fronts and helped bring about large smokefree areas in American life. One of the first was that rather confining space of an airliner that is known as the passenger section.

"In 1971, I phoned Edward E. Carlson, president of United Airlines," Banzhaf recalls, "and told him we had a sick guy, quite sensitive to smoke, who had to fly from Chicago to Florida, so what should we do?

"I didn't say ASH would go to court, but he understood. He took my suggestion of segregating the smokers and was so pleased with the results that he made it general policy."

Banzhaf and other activists hammered away at federal regulatory agencies and the airlines, causing them to shrink the smoking section to generally less than 30 percent of seats, to always guarantee passengers seats in nonsmoking and to virtually eliminate the problem of cigar and pipe smoking.

ASH's most recent victory was a ruling that the Civil Aeronautics Board must not rescind regulations providing that: Ventilation systems must be fully functioning when smoking is permitted; passengers in "no smoking" must not be "unreasonably burdened" by drifting smoke; pipe and cigar smokers must be "specially segregated."

"Now we're going after planes with fewer than 30 seats that are exempted," Banzhaf says. "We'd also like to ban all smoking on short flights."

"The neighbors won't get out of our pool, Spot—you know the plan . . . ."

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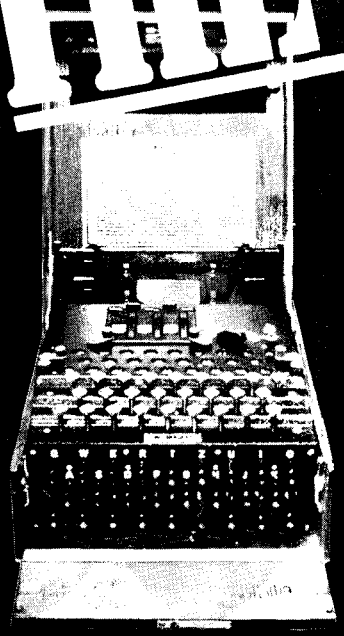

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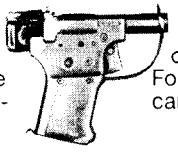

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Operators of bus lines and passenger trains didn't roll over and play dead for ASH either, but today only the rear 30 percent of buses are for smokers, and Amtrak has clearly delineated smoking and nonsmoking cars.

"Nearly three-quarters of the states have now restricted smoking in public facilities," says Banzhaf, "and the federal government has extensive guidelines for its government-owned buildings."

"We're still having a major problem with smoking in hospitals, of all places. George Washington University right here in the District of Columbia was blatantly violating local laws. Smoking can cause fires in hospitals, especially when a groggy patient drops a cigarette on a bed. But if a doctor permits a patient to smoke, it's hard to make him stop."

Banzhaf says that business has really turned around on the smoking question, that it realizes that the majority, nonsmoking public can be offended by employee smoke and that smoking in the everyday workplace costs big money.

"The government ruled there is *no discrimination* violation when an employer says he won't hire a smoker, and that's a plus," says Banzhaf. "Employers don't want to get hit up for big disability payments to workers who can prove that their health has been damaged from smoke."

He claims ASH is not against smokers, only against what they can do to nonsmokers. "The right of a nonsmoker to breathe clean air takes precedence," he says. Banzhaf has interdicted smokers on elevators and has even taken one to court and won his case.

"The future for smokers is in smoking lounges, private offices and the great outdoors," Banzhaf says. "If a smoker wants to close his office door, run around that office, sleep on the floor or smoke there, that's his or her business.

"The attitude toward smoking has really changed since we started ASH. Last year, we had the lowest per capita cigarette consumption since 1957. Total cigarette consumption has dipped for several years now. We're getting many more people to quit.

"Once, smoking made you socially acceptable. It was done everywhere; it was in every business and workplace. Now, you must go to the back of the bus to smoke. That's how much the tolerance of smoking has changed."

Proposals to Curb Employee Smoking

1. Smoking should be prohibited in certain small, enclosed areas, in all medical-care facilities and in all meeting rooms at the workplace.

"Nonsense, Marianne! I would have remembered if you had told me we were going to have a baby!"

2. No-smoking areas should be established on the basis of actual usage in dining and recreational facilities at the workplace. Such areas should also be established in all offices or work areas where ten or more employees work, *provided* that where this would not be feasible, the employer need only make reasonable efforts in order to accommodate the various rights and preferences of the nonsmokers and those of the smokers alike.

3. In all other offices or work areas, nonsmokers should be assigned to nonsmoking offices or areas. Smokers should be assigned to smoking offices or areas, *provided* that where this would not be feasible, the employer need only make reasonable efforts to accommodate the rights and preferences of the nonsmokers and those of the smokers alike.

4. The employer should make every reasonable attempt to provide a workplace free of exposure to tobacco smoke to any worker with a serious susceptibility to such smoke. A physician can make a determination whether an employee has such a susceptibility.

5. The employer should monitor the workplace for excessive concentrations of tobacco smoke and take appropriate remedial action where necessary.

6. The employer should plan future workplaces so that nonsmokers will not have to involuntarily inhale tobacco smoke during their workday.

7. The employer should improve ventilation where it is necessary to reduce any concentration of tobacco smoke.

8. The employer should, by signs and otherwise, adequately inform workers of the prohibitions and restrictions that are related to smoking in the workplace, and should take reasonable steps to enforce the regulations.

9. Individual workers should have the right to post or display signs at their desks or work areas indicating their sensitivity to tobacco smoke. Workers should politely request that other persons refrain from smoking in their immediate work vicinity.

10. Workers should have the right, at their own expense and within reason, to monitor concentrations of toxic agents often found in tobacco smoke in their daily work areas.

11. Whenever representatives of OSHA or the individual employer monitors the work environment to ascertain concentrations of carbon monoxide or other toxic agents, all air samples taken should be made under the worst-case conditions, with every employee who customarily smokes a tobacco product in that particular area burning or smoking such product for the complete duration of the test.

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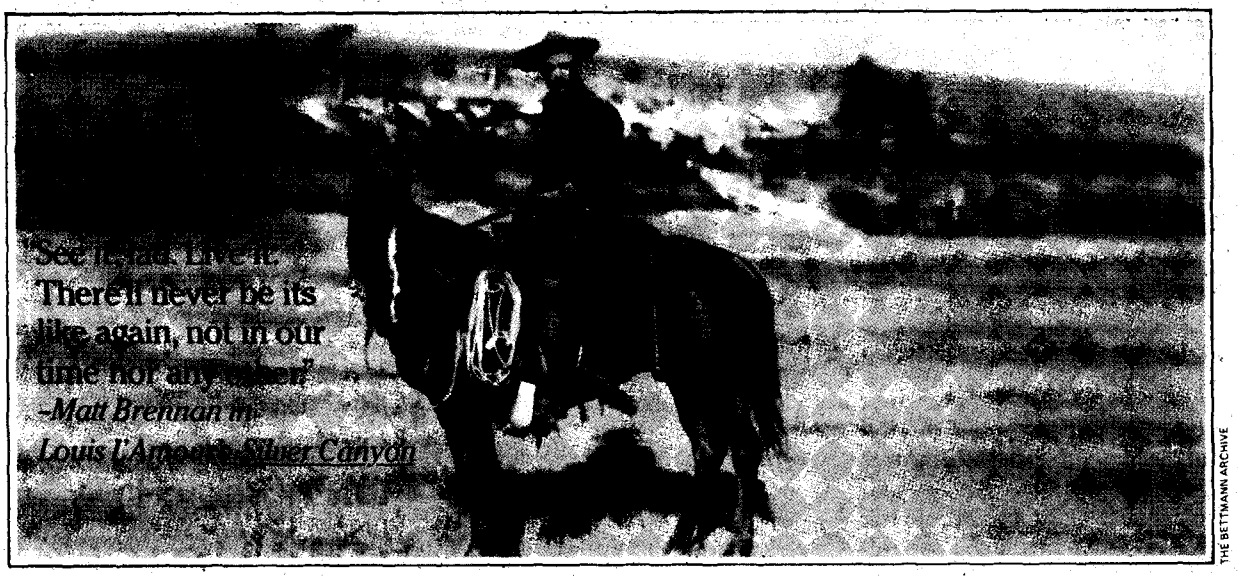
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like again, not in our
time nor any other."
–Matt Brennan in
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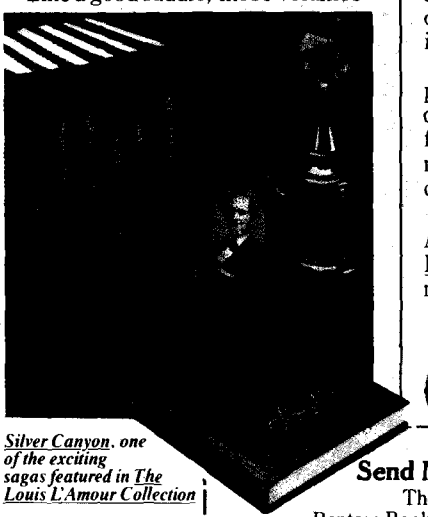

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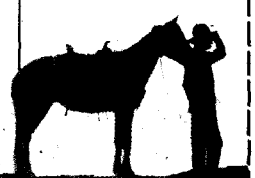

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ORAL ROBERTS' "IMPOSSIBLE" DREAM

They said it couldn't be done, but Oral Roberts' new medical school, now graduating M.D.'s, has been described as "first class" and "state of the art" by the chairman of the Association of American Medical Colleges.

by Landrum R. Bolling

He is well acquainted with unbelievers, jeering cynics—and faint-hearted friends. His whole life has been a great challenge, an invitation to skepticism. Yet he stands today in the midst of his $250-million university campus, facing his $150-million-plus City of Faith medical complex, proclaiming that God is going to make it possible for him and his colleagues to achieve some of the breakthroughs that will lead to a cure for cancer.

As a teenager, dying of tuberculosis, he prayed and others prayed—and God healed him. During his childhood, he was a stutterer whom other boys taunted unmercifully. But his mother told him that someday God would heal his tongue and that he would become a preacher. He has indeed become one of the most famous preachers of the century and, through television, is heard by millions Sunday after Sunday, around the world.

Oral Roberts insists that far more than mere mortal ambitions are involved. These are clear visions to him, unmistakable commands that God has communicated to him. Anyone who talks in such simple, assured terms in this unbelieving age is bound to be greeted with doubts and derision—and so it has been with Roberts. None of that, however, has kept him from getting on with the work he feels he has been called to do, including the building of the City of Faith—and the search for a cure for cancer.

What he has already accomplished, with the help of all of his partners far and near, can only be called a series of miracles. Not that Roberts is surprised. He believes that God is the source of miracles for everybody—but not through any easy magic or divine whim. Miracles, he is convinced, come through prayer and faith and plenty of hard follow-up to the praying and believing.

Roberts' own brushes with the miraculous have recurred many times over the 65 years of his life: a healing of his speech defect, healing from a dreaded disease, escape from a would-be assassin's near-miss bullet. That latter miracle, in a revival tent on the north side of Tulsa at the beginning of his evangelistic ministry in 1947, brought him national attention and multiplied the crowds that flocked to hear him.

Oral Roberts, with his wife of 44 years, Evelyn, has accomplished the "impossible" in the establishment of a privately financed, first class medical school that has graduated 48 M.D.'s.

The very nature of his ministry, its emphasis upon healing by faith, brought countless reports of physical miracles. It also brought charges of deception, fraud and cruel exploitation of the sick, the crippled and the dying. The media had a field day with him, as they have had with many others who combine preaching, praying and healing.

Oral Roberts has always insisted that he has no personal power to heal anyone. But he always declared that through prayer and genuine faith true healing did occur, even for the most hopeless of cases—and that they could occur today as they had in the time of Jesus.

Although some doctors attacked him as an antiscience, antimedicine know-nothing, Oral Roberts affirmed again and again his belief in the medical sciences and his conviction that all healings come from God, whoever and whatever the instruments may be. Throughout his ministry he has had working partnerships with physicians and medical specialists who have seen him not as a fraud, or a threat to their profession, but as an accepted ally. It is that kind of teamwork, involving top-flight medicine combined with dedicated, prayerful belief, that lies at the foundation of The City of Faith hospital and medical-research complex.

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The old media caricature of Oral Roberts as an ignorant, freakish "faith healer" has gradually faded away. Enduring periods of hostile treatment by the media and other critics, he long ago determined not to answer back. He hasn't once answered back.

Today the problem is something different. Now the central problem is the old business of answering the eternal skeptics who keep saying: "It can't be done."

Oral Roberts University and the City of Faith are tangible proofs of what can be done through believing, a lot of hard work and giving.

Consider the university. Long before construction began in 1962, Oral Roberts was seized with the idea of starting a new university rooted in the Christian faith. He shared that vision with members of his family and picked out the farmland beyond the edge of town. He told one of his young evangelistic associates, Carl Hamilton, to go earn a Ph.D. so he would have the proper credentials to run an institution still to be chartered.

Roberts' most important credentials are a quick mind, a passion for learning, great curiosity and great powers of communication—and enormous dedication, faith and will.

In building his university from scratch, he did not have the backing of a church denomination, although he is a Methodist and has the goodwill of that denomination. He was not bankrolled by some multimillionaire. And his home city already had the respected University of Tulsa. Nonetheless, his success in raising money to build the buildings, hire the faculty and launch the various educational programs has been phenomenal. The money came largely from the huge following his ministry had developed over the years.

The state of Oklahoma issued an official charter for ORU in 1963. Undergraduate classes began in 1965. And in 1971, full accreditation was conferred by the North Central Association of Colleges and Schools.

In 1975 a school of nursing was created and graduate schools in theology and business administration were started. Schools of dentistry and medicine got under way in 1978. A school of law followed in 1979. Meanwhile, graduate programs in a number of traditional academic disciplines are going forward and master's degrees are being awarded. In time, ORU expects to be accredited to grant the Ph.D.

Along the way, a handsome, functional physical plant has been constructed and paid for. There are 22 buildings of compatible "futuristic" design, their vertical beams pointing heavenward. All classrooms are equipped with closed-circuit television capabilities, and the computer facilities are up-to-the-minute.

For all his dreaming, Oral Roberts has proven to be a practical administrator. He insisted from the beginning on a pay-as-we-go approach to the expansion of plant and staff. Except for a few student dormitories financed with low-interest government loans, ORU buildings have been built as the contributions came in.

He also excels in two other qualities much sought after in good executives. He is skilled at building an

(Below) Twenty-six M.D. degrees were awarded in June 1983; 22 doctors were in the first ORU Medical School class of 1982.

From his early meetings in a tent, Oral Roberts' healing ministry has gone sky-high, culminating in the 60-story City of Faith medical center. His growing university now boasts 128 dental and 182 medical school students.

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administrative team and in delegating authority to key staff associates. But back of all that skill lies his gift for inspiring faith in the great things he is convinced God has commanded him and his team to accomplish.

Of all the Roberts visions, the most unlikely dream has surely been the huge, ultramodern comprehensive-health-service and medical-research complex. This City of Faith idea came to Roberts in the wake of a family tragedy—the death of his eldest daughter Rebecca and her husband Marshall in a plane crash.

Richard Roberts, who has taken part in evangelistic crusades since childhood and for years was a featured soloist for his father, has also answered the call to a healing ministry around the world.

In search of peace and relief from his grief, Roberts made a pilgrimage into the desert. There, a message came through to him loud and clear. In part, it was a repetition of the call he had experienced 30 years earlier when he had felt under orders to enter into a ministry of healing those sick in body, mind and soul. In essence, it was a command to create a "new and different medical center" where "the healing streams of prayer and medicine must merge," where "every physician, every nurse, every person praying must be in harmony. . .in the healing ministry."

Tied into this vision was a message to undertake a major research effort to "help find a cure for cancer and other death-dealing diseases." The message was accompanied by a detailed mental image of a huge three-towered structure to be built in one sustained planning and construction effort.

There is no point in detailing all the arguments and man-made barriers that immediately arose, but here is a sampling:

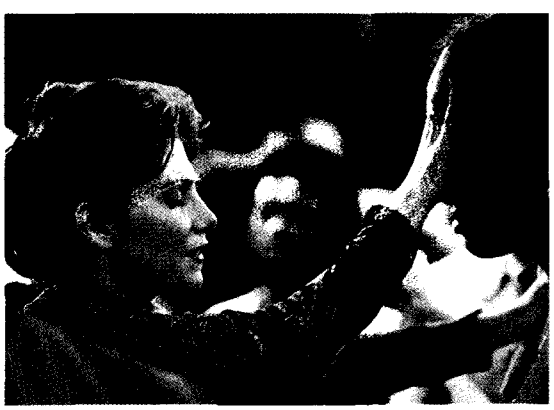
Tulsa doesn't need more hospital beds. The cost will be prohibitive; you can't raise that much money. ORU is just getting under way with its medical school; now is no time to launch so grandiose a plan for a hospital. Medical research ought to be reserved for established, prestigious scientific institutions.

Despite all discouragements, in 1978 ground was broken for The City of Faith. In 1981 the first phase of the center was opened. Stage by stage the work continues.

Meanwhile, media-fanned rumors circulate that the research center is a hollow shell, that the hospital beds are mostly empty, that there is not enough money on hand to complete the buildings and to launch various programs. All true, in part—and all, essentially, false.

The reality is that on the 80 acres set aside on the edge of the 500-acre ORU campus, rising above all the other structures, stand three striking, interconnected towers, the central one 60 stories tall. All are partly finished and partly in use.

It was never expected that all phases of the complex would be finished and fully utilized at once. The pay-as-we-go philosophy of Oral Roberts dictates that the project proceed as the financing is available. At the same time, his sense of urgency has demanded that as many services as possible should start, even in unfinished buildings.



Richard's wife, Lindsay, joins her husband in his global crusade. The couple travel regularly in a ministry that has received Dad's blessing. Here Lindsay prays for the sick.

The City of Faith hospital is a 30-story tower with patients' rooms grouped in two-floor units around an atrium. Each of these areas has its own lounge, central control station and prayer chapel. There is also a nurses' alcove for every six patients.

Each room has been planned and furnished to be as comfortable, efficient and pleasing to the eye as possible. All floors are carpeted. Walls, curtains, bedspreads and carpets are in soft, blending colors. Bedside cabinets, telephones, light switches and television controls have been designed and located for maximum patients' convenience. Some rooms have couches that can be converted into beds for overnight family visitors.

Oral Roberts' insistence that the comfort and satisfaction of the patient should be a dominant consideration is reflected in many ways. One homely symbol of that concern is the design of patients' gowns. No more of those floppy garments split down the back, held together by hard-to-reach ties. The new City of Faith hospital gowns are slit along their sides, easy to fasten—and cover the traditionally exposed bottoms!

Every room has a television mounted on the wall beyond the foot of the bed. The controls are at hand for the patient lying down. In addition to the regular fare, special programming is available. It is informational and inspirational, including a reassuring film that explains to patients just what to expect and the kind of recuperative care they will receive.

Other striking facts about the hospital: all the nurses are R.N.'s; 83 percent of the rooms are private; and the food is good.

Food is prepared in a central kitchen, but it is moved quickly by a sophisticated cart-lift elevator system that delivers it to a "nutrition center" on each floor, the cold food kept chilled and hot food hot. Other foods and juices can be prepared by the floor nurses.

Along with all the personal attention that is the hallmark of the City of Faith hospital, the most advanced "state of

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the art" technology helps the doctors and nurses do their work efficiently. All the patients' records, for example, are fed into the central computer and can be called up instantly on terminals in the floor-control centers and in each nurses' alcove. The doctor making his rounds always has quick access to all the information about each patient's background, medical record and current chart.

An ingenious telelift system speeds the delivery of supplies and medicines to every point in the hospital in less than six minutes, greatly reducing the time nurses have traditionally spent running such errands.

The radiology department has the latest X-ray equipment and high-speed film, which reduce radiation dosage by 50 percent. The hospital is going beyond the famous "cat-scan" equipment by acquiring a new magnetic resonance scanner that gives a comprehensive look at what is going on inside the body with no radiation danger at all. The hospital lab is equipped with a Technicon H-6000 Continuous Flow Instrument® that can do complete blood counts at the rate of one test tube per minute.

Some critics continue to say, as they did from the beginning, "Tulsa doesn't need more hospitals. Oral Roberts will never fill that place."

Cory SerVaas

Noted orthopedic surgeon Dr. James E. Winslow, Jr., (right), chief executive officer of The City of Faith, helped make Oral Roberts' "impossible dream" possible. At left is author Dr. Landrum Bolling.

But over the long haul, it is expected that only about 10 percent of the patients will be local people. The Oral Roberts ministries are nationwide and worldwide: people who listen to his sermons, read his 50 books and write and call in to tell Roberts and his team their problems. These are the very people who are sending their financial contributions to make all this possible. They will make up the bulk of the patient population. Oral Roberts, chief executive Jim Winslow and their colleagues intend to develop the most comprehensive healing service available anywhere. Without boasting, but also without apology, they say they will make the City of Faith "the Mayo Clinic of the Southwest"—with an unsurpassed religious support system.

They have similar high aspirations for the research center. But, obviously, it comes later on the development timetable. As this is written, it is a 20-story building, with much finishing work to be done on the inside, most of the equipment yet to be installed and many of the staff members still to be recruited. Roberts has no illusions about the resources it will take to do the high-quality scientific work on which he will insist.

Meanwhile, the largest, most-used, yet emptiest part of the whole complex is the 60-story central tower that houses the clinic, the continuing education facilities, administrative offices—and a one-seventh-mile indoor running track. People are coming for tests, examinations and outpatient treatment every day. Many are coming as simple curious visitors, because Oral Roberts University and the City of Faith have already become perhaps the leading tourist attractions in Oklahoma. A lecture hall, orientation films and all the other facilities such attractions require have been provided in the central tower. Soon this handsome and comfortable building will be utilized for conferences, fitness clinics and related activities.

Before the City of Faith was con-

continued on page 97

A Background For Healing

"I don't focus on how a person gets well," explains Oral Roberts. "My concern is simply that he gets healed. Whether through the instrument of medicine or the instrument of prayer, or both working together —God is still the source for all healing."

Roberts tells his audiences he has good reason to believe in the healing power of faith. As a skeptical teenager, he says, he was healed of tuberculosis and lifelong stuttering through the ministrations of a fiery evangelist at a tent meeting.

While playing in a basketball tournament, Roberts had suddenly collapsed, blood running from his nose. The diagnosis was grim: He was told he had tuberculosis, the disease that had taken two aunts on his mother's side as well as his Cherokee grandfather, aged 50. TB had been the scourge of the Oklahoma Indian reservations. At that time there was no cure. "You just got it and died," says Roberts. The papers that would put him in a TB sanatorium in eastern Oklahoma were prepared.

Meanwhile, the hemorrhaging had sapped his strength. At 17, bedfast and apparently dying, he found himself confronted by his father, his mother and a nurse kneeling at his side in prayer. His father, a preacher, was concerned for Rob-

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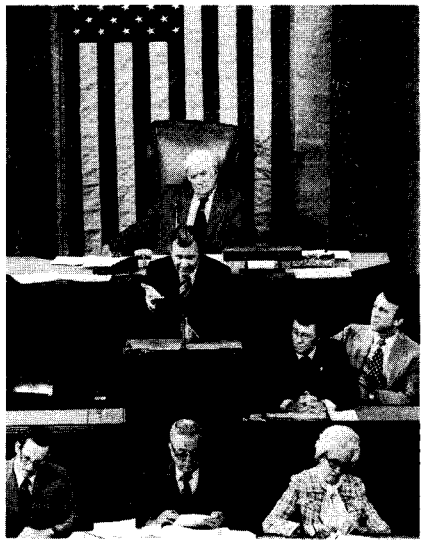

Roberts addresses the U.S. House of Representatives. His more than 300 crusades across five continents have made his name a household word to millions.

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HOOKED, LINE AND SINKER

After a day of fishing with his granddaughter, the father of her mother (who doesn't care for the word "grandfather") is determined that their next outing will be in the attic cutting out paper dolls.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

"If Nancy Reagan can give her time to the Foster Grandparents program, seems to me the least *you* can do is spend a little time with your own granddaughter." It was my wife's opening assault on my Saturday after little Shari had been dropped off for the weekend.

"I don't have time," I said, checking *TV Guide* for the baseball schedule.

"You seem to have plenty of time to send up those stupid rockets and throw those dumb Frisbees whenever your grandsons are here," she pointed out, Frisbeeing the plates around the breakfast table.

"I'm not shooting my Saturday cutting out paper dolls, granddaughter or no," I replied firmly. Firmly for me, that is.

"She doesn't want to cut out paper dolls."

"What, then?"

"Her mother called me last night. Shari wants you to take her out fishing."

Fishing with an eight-year-old girl! Holy mackerel! I'd sooner take my licks in the attic with a pair of scissors and a catalog of Barbie's latest fashions. And I was about to say so, loud and clear, but by that time we were pulling up at the boat rental and bait shop at the lake for a grand day of grandfathering and granddaughtering.

It was only after laying out a $5 deposit on a boat, shooting $1.50 for a can of red worms and another buck-50 for three dozen "cute baby fishies," that I remembered that Shari was the one who couldn't see a dandelion beheaded without bursting into tears. A sad stand of hyacinths along the bait-shop wall also reminded me that her parents' flower bed had been turned into a potter's field and was constantly in bloom, with popsicle sticks marking the graves of everything from guppies and gerbils to electrocuted squirrels and sparrows flattened in the street. I had, in fact, been witness to the traumatic funeral march for a decapitated doll, the face thoroughly dusted with flour and the little group of mourners bearing it through the kitchen door to the touching wail of "Here Comes the Bride." How little Miss Sentimentality would react to a fish struggling on the end of the line with a hook in its jaw sent me to the boat with all the confidence of an Eskimo fire-insurance salesman knocking on the door of an igloo.

About ten feet out from the dock, I was rowing nicely when little Miss Harvard Crew insisted she could handle the oars. Three complete circles later, she threw up and I got the oars back. Now to locate "the spot." As long as she was there she might as well learn a few things, beginning with the fact that fish have favorite watering holes, so to speak—the same as humans. So I rowed until the rental place was but a speck in the distance, before coming to a weed bed that held promise—at which time it became a question of whether to have her drop the anchor and risk her going with it, or letting her watch me impale a worm on her hook and risk her throwing up once again. I took a chance on the anchor.

"Be careful!" she cried, having rocked the boat in dropping the window-sash weight until I was unable to spear the bait. "You almost stuck the hook into that worm!"

"I'm sorry," I said, turning my back, "but these little things wiggle so much."

"You weren't really trying to prong it, were you?" she said, wide-eyed with suspicion.

"Oh, heavens no. I just loop it over a few times," I told her, wiping the worm's heart, lungs and liver off on my pants. This left only the small matter of getting one of those cute baby fishies on my own hook without being seen by little Miss Allheart.

"I believe we're drifting," I said, reaching into the bucket for a minnow. "Would you let out a little more anchor rope?"

"There isn't any rope," quoth she, helpfully.

I rowed the five or more miles back to the boat-rental place and bought 25 feet of anchor rope, at 10 cents per, and coughed up another $4 in order to replace the window-sash weight now reposing on the bottom of the lake. Then five or more miles back to "le spot."

As she had by now seen how I had crucified that poor worm, all hope of a fish dinner that night lay squarely on the narrow shoulders of those cute baby fishies, half of which already were belly up in the bucket. And I had a feeling we were approaching throw-up time at the opposite end of the boat.

"Let me explain this, Shari," I said in my best philosophical tone, as I chased the intended victim that

had slipped from my fingers and was flipping like crazy around the bottom of the boat. "These baby fish were kidnapped by bad men with a net, see —gotcha, you stinkin' little sardine!—but we paid their ransom at the boat place, and now I am sending them down one at a time to look for their mothers and fathers. Okay?" I realized there must be more important prayers stacked up ahead of mine, but surely none could outdo the fervency with which I asked that the minnow not bleed.

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"Don't let it go down so far we can't see it," cautioned Shari. "It might get scared." Then to the minnow, "Don't worry, fishy, you're only going bye-bye a little way."

That's right, fishy. Only far enough to lure old Jaws III out of that weed bed. But old Jaws III never had a chance, not with fishy having to be pulled into the boat every 30 seconds for a complete physical.

When finally it had reached a state where mouth-to-gill resuscitation became imperative (I was not in the mood to render it), I hung a rubberized night crawler on Shari's hook and began tidying the center seat to accommodate our picnic lunch with its pickled bologna, cheese, crackers and Coke. But a picnic lunch lacks class somehow, with a six-pound (at least) bass flopping around on the table, the ring of bologna sliding up an oar handle, the cheese dropping into the minnow bucket, the crackers floating off on the foamy crest of spilled Coke and the horrified guest of honor, still holding the pole, yelling for me to remove the hook, which the stupid fish had swallowed clear up to the sinker.

Whoever penned the adage "Busy as a one-armed paperhanger with hives" never witnessed a man's attempt to remove a hook from a flopping fish's duodenum without bloodshed while holding a ring of bologna on an oar with one knee, pressing the other knee against the open end of a cracker box and at the same time trying to right an uncapped quart bottle of Coke. By the time I had retrieved the hook, the patient's condition had regressed from serious to intensive care, Shari had thrown up, the bologna had slipped like a faulty life preserver beneath the waves, the anchor had slipped its mooring and I was being whiplashed by a bed of cattails at the far end of the lake.

My ten-mile row back to the boat rental gave little Miss Darrow plenty of time to plead her case. Her client, due to a slight case of death, lay completely unconcerned in the bottom of the boat.

"He'll probably come to when he's back in the water," she argued. "And like people are waiting for us to come home, probably someone is waiting for *him* to come home, too. Maybe a whole bunch of baby fishies just like the ones you said were kidnapped with a net by those bad, bad men."

The one-man jury did not deliberate long. Only long enough to theorize that I'd have to wait until Shari's bedtime to clean the fish. And have to beat her up in the morning to fry it. And maybe have to go out to the garage to eat the thing. So, with the aid of two heavy sinkers, which I sneaked into its mouth and poked down its gullet, the liberated corpse slowly sank toward his loved ones who were waiting anxiously in the depths far below.

It was after dark before we finally tied up back at the dock, empty-handed—unless we count the blisters the size of French doughnuts on my tenderized palms. I was required to pay an extra day's rental on the boat for missing the curfew. A merciful heaven stopped any questions from the bait-shop people.

The same one-man jury arrived at a second decision while he was on his way home. To wit: If ever he is conned into more of this grandfather-granddaughter togetherness, he will take his chances on a rousing day of cutting out paper dolls in the attic. Scissors make blisters only on the ends of the thumbs.

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LEADING LADIES REMEMBER "RONNIE"

The women in his 53 movies agree that actor Ronald Reagan was best in his role as a conversationalist—about politics.

by David Wallace

In 1937, a handsome, 25-year-old ex-football star and sports announcer signed his first movie-acting contract with Warner Brothers. About 28 years and 53 films later, his movie career ended with his role as the villain in "The Killers," a film in which his leading lady was Angie Dickinson. Soon after the release of the film, Ronald Reagan was elected governor of California by a landslide.

Before appraising Ronald Reagan's screen career, one must consider the method in which films were made during the President's days as an actor. Many movies of the 1930s, 40s and 50s were forgettable efforts, comparable in quality to current television movies and sitcoms.

One of the many leading ladies of Ronald Reagan, Nancy Davis went on to star as First Lady in the greatest role of the Californian's career—President of the United States.

Warner Brothers, maker of 37 Reagan films, was known for high production values and relatively low budgets, churning out the gangster movies of James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart as well as musicals with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. Bette Davis and Errol Flynn were under contract with the studio at the height of their careers.

Alexis Smith, who starred with Reagan in the 1947 horse opera "Stallion Road," had nothing but words of praise for her friend and former co-worker. Ms. Smith, who received a Tony nomination for "Platinum" on Broadway, appeared in a production of "Pal Joey" in Dallas this summer, co-starring with Joel Grey. She is also in the recently released French film "La Truite" and is very proud of the fact she played it completely in French.

"Would you have ever dreamed when you worked together that we'd all be here tonight?" Ms. Smith remembers Nancy Reagan asking her last November at a White House state dinner. "I answered," Smith recalls, " 'Yes and no.' Because of his interest in politics and his gregarious qualities, I knew he'd do something."

Alexis Smith, who lives with her actor-husband of 38 years, Craig Stevens, in Beverly Hills, reminisced further about that evening. "At the state dinner, the President was in a reception line saying hello, very politely, to all the people, until he saw me, when he shouted 'Alex!' and threw his arms around me and hugged me. Later, over coffee in the Red Room, he told everyone about his horses and his ranch. He bought a horse, 'Tar-Baby,' that was in the film 'Stallion Road' which we made

Between scenes on the set of "The Bad Man," Reagan presents Laraine Day, afflicted with "telephonitis," with a toy telephone.

"Hellcats of the Navy" (with Arthur Franz) brought Nancy and Ronnie together as lovers—for the first time.

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together, and Tar-Baby's grandson had just died, and he was very sad. He had had three generations from that horse.

"He helped me learn to ride a horse and would discuss the problems of the Screen Actors Guild [of which Reagan served as president from 1947 to 1952, and again from 1959 to 1960]."

Several months before the state dinner, Ms. Smith, along with several other stars, participated in "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the White House," a 35-minute retrospective of the President's 37 Warner Brothers films—a gift from the studio to the President for his birthday last year. When the President called to thank her, she remembers, "It was like no time had passed. We talked like old friends. At one point I said 'Oh, listen, Ronnie!' Then I realized I'm supposed to call him 'Mr. President'!"

Laraine Day tells about her favorite experience with the future President when they were on location in Gallup, New Mexico, in late 1940. "We were making 'The Badman,' " she recalls, "and we spent 30 days waiting for snow to fall. It never did, and the movie ended up 20 minutes short. It was a very strange movie.

"While we were waiting around for snow," she recalls, "we had a lot of time to play games and for Ronnie to talk. I remember he was very nervous because his first baby [Maureen] was going to be born at any minute and he was very nervous and concerned. We also wandered all around Gallup watching Wallace Beery [the film's star] enjoying all the pretty Indian girls."

Reagan didn't forget the experience, either. After the 1980 election, she sent him a congratulatory telegram, only to be surprised by a telephone call from the President-elect two days later. "He introduced himself with the opening line from our opening scene in 'The Badman,' " Ms. Day laughs. "I didn't even remember it, but he did, after all these years!" After making the film, Ms. Day and her husband often played charades with Reagan.

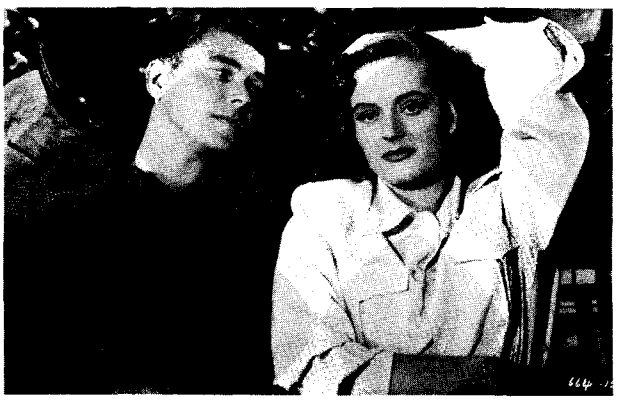
Ms. Day, 66, has been married for 22 years to producer Michel Grilikhes, who produced arena shows for Disney Productions from 1969 to 1976 ("Disney on Parade") and is now developing an arena show based on "The Wizard of Oz." She and her husband are opposed to some of the President's policies on social services, but agree with him on defense spending. Three of her four children live with them in their sprawling, Tudor-style home in the Los Angeles community of Cheviot Hills.

Ms. Day is not at all happy with the way movies are being made today. Says she, "Most of it is junk. I stopped making pictures when blatant sex came in, and I couldn't go along with that."

Like most of Reagan's leading ladies, she feels that the Presidential bug bit Reagan early on: "I think the Presidency is the worst job in the world, and I think that he wanted to become President many years ago. I think that it hit him when he started making speeches for General Electric." (Reagan served as spokesman for the company from 1952 to 1962 and was able to express his own opinions.)

Virginia Mayo doesn't agree. She traces Reagan's political ambitions back even further. Ms. Mayo, 62, recalls that, when she and Reagan were making "She's Working Her Way Through College" in 1951 (the film was about a burlesque dancer working her way through school), Reagan had to make a speech about the rights of students to receive an education. "He became upset," she recalls, "because he didn't like the speech he had been given and asked that it be rewritten." Actually, Reagan rewrote it himself.

Ms. Mayo, the widow for ten years of actor Michael O'Shea, lives in Thousand Oaks, California, some 40 miles north of Los Angeles. Her daughter Mary, son-in-law Kent Johnston and her three grandsons, ranging in age from three to eight, all live with her. She has



"Stallion Road," originally intended for Bogart and Bacall, went instead to Reagan and Alexis Smith. The role of veterinarian was ideal for horse-lover Reagan.

Swedish actress Viveca Lindfors starred with Reagan in "Night Unto Night," her U.S. debut.

Reagan and Patricia Neal were billed as the "scream-hearts of 1949" in "John Loves Mary," costarring Jack Carson.

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toured on dinner-theater circuit and would like to do a television series someday. She also participated in the Warner Brothers' retrospective tribute to the President.

Virginia Mayo has recently hit the cruise circuit, too. She has appeared in connection with special showings of several of her films, such as "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" and "Captain Horatio Hornblower." After the screenings she gives a talk about the making of the movie and answers questions. In June 1982, when the President called to thank her for participating in "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the White House"—the first time she had spoken with him since their film days—she mentioned the cruise program and suggested he do it. "There was no reply," she laughed.

Certainly the most active of Reagan's leading ladies is Ginger Rogers, 72. She recently sang on the televised Tony awards show. A month earlier, surrounded by 125,000 American Beauty roses, she performed a half hour of songs from her showcase production, "The Ginger Rogers Show," at a Congressional Club bash honoring the First Lady.

"Nancy, it's marvelous how slender you are," Ms. Rogers exclaimed to Mrs. Reagan. "How do you do it?"

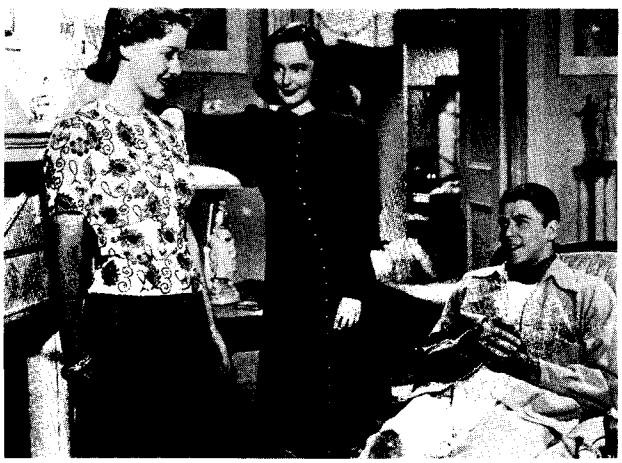
"I worry a lot," was Mrs. Reagan's response. She later wrote to her expressing regret that they didn't have more time to visit.

Ms. Rogers, who has been married five times, is single and working on her autobiography. She says: "I wish President Reagan would include more thought about females and their abilities in his programs. I realize that he's everybody's President, but I feel that women are terribly underrated."

Ms. Rogers, who costarred with Reagan in "Storm Warning" (1951), also feels that films are too male oriented. "I'd love to return to films," she says, "but the things I'm offered portray ridiculous women—women I'd not care to know—not charming, just deplorable. Just the opposite of how I think a woman should be presented."

Ms. Rogers adds, with a laugh, "I don't expect to play the queen of England, but I do expect and want to play a decent woman." She is also vehement about the kinds of films Hollywood makes. "They are educating youngsters in permissiveness, violence and vulgarity," she says.

Ms. Rogers, whose favorite film last year was Oscar-winner "Chariots of Fire" ("That's what film making is all about!" she says.), lives in the Thunderbird Country Club enclave in Rancho Mirage, California, close to Palm Springs. She also owns a 600-acre cattle ranch on the Rogue River in Oregon. In Rancho Mirage, one of her neighbors is ex-President Gerald Ford, to whom she sold another house of hers, to be used by his Secret Service detail.



At the outset of his career, Reagan, with Geraldine Fitzgerald (center), was given a role in "Dark Victory," later judged to be Bette Davis' greatest movie performance.

Texas-born Dorothy Malone, who lives in Dallas, made one film with the President, "Law and Order" in 1953. The star, who won a 1956 best-supporting-actress Oscar for her work in "Written on the Wind," is probably far more familiar to television audiences around the world for her five-year stint on ABC's "Peyton Place."

Although she has been quoted as saying that her Oscar jinxed her career, she doesn't believe so anymore. "I don't blame my bad luck on anybody or anything," she sighs today—the "bad luck" including two expensive divorces and a near-fatal pulmonary embolism some years ago.

At 58, Ms. Malone manages to keep fairly busy, but not as busy as she would like, most recently being seen in the 1981 syndicated miniseries "Condominium." Before that she toured in the play "Butterflies Are Free" to rave notices.

Ms. Malone often appears on behalf of causes she believes in and makes local television commercials in Dallas.

She remembers horseback riding with Reagan and says, "He was quite a conversationalist. He talked and talked, but not about acting—he was more interested in politics."

And so is Dorothy, who wouldn't mind a turn on the political stage either at this point in her career. "I

Barbara Stanwyck's costar for "Cattle Queen of Montana" was to have been Robert Mitchum—but Reagan replaced him.

In "Storm Warning," with Ginger Rogers and Doris Day, Reagan battled the Ku Klux Klan.

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would love it," she exclaims. "One of the reasons I want to get into politics is that I think teachers should get more money—education is going to the dogs! Being in politics would be the summation of my whole life," she adds.

If bad luck dogged Dorothy Malone, it positively ran after actress Patricia Neal.

Not long after a triumphant Broadway debut in "Another Part of the Forest," Neal made her film debut in 1948 opposite Ronald Reagan in "John Loves Mary." Ms. Neal's career went from triumph to triumph, capped by an Oscar for "Hud" in 1963. But a stroke in 1965, three years after her oldest daughter died, left her paralyzed and suffering from memory loss.

She fought back, and her courage has paid off. She is currently popular through her commercials for Anacin®. "I would like to do a film, though," she adds in her throaty tones.

Ms. Neal last heard from the President upon the opening of the Patricia Neal Rehabilitation Center in Knoxville, Tennessee, when she received a congratulatory telegram. She and her husband, British author Roald Dahl, are separated as of this writing, and three of her four surviving children are currently in England.

"So many ghastly things have happened," she says quietly. "One just prays it's over."

Without question, one of the most adulated leading ladies of the President's is Barbara Stanwyck, 76, who garnered most of the kudos in the recent television production of "The Thorn Birds." She recalled of Reagan, "I made 'Cattle Queen of Montana' with Ronnie [in 1954], and it was really rough up in Montana on location. I'll tell you, he is not a Johnnie-come-lately to politics. Ronnie was always very conscious of politics. On location, he was not just sitting around, looking in a mirror and spraying his hair.

"He had his own opinions, but he was not opinionated. I think there is a big difference." She was also impressed with his openness, adding, "I've seen some actors go in their dressing rooms between shots—they wouldn't talk to God. Ronnie was never like that."

Although the late Robert Taylor, Stanwyck's second husband, was a very good friend of Reagan's, Stanwyck and Reagan aren't close today. "I guess you could say he doesn't keep in touch with me."

Certainly, the most reserved of the President's leading ladies was Jane Wyman, with whom he made "Brother Rat" in 1938. She has currently achieved a certain eminence of her own as first lady of the squabbling Channing clan on the CBS hit series "Falcon Crest."

In 1952, Reagan married Nancy Davis, who soon starred in "Hellcats of the Navy" with the President-to-be. In her book, Nancy Reagan recalls that "I did it with Ronnie and it was my last film. I did it because it was a chance to make a movie with him. We were married but I played his fiancée. . . ." ★

Reagan's first real Western—"pure Americana," he called the genre—teamed him with Dorothy Malone.

Virginia Mayo was "The Girl from Jones Beach" in one of Reagan's most fun-loving comedies.

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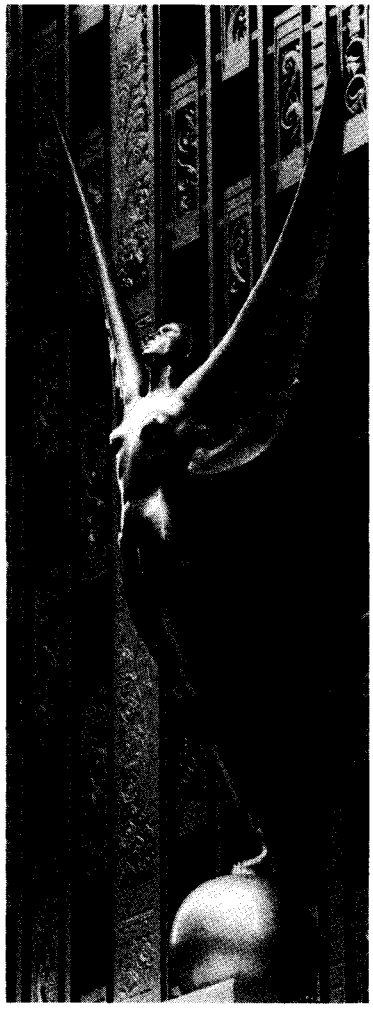

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GET OUT OF TOWN

The mysterious stranger in the prison-made suit decided there must be a reason that folks would want to keep him out of the country.

by Louis L'Amour

Ma said for me to ride into town and hire a man to help with the cows. More than likely she figured I'd hire Johnny Loftus or Ed Shifrin, but I had no liking for either of them. Johnny used to wink and call ma "That widder woman," and Ed, he worked no harder than he had to. Man I hired I'd never seen before.

He wasn't much to look at, first off. He was smaller than Johnny Loftus by twenty pound, and Johnny was only a mite more than half of Ed Shifrin, and this stranger was older than either. Fact is, he was pushing forty, but he had a hard, grainy look that made me figure he'd been up the creek and over the mountain.

He wouldn't weigh over a hundred and forty pounds soaking wet, which he wasn't likely to be in this country, and his face was narrow and dark with black eyes that sized you up careful-like before he spoke. He was a-settin' on the platform down to the depot with his saddle and a war bag that looked mighty empty, like he was shy of clothes. He was not saying I, yes, or no to anybody when I rode up to town on that buckskin pa gave me before he was shot down in the street.

Pa let me have the pick of the horses for sale in the town corral, and I taken a fancy to a paint filly with a blaze face.

"Son"—pa was hunkered down on his heels watching the horses—"that filly wouldn't carry you over the hill. She looks mighty pert, but what a man wants to find in horses or partners is stayin' quality. He wants a horse he can ride all day and all night that will still be with him at sunup.

"Now you take that buckskin. He's tough and he's got savvy. Horse or men, son, pick 'em tough and with savvy. Don't pay no attention to the showy kind. Pick 'em to last. Pick 'em to go all the way."

Well, I taken the buckskin, and pa was right. Looking at that man setting on the edge of the platform, I decided he was the man we wanted. I gave no further thought to Johnny or Ed.

"Mister," I said, "are you rustling work?"

He turned those black eyes on me and studied me right careful. I was pushing fourteen, but I'd been man of the house for nigh three years now. It didn't seem to make no difference to him that I was a wet-eared boy.

"Now I just might be. What work do you have?"

"Ma and me have a little outfit over against the foothills. We figured to roust our cattle out of the canyons and bring 'em down to sell. There's a month of work, maybe more. We'd pay thirty a month and board and if I do say so, ma is the best cook anywheres around."

He looked at me out of those black, careful eyes and he asked me, "You always hire strangers?"

"No, sir. We usually hire Johnny Loftus or Ed Shifrin or one of the loafers around town, but when I saw you I figured to hire you." The way he looked at me was beginning to worry me some.

"Why me?" he asked.

So I told him what pa said when we bought the buckskin, and for the first time he smiled. His eyes warmed and his face crinkled up and laugh wrinkles showed at the corners of his eyes where they must have been sleeping all the time. "Your pa was a right smart man, son. I'd be proud to work for you."

We started for the livery stable to get him a horse to ride out to the ranch, and Ed Shifrin was in front of the saloon. He noticed me and then the man who was walking beside me.

"Tom," Ed said, "about time your ma started the roundup. You want I should come out?"

Did me good to tell him, the way he'd loafed on the job and come it high and mighty over me. "I done hired a man, Ed."

Shifrin came down off the walk. "You shouldn't have done that. The Coopers ain't goin' to like a stranger proddin' around among their cows." He turned to the man I hired. "Stranger, you just light a shuck. I'll do the roundin' up."

The man I'd hired didn't seem a mite bothered. "The boy hired me," he said. "If he don't want me he can fire me."

Ed wasn't inclined to be talked up to. "You're a stranger hereabouts or you'd know better. There's been range trouble and the Coopers don't take kindly to strangers among their stock."

"They'll get used to it," he said, and we walked away up the street.

About then I started worrying about what I'd done. We'd tried to avoid any trouble. "Those Coopers," I said to him, "they're the biggest outfit around here. They sort of run things."

"Who runs your place?"

"Well, me sort of—Ma and me. Only she leaves it to me, because she says a boy without a father has to learn to manage for himself."

We walked on maybe twenty yards before he said anything and then he just said, "Seems to me you've had uncommon smart folks, boy."

Old Man Taylor brought out the sorrel for us. While the stranger was saddling up and I sat there enjoying the warm sunshine and the barn smells of horses and hay and leather, Old Man Taylor came to where I sat the saddle and he asked me low-voiced, "Where'd you find him?"

"Down to the depot. He was rustling work and I was looking for a man."

Old Man Taylor was a man noted for staying out of trouble, yet he had been friendly to pa. "Boy, you've hired yourself a man. Now you and your ma get set for fireworks."

What he meant I didn't know, nor did it make any

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kind of sense to me. My hired man came out with the sorrel and he swung into the saddle and we went back down the street. Only he was wearing chaps now and looked more the rider, but somehow he was different from any cowhand I could remember.

We were almost to the end of the street when the sheriff came out of the saloon, followed by Ed Shifrin. He walked into the street and stopped us.

"Tom"—he was abrupt like always—"your mama isn't going to like you hiring this stranger."

"Ma tells me to hire whom I've a mind to. I hired this man and I wouldn't fire any man without he gives me cause."

Sheriff Ben Russell was a hard old man with cold blue eyes and a brusque, unfriendly way about him, but I noticed he cottoned up to the Coopers. "Boy, this man is just out of prison. You get rid of him."

"I'll not hold it against him. I hired him and if he doesn't stack up, I'll fire him."

My hired hand had sat real quiet up to now. "Sheriff," he said, "you just back up and leave this boy alone. He sizes up like pretty much of a man and it begins to look like he really needs outside help. Seems to me there must be a reason folks want to keep a stranger out of the country."

Sheriff Ben Russell was mad as I'd ever seen him. "You can get yourself right back in jail," he said; "you're headed for it."

My hired man was slow to rile. He looked right back at the sheriff with those cold black eyes and he said, "Sheriff, you don't know who I am or why I was in prison. You recognized this prison-made suit. Before you start shaping up trouble for me, you go tell Pike Cooper to come see me first."

Nobody around our country knew a Cooper called Pike, but it was plain to see the sheriff knew who he meant and was surprised to hear him called so. He said, "Where'd you know Cooper?"

"You tell him. I figure he'll know me."

Seven miles out of town we forded the creek and I showed him with a sweep of the hand. "Our land begins here and runs back into the hills. Our stock has a way of getting into the canyons this time of year."

"Seems plenty of good grass down here."

"This here is deeded land," I told him. "Pa, he always said the day of free range was over, so he bought homesteads from several folks who had proved up, and he filed on land himself. These are all grazing claims, but two of them have good water holes and the stock fattens up mighty well."

When we rode into the ranch yard ma came to the door, wiping her hands on her apron. She looked at the new rider and I knew she was surprised not to see Ed or Johnny.

The hired man got down from his saddle and removed his hat. Neither Johnny or Ed had ever done that.

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"The boy hired me, ma'am, but if you'd rather I'd not stay I'll ride back to town. You see, I've been in prison."

Ma looked at him for a moment, but all she said was, "Tom does the hiring. I feel he should have the responsibility."

"And rightly so, ma'am." He hesitated ever so little. "My name is Riley, ma'am."

Ma said, "Supper's ready. There's a kettle of hot water for washing."

We washed our hands in the tin basin and while he was drying his hands on the towel, Riley said, "You didn't tell me your ma was so pretty."

"I didn't figure there was reason to," I said, kind of stiff.

He took a quick look at me and then he said, "You're right, boy. It's none of my business." Then after a minute he said, "Only it surprised me."

"She was married to pa when she was shy of sixteen," I said.

Supper was a quiet meal. With a stranger at the table there were things we didn't feel up to talking about, and you don't ask questions of a man who has been in jail. We made some polite talk about the lack of rain, and how the water on the ranch was permanent, and when he'd finished eating he said, "Mind if I smoke?"

Reckon that was the first time in a while anybody had asked ma a question like that. Pa, he just took it for granted, and other men who came around just lit up and said nothing, but the way ma acted you'd have thought it was every day. She said, "Please do." It sounded right nice, come to think of it.

"You been getting good returns on your cattle?"

"The calf crop has been poor the last two, three years, but Ed and Johnny said it was because there were so many lions in the mountains. You have to expect to lose some to lions."

"Good range," Riley said, "and plenty of water. I'd say you should make out."

When he had gone to the bunkhouse ma started picking up the dishes. "How did you happen to hire him, Tom?"

So I told her about the buckskin and what I thought when I saw this man, and she smiled. "I think you learned your lesson well, Tom. I think he is a good man." And then she added, "He may have been in prison, but he had a good upbringing."

Coming from ma there was not much more she could have said. She set great store by proper upbringing.

Awhile after, I told her about the talk with Ed Shifrin and Sheriff Russell, and when I came to the part about Riley telling Russell to tell Cooper to come see him, I could see that worried her. Cooper had some tough hands working for him and we didn't want them around.

Year after pa was killed, some of them tried to court ma, but she put a stop to that right off.

Come daylight, just as I was pulling on a boot, I heard an ax, and when I looked from behind the curtain I saw it was Riley at the woodpile. Right off I could see he was a hand with an ax, but what surprised me was him doing it all, because most cow hands resent any but riding work, even digging postholes.

The way it worked out we rode away from the place an hour earlier than I'd ever been able to with Ed or Johnny, and by noon we had hazed seventy head down on the flat, but we were mighty shy of young stuff. Whatever else he was, I'd hired a hand. He was up on pa's bay gelding and he knew how to sit a cutting horse and handle a rope.

Next three days we worked like all getout. Riley was up early and working late, and I being boss couldn't let him best me, but working with him was like working with pa, for we shared around and helped each other and I never did see a man learn country faster than he did. Time to time he'd top out on high ground and then he'd set a spell and study the country. Sometimes he'd ask questions. Mostly, he just looked.

Third day we had built us a hatful of fire for coffee and shucked the wrappings off the lunches ma fixed. "You said your pa was killed. How'd it happen?"

"Ma and me didn't see it. Pa had been to the Coopers' on business and when he got back to town he picked up some dress goods for ma and a few supplies. He was tying the sack on the saddle when he had a difficulty with a stranger. The stranger shot him."

"Was your pa wearing a gun?"

"Yes, sir. Pa always wore a gun, but not to use on no man. He carried it for varmints or to shoot the horse if he got thrown and his foot caught in the stirrup."

"You hear that stranger's name?"

"Yes, sir. His name was Cad Miller."

That afternoon we ran into Ed Shifrin and Johnny Loftus. First time I'd seen them up thataway except when working for us, but they were coming down the draw just as we had put out our fire.

Riley heard them coming before I did, but he looked around at the mountainside like he was expecting somebody else. He looked most careful at the trees and rocks where a man might take cover.

Both of them were armed, but if Riley had a gun I had seen no sign of it. He wore that buckskin jacket that hung even with his belt, but there might have been a gun in his waistband under the jacket. But I didn't think of guns until later.

"You still around?" Shifrin sounded like he was building trouble. "I figured you'd be run out before this."

"I like it here." Riley talked pleasant-like. "Pretty country, nice folks. Not as many cows as a man would expect, but they're fat."

"What d' you mean by that? Not as many cows as you'd expect?"

"Maybe I should have just said calves. Not as many calves as a man would expect, but by the time the roundup is over we'll find what happened to the others."

Shifrin looked over at Johnny. "What about the kid?"

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Johnny shrugged. "To hell with the kid."

The way they talked back and forth made no sense to me, but it made sense to Riley. "Was I you," Riley said, "I'd be mighty sure Cooper wants it this way. With the kid, and all."

"What d' you mean by that?"

"Why, it just won't work. There's no way you can make it look right. The kid doesn't carry a gun. You boys don't know your business like you should."

"Maybe you know it better?" Johnny sounded mean.

"Why, I do, at that. Did Sheriff Russell tell Pike what I said?"

"Who's Pike?" Shifrin asked suspiciously.

"Why, Pike Cooper. That's what they used to call him in the old days. He ever tell you how he happened to leave Pike County, Missouri? It's quite a story."

Something about the easy way Riley talked was bothering them. They weren't quite so sure of themselves now.

"And while you're at it," Riley added, "you get him to tell you why he left the Nation."

Neither of them seemed to know what to do next. The fact that Riley seemed to know Cooper bothered them, and Johnny was uneasy. He kept looking at me, and I kept looking right back at him, and that seemed to worry him too.

"You boys tell him that. You also tell him not to send boys to do a man's job."

"What's that mean?" Shifrin was sore and he shaped up like a mighty tough man. At least, he always had. Somehow when they came up against Riley they didn't seem either so big or so tough.

"That means you ride out of here now, and you don't stop riding until you get to Pike Cooper. You tell Pike if he wants a job done he'd better come and do it himself."

Well, they didn't know which way was up. They wanted to be tough and they had tried it, but it didn't seem to faze Riley in the least. They had come expecting trouble and now neither one of them wanted to start it and take a chance on being wrong. Or maybe it was the very fact that Riley was taking it so easy. Both of them figured he must have the difference.

"He'll do it!" Johnny replied angrily. "Cooper will want to do this himself. You'll see."

They rode out of there and when Riley had watched them down the slope without comment, he said, "We'd best get back to the ranch, Tom. It's early, but we'd better be in when Cooper comes."

"He won't come. Mr. Cooper never goes anywhere unless he feels like it himself."

"He'll come," Riley said, "although he may send Cad Miller first."

When he said that name I stared right at him. "That was the name of the man who killed my father."

"Another thing. Miller is a professional killer for the big cattle outfits. It was no accident, his meeting your husband in town."

"Cad Miller does special jobs for a number of big cowmen who feel as Cooper does. I think your pa found out somebody had been branding his calves and he went to Cooper with it." We listened to the clatter of horses' hoofs on the stones of the ford and then rode on. "I think Cooper had Cad Miller get to town in time to meet your pa before he could leave for home."

There'd been no trouble between the Coopers and us, so Riley must be wrong. Nor had I heard of Cad Miller around town before or since he killed pa. So far as we knew he was just a drifting, saddlesore puncher who had a run-in with pa.

"Do you know Mr. Cooper?"

"I know him, all right. I haven't seen him since he left the Nation, but I'd know Pike Cooper's coyote tracks wherever I'd find them."

Mr. Cooper and his two sons were the biggest men of all that ranched around here. They had a big outfit and they spent money in town so folks looked up to them—at least, nobody crossed them. Especially Sheriff Russell.

Ma came to the door when we rode into the yard. "Is anything wrong?"

"Ma'am"—Riley put his hands on the pommel—"I've seen sign of it for two days, but I suspected it even before I started work, knowing Pike Cooper was in the country.

"He's been stealing your calves, ma'am. His men have been driving them out of the canyons and over the ridge, then branding them with the Cooper iron. It wasn't lions getting your calves. It was Cooper."

"But that can't be!" ma protested. "Johnny or Ed would have known."

"That's why they didn't want a stranger around. They've been covering for Cooper. You've the best range and the fattest stock, and the way it looks to me, Cooper has been selling sixty to seventy head of your calves every year."

"I can't believe that," ma said, but knowing ma, I knew she did believe it.

"Another thing. Cad Miller is a professional killer for the big cattle outfits. It was no accident, his meeting your husband in town."

We were waiting for them, but they fooled us. It wasn't Cad Miller who came, and it wasn't Cooper. It was Sheriff Ben Russell, and he didn't come alone.

Al Johnson, who owned the hardware store, was in the posse, and so was Haskins, the county clerk. There were six or seven of the town's businessmen and among them Rafe Cadieux, the best lawyer in the country around, astride a fine chestnut mare.

Riley stood in the doorway watching them ride up. He wore a faded red shirt and jeans, with those old chaps over them, and his black hat pushed back from his forehead. I remember there was a white streak below his hairline where the hat shielded it.

"This is a show-off posse," Riley told us. "They're the town's first citizens come to see that I'm sent from the country. Then if anything happens to me it leaves Cooper with a clean slate."

They rode into the ranch yard looking as if they meant business. They rode up in front of the ranch

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THE MIRACULOUS PHONOGRAPH RECORD

He had been extravagant and he deserved a thrashing—but then the music started.

by William Saroyan

Sometime soon after I was 13 years old in 1921 I rode home from the heart of Fresno with a wind-up Victor phonograph under my arm, hitched above my hipbone, and one Victor record. On a bicycle, that is.

The bicycle went to pieces from the use I gave it as a Postal Telegraph messenger.

The phonograph developed motor trouble soon after my first book was published; and while I was traveling in Europe for the first time, in 1935, it was given to the Salvation Army.

But I still have the record, and I have a special fondness for it.

The reason I have a special fondness for it is that whenever I listen to it, I remember what happened when I reached home with the phonograph and the record.

The phonograph had cost ten dollars and the record 75 cents, both brand new. I had earned the money as a messenger in my first week of work, plus four dollars and twenty-five cents not spent.

My mother had just got home from Guggenheim's, where, judging from the expression on her face, she had been packing figs in eight-ounce packs, which I knew was the weight and size that was least desired by the packers, because a full day of hard work doing eight-ounce packs, at so much per pack, meant only about a dollar and a half, or at the most two dollars, whereas, if they were packing four-ounce packs, they could earn three and sometimes even four dollars which in those days was good money, and welcome, especially as the work at Guggenheim's, or at any of the other dried-fruit packinghouses such as Rosenberg's or Inderrieden's, was seasonal, and the season was never long.

When I walked into the house, all excited, with the phonograph hitched to my hip, my mother gave me a look that suggested an eight-ounce day. She said nothing, however, and I said nothing, as I placed the phonograph on the round table in the parlor, checked it for any accidents to exposed parts that might have happened in transit, found none, lifted the record from the turntable where the girl in the store had fixed it with two big rubber bands, examined both sides of it, and noticed that my mother was watching. While I was still cranking the machine, she spoke at last, softly and politely, which I knew meant she didn't like the looks of what was going on. She spoke in Armenian.

"Willie, what is that you have there?"

"This is called a phonograph."

"Where did you get this phonograph?"

"I got it from Sherman, Clay, on Broadway."

"The people at Sherman, Clay—did they *give* you this phonograph?"

"No, I paid for it."

"How much did you pay, Willie?"

"Ten dollars."

"Ten dollars is a lot of money in this family. Did you *find* the ten dollars in the street perhaps?"

"No, I got the ten dollars from my first week's pay as a Postal Telegraph messenger. And 75 cents for the record."

"And how much money have you brought home for the whole family—for rent and food and clothing—out of your first week's pay?"

"Four dollars and twenty-five cents. My pay is fifteen dollars a week."

Now, the record is on the machine, and I am about to put the needle to the revolving disc when I suddenly notice that I had better forget it and get out of there, which I do, and just in time too. The screen door of the back porch slams once for me, and then once for my mother.

As I race around the house, I become aware of two things: (1) that it's a beautiful evening, and (2) that Levon Kemalyan's father, who is a very dignified man, is standing in front of his house across the street with his mouth a little open, watching. Well, he's an elder at the First Armenian Presbyterian Church; he isn't from Bitlis, as we are; he's not a Saroyan, and this sort of thing comes as a surprise to him. Surely Takoohi Saroyan and her son are not racing around their house for exercise, or in an athletic contest of some kind, so why are they running?

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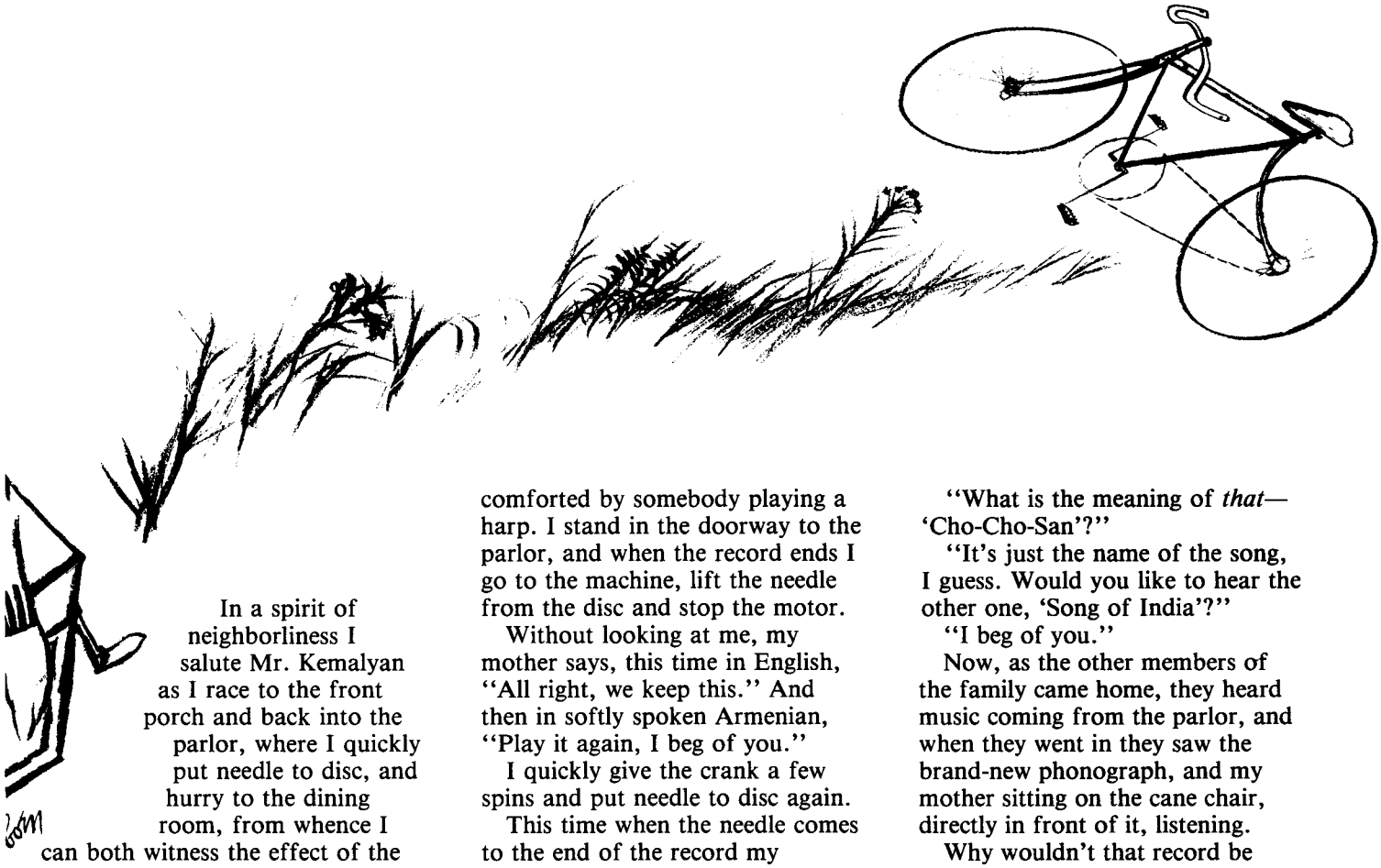

In a spirit of neighborliness I salute Mr. Kemalyan as I race to the front porch and back into the parlor, where I quickly put needle to disc, and hurry to the dining room, from whence I can both witness the effect of the music on my mother, and, if necessary, escape to the back porch, and out into the yard again.

The music of the record begins to come from the machine just as my mother gets back into the parlor.

For a moment it looks as if she is going to ignore the music and continue the chase, and then suddenly it happens—the thing that makes the record something to cherish forever.

My mother comes to a halt, perhaps only to catch her breath, perhaps to listen to the music—there's still no way of telling for sure.

As the music moves along, I can't help noticing that my mother either is too tired to run anymore or is actually listening. And then I notice that she is *very definitely* listening. I watch her turn from the chase to the machine. I watch her take one of the six cane chairs that have remained in the family from the time of my father, from 1911, and move it to the round table. I watch her sit down. I notice now that her expression no longer suggests that she is tired and angry. I remember the man in the Bible who was mad and was comforted by somebody playing a harp. I stand in the doorway to the parlor, and when the record ends I go to the machine, lift the needle from the disc and stop the motor.

Without looking at me, my mother says, this time in English, "All right, we keep this." And then in softly spoken Armenian, "Play it again, I beg of you."

I quickly give the crank a few spins and put needle to disc again.

This time when the needle comes to the end of the record my mother says, "Show me how it's done." I show her, and she starts the record a third time for herself.

Well, of course the music *is* beautiful, but only a moment ago she had been awfully mad at me for what she had felt had been the throwing-away of most of my week's wages for some kind of ridiculous piece of junk. And then she had heard the music; she had got the message, and the message had informed her that not only had the money *not* been thrown away, it had been wisely invested.

She played the record six times while I sat at the table in the dining room looking through a small catalogue of records given to me free of charge by the girl at Sherman, Clay, and then she said, "You have brought home only the one record?"

"Well, there's another song on the other side."

I went back to the machine, turned the record over, and put it in place.

"What is this other one?"

"Well, it's called 'Song of India.' I've never heard it. At the store I listened only to the first one, which is called 'Cho-Cho-San.' "

"What is the meaning of *that*—'Cho-Cho-San'?"

"It's just the name of the song, I guess. Would you like to hear the other one, 'Song of India'?"

"I beg of you."

Now, as the other members of the family came home, they heard music coming from the parlor, and when they went in they saw the brand-new phonograph, and my mother sitting on the cane chair, directly in front of it, listening.

Why wouldn't that record be something I would want to keep as long as possible, and something I deeply cherish? Almost instantly it had won over my mother to art, and for all I know marked the point at which she began to suspect that her son rightfully valued some things higher than he valued money, and possibly even higher than he valued food, drink, shelter and clothing.

A week later she remarked to everybody during supper that the time had come to put some of the family money into a second record, and she wanted to know what was available. I got out the catalogue and went over the names, but they meant nothing to her, so she told me to just go to the store and pick out something *hrashali*, the Armenian word for miraculous, which I was happy to do.

Now, as I listen to the record again, 42 years later, and try to guess what happened, I think it was the banjo beat that got my mother, that spoke directly to her as if to one long known, deeply understood, and totally loved; the banjo chords just back of the

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"GOD BLESS AMERICA" ...AND IRVING BERLIN

The "simple melodies" of America's most famous living songwriter will last long after today's rock music has rolled over and died.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

It was a quiet affair, attended only by his wife of 57 years, two of their three daughters and several grandchildren. But it followed the wishes of America's most beloved songwriter, who thought that a 95th birthday required no elaborate ceremony.

"I don't deserve any credit for attaining old age," Irving Berlin says, "just because I've been lucky enough not to get knocked off by a car or a disease."

Not so quiet were Berlin's many friends throughout the music world who honored the reclusive composer last May at a black-tie affair in the Algonquin Hotel, where for years he lent his luster to the famed Round Table.

So many songs, so many Berlin Broadway triumphs were the audience's to remember that night. While radios in other rooms and jukeboxes along the streets were blaring the rock hits of the moment, Berlin admirers could hear the echoes of such enduring classics as "Blue Skies," "White Christmas" and "God Bless America." The champagne toasts left no doubt that Irving Berlin's songs still haunt the memory.

The man whom Jerome Kern called "the nearest thing to a native folk singer since Stephen Foster" was born in the Russian town of Temun, May 11, 1888. At age four his parents brought him and his seven brothers and sisters to New York's Lower East Side. ("Everybody ought to have a Lower East Side in his life," he would say later.) After his father, a synagogue cantor, died, eight-year-old Irving went out on the streets to sell papers and sing for pennies. Occasionally he would add a few pennies by leading a blind singer around to local saloons. It was here he became a singing waiter in a Bowery bar and restaurant and made a nodding acquaintance with the piano. George M. Cohan became his idol.

If pecking out tunes by ear was an obstacle, it had no chance against the flood of his inspiration. He once said, "I feel like an awful dope that I know so little about the mechanics of my trade." Nevertheless, beginning with "Marie From Sunny Italy" in 1907, some 3,000 songs came off the keys from his untrained fingers. Of the 900 that were published, at least 50 became undisputed hits. And they live today because "Mr. Music" penned into them the theme his heart has been humming since he earned those first pennies in the Bowery: "America is

(Left) Lack of musical training didn't stop young Irving Berlin from pecking out tunes on the piano by ear. (Above) With Jinx Falkenburg and Bob Hope, Irving arrives in Berlin to spend his 1948 Christmas with U.S. occupational forces.

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the land that offers every newcomer an opportunity, and tomorrow can be better than today."

Much of Berlin's early music was syncopated in rag style, and he always stuck to what he called "simple melodies." Tender moments, his adopted country, pretty girls, Broadway, holidays—in melody he toasted them all. Not even army barracks life as a private during World War I—chock full of K.P. duty and rude awakenings at 5:00 a.m.—could strike a sour note in his patriotism. His memorable benefit show "Yip, Yip Yaphank" ignored the Armistice when it came to direct-hit songs, led by the classic "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." They still march on.

Though he was no longer required to get up early in the morning when World War II came around, get up he did—this time to create "This Is the Army," a show he took in person to the battlefronts. In the movie version, featuring heavyweight titleholder Joe Louis and today's heavyweight officeholder Ronald Reagan, Berlin consented to play himself.

Irving Berlin meant what he wrote. It was reported that he withheld one particular song for two years out of concern that the words might sound superficial. If he had reservations, they surely fled down Tin Pan Alley the night Kate Smith began her long love affair with "God Bless America." He turned a deaf ear to talk that the song might surpass "The Star-Spangled Banner" in popularity, and he donated all profits from the song in perpetuity to the Boy Scouts of America. He did agree, however, to stand next to President Nixon on the White House lawn and help greet returning Vietnam prisoners of war by singing the lyrics that had once embarrassed him.

Even as no song is written in high notes alone, neither is the most successful career without its bass tones. Although Berlin's Lower East Side boyhood had given him a business sense that brought him a fortune by age 30, the Depression forced him to start all over again. And there were setbacks in his personal life, too. In 1912 he had married Dorothy Goetz, who died of typhoid fever contracted on their honeymoon. His marriage to Ellin Mackay in 1926, against her "aristocratic" family's wishes, was blessed with three daughters, but a son, Irving, died in infancy.

Today, many songs later, 95-year-old Irving Berlin retains his humor and good spirits. After his last Broadway musical, "Mr. President," in 1962, he composed several new songs for the 1966 Lincoln Center revival of "Annie Get Your Gun." Royalties still come in and are shepherded by his staff of eight at the Irving Berlin Music Corporation offices in Rockefeller Center, which he occasionally visits.

The Berlins have an Eastside townhouse but spend considerable time these days at their country home in upstate New York. At 95, as a grateful nation still sings the songs that promise to be sung as long as there's an America, Irving Berlin has earned a breather. ★

(Left) Ellin and Irving Berlin accompany Kitty Carlisle and husband Moss Hart at one of the many Berlin triumphs on Broadway. (Above) The Berlins attend Radio City Music Hall for a stage spectacle, "Words and Music by Irving Berlin," saluting "Mr. Music" on Berlin's 80th birthday.

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IF THE IMPRESSIONISTS HAD BEEN DENTISTS

Could Vincent Van Gogh have survived in this demanding profession, never knowing where his next mouthful was coming from?

by Woody Allen

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Dear Theo,
Will life never treat me decently? I am wracked by despair! My head is pounding! Mrs. Sol Schwimmer is suing me because I made her bridge as I felt it and not to fit her ridiculous mouth! That's right! I can't work to order like a common tradesman! I decided her bridge should be enormous and billowing, with wild, explosive teeth flaring up in every direction like fire! Now she is upset because it won't fit in her mouth! She is so bourgeois and stupid, I want to smash her! I tried forcing the false plate in but it sticks out like a starburst chandelier. Still, I find it beautiful. She claims she can't chew! What do I care whether she can chew or not? Theo, I can't go on like this much longer! I asked Renoir if he would share an office with me, but he is old and infirm and unable to hold the instruments and they must be tied to his wrists but then he lacks accuracy and once inside a mouth, he knocks out more teeth than he saves. What to do?

Vincent

Dear Theo,
I took some dental X-rays this week that I thought were good. Degas saw them and was critical. He said the composition was bad. All the cavities were bunched in the lower left corner. I explained to him that's how Mrs. Slotkin's mouth looks, but he wouldn't listen! He said he hated the frames and mahogany was too heavy. When he left, I tore them to shreds! As if that was not enough, I attempted some root-canal work on Mrs. Wilma Zardis, but halfway through I became despondent. I realized suddenly that root-canal work is not what I want to do! I grew flushed and dizzy. I ran from the office into the air where I could breathe! I blacked out for several days and woke up at the seashore. When I returned, she was still in the chair. I completed her mouth out of obligation but I couldn't bring myself to sign it.

Vincent

Dear Theo,
Once again I am in need of funds. I know what a burden I must be to you, but whom can I turn to? I need money for materials! I am working almost exclusively with dental floss now, improvising as I go along, and the results are exciting. God! I have not even a penny left for Novocaine! Today I pulled a tooth and had to anesthetize the patient by reading him some Dreiser. Help.

Vincent

Dear Theo,
Have decided to share offices with Gauguin. He is a fine dentist who specializes in bridgework, and he seems to like me. He was very complimentary about my work on Mr. Jay Greenglass. If you recall, I filled his lower seven, then despised the filling and tried to remove it. Greenglass was adamant and we went to court. There was a legal question of ownership, and on my lawyer's advice I cleverly sued for the whole tooth and settled for the filling. Well, someone saw it lying in the corner of my office and he wants to put it in a show! They are already talking about a retrospective!

Vincent

Dear Theo,
I think it is a mistake to share offices with Gauguin. He is a disturbed man. He drinks Lavoris in large quantities. When I accused him, he flew into a rage and pulled my D.D.S. off the wall. In a calmer moment, I persuaded him to try filling teeth outdoors and we worked in a meadow surrounded by greens and gold. He put caps on a Miss Angela Tonnato and I gave a temporary filling to Mr. Louis Kaufman. There we were, working together in the open air! Rows of blinding white teeth in the sunlight! Then a wind came up and blew Mr. Kaufman's toupee into the bushes. He darted for it and knocked Gauguin's instruments to the ground. Gauguin blamed me and tried to strike out but pushed Mr. Kaufman by mistake, causing him to sit down on the high-speed drill. Mr. Kaufman rocketed past me on a fly, taking Miss Tonnato with him. The upshot, Theo, is that Rifkin, Rifkin, Rifkin and Meltzer have attached my earnings. Send whatever you can.

Vincent

Dear Theo,
Toulouse-Lautrec is the saddest man in the world. He longs more than anything to be a great dentist, and he has real talent, but he's too short to reach his patients' mouths and too proud to stand on anything. Arms over his head, he gropes around their lips blindly, and yesterday, instead of putting caps on Mrs. Fitelson's teeth, he capped her chin. Meanwhile, my old friend Monet refuses to work on anything but very, very large mouths and Seurat, who is quite moody, has developed a method of cleaning one tooth at a

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time until he builds up what he calls "a full, fresh mouth." It has an architectural solidity to it, but is it dental work?

Vincent

Dear Theo,
I am in love. Claire Memling came in last week for an oral prophylaxis. (I had sent her a postcard telling her it had been six months since her last cleaning even though it had been only four days.) Theo, she drives me mad! Wild with desire! Her bite! I've never seen such a bite! Her teeth come together perfectly! Not like Mrs. Itkin's, whose lower teeth are forward of her uppers by an inch, giving her an underbite that resembles that of a werewolf's! No! Claire's teeth close and meet! When this happens you know there is a God! And yet she's not too perfect. Not so flawless as to be uninteresting. She has a space between lower nine and eleven. Ten was lost during her adolescence. Suddenly and without warning it developed a cavity. It was removed rather easily (actually it fell out while she was talking) and was never replaced. "Nothing could replace lower ten," she told me. "It was more than a tooth, it had been my life to that point." The tooth was rarely discussed as she got older and I think she was only willing to speak of it to me because she trusts me. Oh, Theo, I love her. I was looking down into her mouth today and I was like a nervous young dental student again, dropping swabs and mirrors in there. Later I had my arms around her, showing her the proper way to brush. The sweet little fool was used to holding the brush still and moving her head from side to side. Next Thursday I will give her gas and ask her to marry me.

Vincent

Dear Theo,
Gauguin and I had another fight and he has left for Tahiti! He was in the midst of an extraction when I disturbed him. He had his knee on Mr. Nat Feldman's chest with the pliers around the man's upper right molar. There was the usual struggle

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A VISIT WITH SOVIET JEWS

They ask only that they be allowed to emigrate where their religious faith can be practiced in peace. But the nation that does not want them will not let them leave.

by Senator Charles E. Grassley

I must confess my uneasiness as the plane touched down on the runway of the Moscow airport earlier this year. My wife, Barbara, and I had never been to a Communist country. Of course, I expected a cool reception, but the one I received was as frosty as Moscow's January air.

The airport was noticeably missing the bustle of excited travelers normally encountered in Western countries. Few people leave the Soviet Union for vacations or business trips, and when they do, their faces are likely to express fear, not joy.

That anxiety becomes tenfold for those who seek to leave forever. As I walked through the drafty terminal, I recalled the story of a middle-aged Soviet Jew who had received an exit visa and had boarded the plane bound for Vienna, when he was suddenly called off the plane. His visa had been revoked.

My "official" mission brought me to Moscow to meet with Soviet agricultural representatives. However, at night I would see the country from a different perspective. I had come to visit Russian Jews who wished to emigrate but have been denied permission—the so-called "refuseniks."

The first evening, I took a taxi to the apartment of Arkady and Helen Mai, longtime refuseniks. Accompanying me were Ally Milder, staff counsel for the Senate Judiciary Committee, who had met the Mais on a previous trip; Steve Rovner, chairman of the Des Moines Committee of Concern for Human Rights in the Soviet Union and Ron and June Daniels, also members of the Des Moines committee.

After a ride up a creaking elevator, we wandered through the dark corridors in search of their apartment. I soon discovered the Mais were everything that official Russia is not: warm, spontaneous and forthright. They greeted Ally with hugs and kisses, of which there were some left over for me. Then they whisked us off to another apartment where a group of refuseniks had gathered, waiting eagerly

(Above) "Refusenik" Helen Mai makes a point at a gathering in the Moscow apartment of emigre hopeful Viktor Kipnis. (Right) Senator Grassley chats with Yuli Kosharovsky and Arkady Mai.

Editor's Note: Iowa senator Charles E. Grassley is a member of the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee. He is native of Cedar Falls, Iowa, where he belongs to Cedar Falls' First Baptist Church. The senator's fact-finding trip to the Soviet Union was underwritten by the Des Moines Committee of Concern for Human Rights in the Soviet Union, the Omaha Committee for Soviet Jewry and the Union of Councils for Soviet Jews.

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to tell this "very important U.S. senator" stories of their plight as Jews in the Soviet Union.

We sat down for a cup of strong tea in the apartment of Viktor Kipnis and were served up stories of persecution and intrigue that could fill an American spy novel.

Arkady and Helen Mai have been living on a tiny war-invalid pension since 1976, when he was forced to quit his job as an engineer. Two years before that, he had been refused an exit visa on grounds that he was privy to classified information. Since becoming a refusenik, Arkady has played an active role in reviving Jewish culture in Moscow—one that has not endeared him to Soviet officials. As head of the Moscow Sem-

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Leningrad "refusenik" Yevgeny Lein ▶ (left) recently returned from a year of hard labor in a Siberian prison camp.

Senator's aide Tom Synhorst (right) ▶ with Grigory Genusov (center), who has been denied an exit visa for seven years.

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COACHING BY COMPUTER

Professional sports organizations are discovering that how they play the game can best be decided by an electronic analyst on the bench.

by Robert S. Lyons, Jr.

TICOR, TROIKA, and MAGIC BOX sound like a circus act, but terms such as these are no laughing matter to your favorite sports personalities.

With varying degrees of success —and reactions ranging from ecstasy to exasperation—an increasing number of the athletic intelligentsia have experimented with, projected, selected or reflected some interesting applications of the hottest consumer craze in America—the computer.

"The first guy who can crack this mystery, figure it out and learn to get maximum efficiency from the computer is going to have quite an edge," says Tony LaRussa, manager of the Chicago White Sox, who sees the day coming when major league baseball dugouts could be equipped with terminals.

"We're just scratching the surface in this area," adds Paul Westhead, who used computers extensively while coaching the Los Angeles Lakers to the National Basketball Association championship three years ago.

"As far as their future goes," says Gil Brandt, the vice president of the Dallas Cowboys who made computers respectable as a sports tool, "how deep is the pork barrel? How much do you want to spend? Is the cost of doing it worthwhile?"

Apparently most sports entrepreneurs think it is.

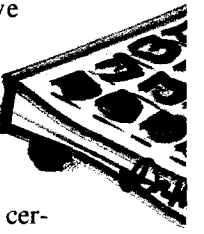
According to Matt Levine, who operates Pacific Select Sports, a marketing and consulting firm in San Francisco, only one team out of the 126 professional sports organizations that replied to his survey is not using a computer for its business operation, ticketing, scouting or statistics. Surprising? Not at all, especially when you consider how much time the computer can save—or the tremendous amount of information it can digest either in scouting future prospects or for making game plans and analyzing tendencies of opponents.

"When they first came out," recalls Ed Hughes, offensive coordinator of the Chicago Bears, "many coaches were scared to death. They were afraid that computers would steal their jobs. Now I know coaches who make up their entire game plan with computers and don't even look at game films."

Former Brigham Young University basketball coach Frank Arnold took his Cougars to the NCAA Eastern Regional finals two years ago with All-America Danny Ainge and a custom-made computer named TICOR. Ainge, a brilliant guard now with the Boston Celtics, did the scoring and playmaking. TICOR sat beside Arnold on the bench during all home games and did the computing. Assisted by an observer and an operator, TICOR's screen displayed instant evaluation of 30 different situations that told Arnold how his five-man unit on the court at the time was performing. Players, for example, were each assigned "floor grades" that awarded them points for such positive contributions as making an internal pass, stealing the ball, blocking a shot or recovering a jump ball. Points were deducted for negatives such as a bad pass, loafing while getting back on defense or allowing a man to score a field goal.

"This computer helped me substitute better," recalls Arnold. "It enabled me to analyze the game better as a coach. Remember, we coaches react like most fans. If one of our players makes a spectacular rebound, we tend to remember that one brilliant play. It may have been his only rebound, but we are so caught up with its brilliance that we overlook that fact."

Westhead coached the Chicago Bulls last season. The Bulls are an organization that does not yet share his enthusiasm for the computer. "It's amazing how revealing these printouts can be," he says. "However, it can be a problem telling the computer exactly what you want. It's like a *Catch 22* situation. You need a basketball guy operating it who knows what a computer can do and how it can be effective for a coach. I wanted information from a computer that I would never get from cumulative statistics. I wanted to know, for example, how many times Kareem Abdul-Jabbar got the ball on the left side and scored against certain teams."



When he was with the Lakers, Westhead studied his computerized printouts religiously after every game. Occasionally he would share significant information with his players. "I did this very selectively, though," he recalls. "It's like showing films after every game. You do it too often and the players will fall asleep."

Last year, LaRussa became the first major-league baseball manager to use a computer for game situations, when White Sox officials started programming pitcher-vs.-batter data. He was quite impressed.

"I can see the time—in the not-too-distant future—when we could have terminals in the dugout," says LaRussa. "As long as the baseball powers see just how much it can help—and if it doesn't damage the integrity of the game—I could see the advantages of a coach [operating a computer and] letting me know what's happening. As a manager, you're always trying to stay a couple of innings ahead, anyway."

LaRussa, who is also an attorney, acknowledges that managers and coaches could become victimized by too many statistics. "It's more important for a manager to watch what the ballplayers are doing that day on the field," he says. "You can't put into a computer that Greg Luzinski is feeling 100 percent confident at the plate because he is on a roll offensively, or that he is both-

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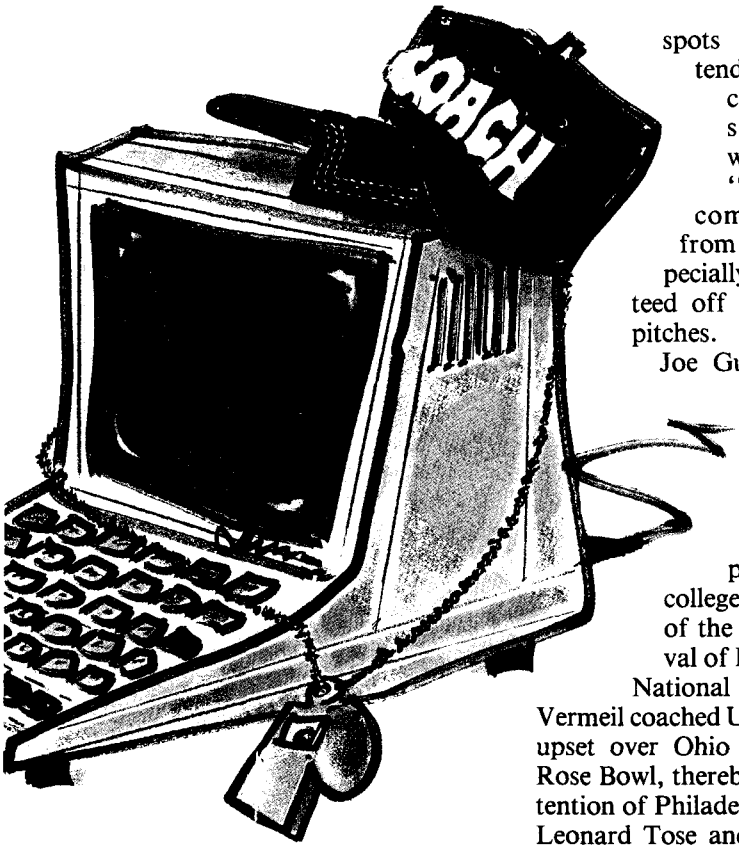

ered and upset because one of his kids is sick. There is too much happening both emotionally and physically down on the field to put too much emphasis on the computer."

The blips and chips have drawn mixed reviews so far from the players. A number of pro golfers, including last year's PGA scoring leader Tom Kite, use a Teacher Alignment Computer (MAGIC BOX) to sharpen their putting skills. "I've been using the computer every week or so," says Kite. "It helps me quite a bit." Jim Simon, another highly regarded touring pro, explains it this way: "Basically it checks two things—your alignment at address and whether you are manipulating your hands correctly at impact. If you are opening your clubface, for example."

Kansas City Royals pitcher Larry Gura tried a computer for two weeks during spring training last year but tossed it away after deciding it wasn't worth the trouble lugging it around. Gura, who went on to lead his team with 18 victories, had programmed the vital statistics of the opposing batters into his computer. A baseball diamond flashed on the screen with lines showing where a particular batter had hit the ball in certain situations, his strengths and weaknesses, power spots and base-stealing tendencies. What the computer didn't show, however, were taunts like "stick that in your computer" coming from bench jockeys, especially when someone teed off on one of Gura's pitches.

Joe Guardino, a former semipro football player who provides computerized scouting reports to a number of professional and college teams, takes some of the credit for the arrival of Dick Vermeil in the National Football League. Vermeil coached UCLA to a stunning upset over Ohio State in the 1976 Rose Bowl, thereby attracting the attention of Philadelphia Eagles owner Leonard Tose and general manager Jim Murray, who signed him shortly afterward. "I gave Vermeil ten pounds of computer reports on every conceivable Ohio State tendency," Guardino recalls. "Afterward, Dick said it was the easiest defensive game he ever played. He said it was never in doubt because he knew exactly what Ohio State was going to do." Vermeil took the Eagles to the 1981 Super Bowl. "Burned out" as a coach, he recently resigned and joined CBS-TV as one of the football analysts.

Officials of the National Hockey League Philadelphia Flyers claim that a computer discovered Pete Peeters, the all-star goalie who helped carry them to a record 35-game unbeaten streak and the Stanley Cup finals three years ago. "Peeters [now with the Boston Bruins] wasn't rated high by too many people, but he scored well on our computers," says John Brogan, scouting director for the Flyers. He introduced printouts to the NHL a decade ago by installing a system similar to the one used by the Dallas Cowboys.

Bill King, public relations man for the Milwaukee Bucks, displays player and team statistics on press-row video monitors during home NBA games. "This system is light-years ahead of previous methods of compiling statistics," says King, who uses a standard, off-the-shelf office computer.

Other NBA officials aren't quite as sure. "Computers are great for postgame compilations, highs and lows—things like that," says public relations director Harvey Pollack of the Philadelphia 76ers. "But for using them during the game? What happens when the electricity goes out? Besides, at one point last season when the 76ers played the Bucks, each team had two Johnsons (Philadelphia's Reggie and Clemon; Milwaukee's Marques and Mickey). There will always be problems, like, which Johnson gets the blocked shot? Which Johnson gets the rebound?"

Pollack has a valid point—especially in a league that started the 1982-83 season with 14 players named Johnson and 9 named Williams. And how will the computer react when San Diego guards Robert Smith and Randy Smith match up against Larry Smith and Derek Smith of Golden State?

No sports franchise has used the computer as successfully as the Dallas Cowboys, who have appeared in five Super Bowls—more than any other NFL team. Cowboy president Tex Schramm first became impressed with the efficiency of computer-operated scoreboards while he was working for CBS-TV at the 1960 Winter Olympics in Squaw Valley, California.

"When we started, everyone laughed at us," recalls Gil Brandt, who was responsible for setting up Schramm's system. "I'll never forget our first college draft that used TROIKA, our computer. We took a lot of time making our selection of Mel Renfro [who would become the all-time interception leader of the Cowboys] because we were checking out an injury. [The late Green Bay coach] Vince Lombardi came by and said, 'What's wrong? Did your computer break down?' Ironically, three years later Lombardi paid us a supreme compliment when he asked if he and the Packers could join our computerized scouting combine. We turned him down."

Don't expect to see computers replacing your favorite coach, however. For one thing, the NFL now forbids any sophisticated electronic equipment that would give more affluent teams a technological advantage. "I don't think the league will *ever* allow terminals on the sidelines," says Brandt. "I really

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Earthworm Tractor Company
Earthworm City, Illinois

Office of Gilbert Henderson,
President

Friday, September 23, 1960

Mr. Alexander Botts
Earthworm Sales Manager
Hotel Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Botts: Our Trenton, New Jersey, dealer writes me that the Jones Construction Company has a contract to fill up a large ravine in preparation for a housing development at North Harwood, New Jersey. The material for the fill is to come from a clay deposit near the ravine.

Our dealer had hopes of selling a lot of Earthworm equipment for this job but has recently run into stiff competition from the Gyro-Excavator Company of Indianapolis. This is a new company with a new product about which we know very little.

Kindly get in touch with our Trenton dealer and help him persuade the Jones Company to buy Earthworms. Also, I want you to find out all you can about this new Gyro-Excavator.

Most sincerely,
Gilbert Henderson

Hotel Pennsylvania, Philadelphia
Monday evening,
September 26, 1960

Dear Henderson: Your letter arrived here in Philadelphia this morning. Instead of contacting our dealer in Trenton, I decided I would first investigate the situation on the job at North Harwood. I drove out there in the company car. And I am happy to report that not only have I had a most interesting time but I have ended the day with $5,000 more than when I started.

At the housing project, which is next to a small airport, I found a house trailer fixed up as an office with a sign: JONES CONSTRUCTION COMPANY. After knocking at the door, I was admitted by a watchman who told me that Mr. Jones, the head of the company, has his headquarters in New York City and has not yet come to North Harwood. The superintendent on the job is a Mr. Albert Potts, who was out of town, but is expected back tomorrow.

As I was starting back toward my car, a light plane landed on the nearby airport and taxied up to a small hangar. Painted on the side of the plane were the words: GYRO-EXCAVATOR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA. A man alighted and walked toward me. He carried a raincoat and a handsome briefcase that had gold lettering: GEORGE W. QUACKENBUSH, GYRO-EXCAVATOR COMPANY. As the man drew near, he said, "Are you Mr. Potts?"

Note. At this point, Henderson, I did some very fast thinking. It sounded to me as if the man had asked for "Mr. Potts." However, I could not be absolutely sure. It was just possible that he had asked for "Mr. Botts." Naturally I did not want to be so dishonest as to claim I was "Mr. Potts," when in reality I was "Mr. Botts." But, if he was making an honest mistake in thinking I was "Mr. Potts," when I was actually "Mr. Botts," it would be equally honest for me to think he was asking for "Mr. Botts" when he was actually asking for "Mr. Potts." Furthermore, it occurred to me that if he thought I was "Mr. Potts," the local superintendent for the Jones Construction Company, instead of "Mr. Botts," the sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company, it was just possible that he might divulge a certain amount of interesting information. Accordingly I stepped forward and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Yes," I said, "I am Mr. Botts."

Note. You will observe, Henderson, that I was telling the exact truth, even though I did pronounce the word "Botts" so rapidly that he quite obviously thought I said "Potts."

"My name," said the man, "is George W. Quackenbush. I represent the Gyro-Excavator Company. Probably you were not expecting me."

"Well, no," I said, sort of feeling my way. "I guess I was not."

"You were, of course, expecting my colleague, Chet Morgan. Unfortunately he is in the hospital with a slipped disc or something. He is unable to travel."

"Well, well," I said. "Poor old Chet. It is too bad."

"It is, indeed, Mr. Potts. But I have come in his place. Chet said that when he was here two weeks

JAILBIRD

When Botts goes to "Potts," he finds himself not only in hot water with the big boss, but also in the cooler with a cool $5,000.

by William Hazlett Upson

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ago he promised to return and take up certain important and confidential matters with you."

"And just what are these important and confidential matters?"

"Ah, Mr. Potts, I can see that you are a very cautious man. You know perfectly well what I am talking about. But, in view of the delicate nature of the subject under discussion, you are perfectly right in refusing to commit yourself any more than you have to. You are right in expecting me to take the lead, and I will. Let us first of all look over the machine."

"What machine?" I asked.

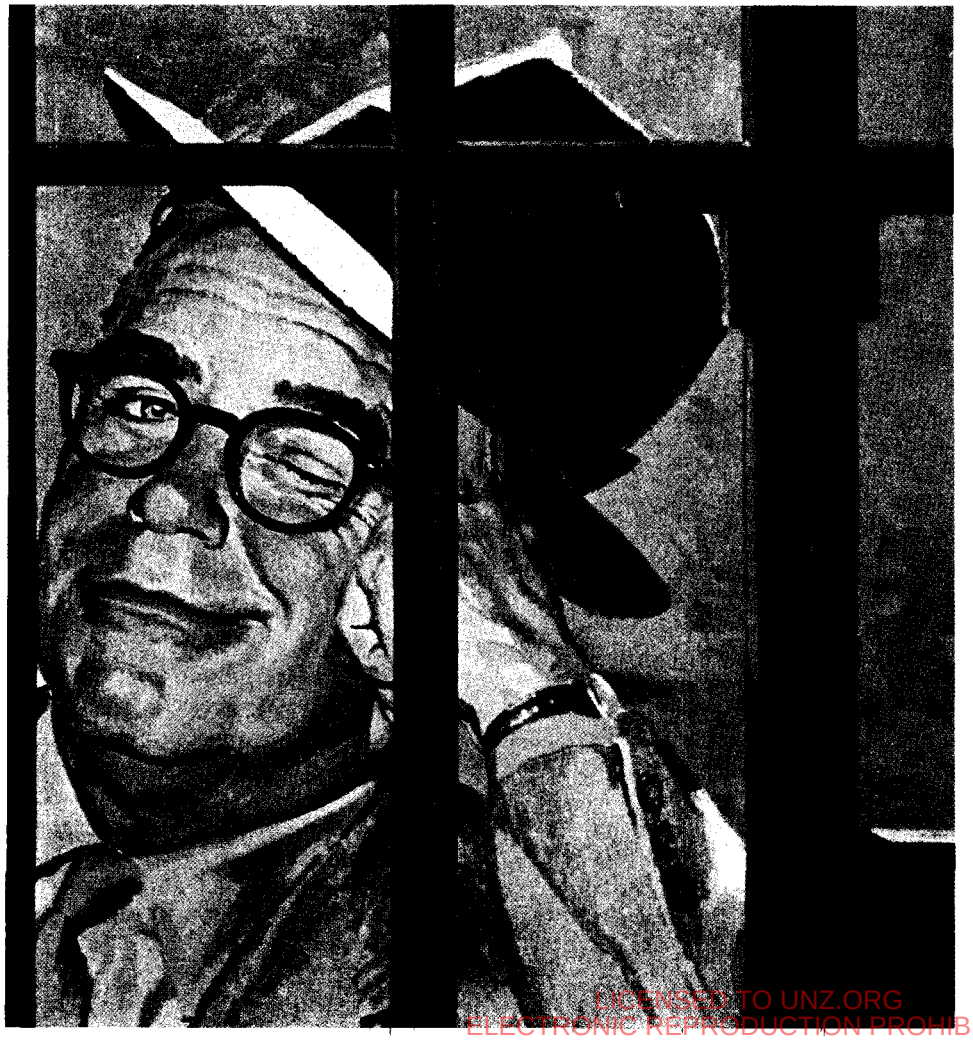
"The Gyro-Excavator. Chet told me that two weeks ago he arranged to ship one out here. Last week you wired him that it had arrived and was stored in your machinery shed. As there is only one machinery shed around here, that must be where it can be found.

He walked over to a recently constructed wooden building and then swung open a big door. I followed him inside and found myself gazing at one of the most outlandish pieces of machinery I have ever seen. It was as complicated as an old-fashioned combine harvester, or a newspaper printing press—only more so. The machine was mounted on eight wheels with enormous tires. Jutting out from the front were some rooters and scoops, apparently designed to dig up earth and deliver it to an endless chain equipped with buckets, which in turn passed it through a series of rotating steel claws and beaters to a conveyor belt that would ultimately dump the earth into trucks.

"Let's start this thing up," I said, "and see how it works."

"Unfortunately, Mr. Potts, our mechanic has reported a slight difficulty with one of the gear assemblies. It is nothing serious, but it will take a couple of days to get the new parts. In the meantime I will be glad to explain anything you do not fully understand. I presume Chet Morgan described for you our revolutionary earth-conditioning feature, and how it will be of tremendous importance on this particular job?"

"He may have described it. But I would like to hear you go over it again."



"The seemingly useless complications of this machine have a definite purpose, Mr. Potts. And this purpose is something we keep strictly confidential. We never put it in writing. We never put it in our advertising or in our literature. We talk about it only to good customers like you and only by word of mouth."

"Go on," I said.

"The Gyro-Excavator is carefully designed to agitate, beat, whirl and fluff up the earth—thus modifying its physical structure so as to produce a remarkable increase in volume."

"Like increasing the volume of cream by whipping it?"

"Exactly. Chet Morgan tells me the clay you will be handling here has a type of crumb structure which responds unusually well to our soil-conditioning process. When our beaters and agitators get through with one yard of that clay, you will find it has been fluffed up to a volume of two yards."

"In other words," I said, "for every yard of earth we dig up we get two yards of fill. We can do the job quicker. And we can do the job cheaper."

"Which will be wonderful for the Jones Construction Company, and even more wonderful for you personally, Mr. Potts. I understand Mr. Jones has put you in complete charge of this project. You choose the equipment. You boss the job. And you get a handsome bonus for every day and every dollar you save in completing the work."

"This seems like a very fine proposition," I said. "But I want to make sure of everything. Most contracts provide that an earth fill must be tamped in some way."

"Very true, Mr. Potts. This particular contract—as you know—calls for the use of sheep's-foot rollers——"

"Which would compact the clay almost back to its original volume?"

"That would be true only if you used the ordinary type of sheep's-foot rollers. But you will remember that we are going to sell you six of our special rollers with spring-mounted feet so designed that they recede into openings in the surface of the roller and thus avoid any harmful overcompaction."

"Even so," I said, "isn't there

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some danger that over a period of years this expanded clay might gradually slump back to its original volume?"

Mr. Quackenbush said, "There has been no time for us to test this theory out."

"There might be a lot of trouble," I said. "Suppose the people who buy property in this development find the whole area is collapsing—streets, lawns, trees and houses sinking down, down——"

"That would be sort of too bad, wouldn't it?" Quackenbush said. "But no such misfortune could possibly occur for several years. By that time the Gyro-Excavator Company would have been paid for its equipment. The Jones Construction Company would have been paid for the fill. You would have received your bonus. The real-estate-development company would have unloaded its houses and lots. All of us would have taken handsome profits and moved out of the picture. And if, in years to come, the fill should actually collapse, it would be a purely natural disaster like an earthquake, a flood or a tornado. And the unfortunate homeowners would just have to follow the usual procedure of getting relief from the federal government."

"You are very reassuring," I said.

"And now," said Mr. Quackenbush, "I suggest we finalize our agreement." He drew some papers from his briefcase. "I have here," he said, "the purchase order for the equipment you agreed to buy from Chet Morgan—two Gyro-Excavators, six special self-propelled, sheep's-foot rollers and an assortment of miscellaneous equipment, attachments and supplies—everything you will need except the trucks, which I understand you already have on hand."

I made a show of reading the order with meticulous care. "This looks all right to me," I said.

"Very good," said Mr. Quackenbush. "That brings us to another delicate and confidential matter. The Gyro-Excavator Company realizes, Mr. Potts, that you have done a lot of conscientious work in investigating our machinery. You have exerted yourself far beyond the call of duty. We offer you our heartfelt thanks. But we also feel we should express our gratitude in a more definite manner."

"That's very kind of you."

"Not at all, Mr. Potts. I have here a small honorarium to compensate you, at least partially, for your professional services." He put down his raincoat and pulled from his ample briefcase a rather large and bulky bag.

"It looks to me," I said, "like something more than a *small* honorarium."

"Still think he's guilty?"

"I hope it is adequate. As a matter of fact, Chet Morgan told me that he had discussed this whole matter with you and that you had agreed to accept $5,000—provided it came to used bills of five-, ten- and twenty-dollar denominations without any consecutive numbering."

"I will stand by the agreement," I said. "Did Chet explain why I wanted old bills without consecutive numbers?"

"As I understand it, Mr. Potts, you both felt it would be more discreet to keep this confidential. In some ways, of course, it would be more straightforward to put through a check. But a check is a matter of record, and it might become known to the wrong people."

"What wrong people?" I asked.

"Well, you know and I know that this deal is completely ethical. But there are people who are so morbidly suspicious that they see evil in everything. Such people have coined a series of unfortunate expressions like payola, kickback, slush fund and others even worse."

"Yes," I said sadly, "I have heard these expressions. I deplore them as much as you do. But they exist, so I agree with you that we must preserve our privacy. If you'll hand over the money, I will be happy to count it."

I reached for the bag, but Mr. Quackenbush held on to it. He said, "The agreement was that you were to sign first and get the money afterward."

"Certainly." I signed the order in duplicate. "Jones Construction Company, per A. Potts." I took one copy. Mr. Quackenbush put the other in his briefcase. He handed over the money, and I counted it. The total was exactly $5,000.

"It is a pleasure," I said, "to do business with people as honest as you are."

We walked over to the small airport. Mr. Quackenbush opened the door of his plane and shoved his briefcase under the seat.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Didn't you have a raincoat?"

"Thanks for reminding me. I must have left it in that shed." He started to walk back.

I stayed with the plane. And it suddenly occurred to me that it might be a good thing to get back that signed order. I waited until Mr. Quackenbush disappeared into the machinery shed. I jerked the briefcase out of the plane, hid it in the hangar and got back to the plane before Mr. Quackenbush emerged from the shed.

This time he had his raincoat. He climbed into his plane. He took off. I retrieved the briefcase. And I drove the company car back to Philadelphia.

After depositing the $5,000 in the hotel safe and examining the sales literature, order blanks and other material I found in the briefcase, I ate a good dinner and returned to

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my room, where I have been spending the rest of the evening writing this report.

I think you will agree, Henderson, that I have pulled off a very brilliant maneuver in painlessly extracting $5000 from our competitors. It is true that I had to sign on behalf of the Jones Construction Company a large order, but I borrowed Mr. Quackenbush's briefcase, so I no longer have to worry about that. The only remaining problem is to put over an order for Earthworms to replace the Gyro-Excavator order.

At the moment I cannot think of any way to do this. So I will consign the entire matter to my subconscious mind. And when I awake tomorrow morning, I am sure to have an answer to what is now a somewhat baffling question.

Yours with hope and good cheer,

Alexander Botts
Sales Manager,
Earthworm Tractor
Company

Earthworm Tractor
Company
Earthworm City, Ill.

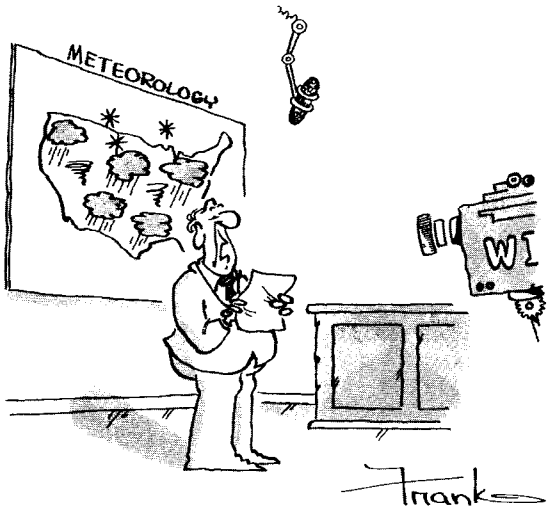
Office of Gilbert
Henderson,
President

Wednesday,
September 28, 1960

Dear Botts: Your letter is here. At various times in the past you have conducted yourself in a manner so erratic and unorthodox as to cause me grave concern. But your recent activities, as related in your letter, are little short of appalling. You impersonate the construction superintendent of a firm to which we had hoped to sell a large order of Earthworm equipment. You give your approval to a completely fraudulent scheme for cheating a real-estate company by charging them for two yards of earth when they will actually be receiving only one. You sign a false name to a sales order. You brazenly accept $5,000 under completely false pretenses. And you make a feeble attempt to justify all this with a line of double-talk so transparent that it would not fool a mentally retarded five-year-old.

I am hereby ordering you to do everything you can to clean up this mess as fast as possible. You must notify Mr. Jones of the Jones Construction Company of exactly what has been going on. You will do everything you can to persuade Mr. Jones to buy Earthworm equipment. You will get rid of that tainted $5000. Any failure will almost certainly result in irreparable damage to our high reputation. And it may very likely land you in jail.

Yours,
Gilbert Henderson



The preceding weather forecast does not necessarily reflect the opinion of this station . . .opposing viewpoints are welcomed.

Hotel Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Friday, September 30, 1960

Dear Henderson: I have just returned to Philadelphia and find your letter awaiting me. I have read it in detail. By a strange coincidence, I had started following at least part of your advice myself as long ago as last Tuesday—three days before the receipt of your letter. But there was one small problem. Unfortunately the course of action which you recommended and which I had independently decided upon did not result in keeping me out of jail. On the contrary, it had the effect of landing me in jail with surprising promptness and keeping me there for three entire days.

I am not blaming you for this, but I do blame you for accusing me, in effect, of moral turpitude. Consider the facts. I found myself confronted by a thoroughly evil conspiracy. If I seemed to take part in this conspiracy, it was only—as I wrote you last Monday—because I was forced to fight fire with fire. I was merely trying to ascertain all the facts, so I could expose the whole filthy plot and bring the slimy perpetrators to justice. I will admit that my plans have not worked out exactly as I had intended. But when I tell you of all the difficulties I have been through, I am sure you will admit that I did my best.

In my letter of last Monday evening I told you that I had not yet decided on a definite course of action and that I was consigning the whole thing to my subconscious mind.

As I was gradually waking up the next morning, an entire plan of action flashed into my conscious mind. I realized that if I were to expose the Potts-Quackenbush conspiracy, I would need something more than my own unsupported story. I would need tangible evidence to prove my charges. And, as I became completely awake, I realized that I had evolved a most promising *modus operandi.* After a good breakfast I sallied forth and found a store where I was able to buy an unusually fine battery-powered, pocket-size tape recorder.

Note: I have entered the cost ($237.99) on my expense account, and I want you to notify our comptroller that this is a necessary business expense and should be passed without question.

I hired a sign painter to paint the words GYRO-EXCAVATOR COMPANY on both sides of my car. While this job was being done, I returned to the hotel, removed from Mr. Quackenbush's briefcase a couple of order blanks and filled them out to correspond to the orders I had signed. After returning them to the briefcase, I destroyed the two signed orders. I transferred to my pockets a number of credit and

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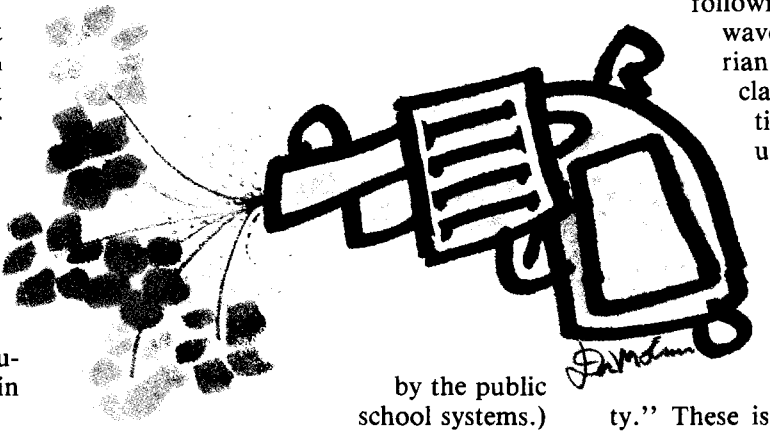
Speaking Out

HOW CRIME WAS ARRESTED

Crime declined for a century when "character training" was in vogue but began to soar with the new doctrine that put the blame on society.

by Reo M. Christenson



Criminologists haven't been very successful in identifying either the root causes of individual crime or the social conditions that promote it. But by a remarkable coincidence, two social scientists have recently arrived at somewhat similar conclusions about the social climate's effect on crime. Those conclusions won't be welcomed in many quarters.

Writing in the Winter 1983 issue of the *Public Interest*, James Q. Wilson of Harvard suggests that America's declining public concern with "character training" over the past 60 years may have played a significant part in our recent high crime rates. Recalling the "exceptionally high and sustained levels of crime characteristic of the emerging cities of the 1830s and 1840s," he describes the many-pronged effort, beginning around 1840, to deal with the problem by promoting character development.

Wilson believes the resurgent churches, alarmed by the crime wave and the high rate of alcohol consumption (ten gallons per person per year in 1829), played an important part by stressing the importance of self-control. But he adds that "popular literature emphasized the values of thrift, order, industriousness, sobriety, the mastery of passions. . ." and sought to inculcate the young with a regard for their "duties and obligations."

(Although Wilson does not mention it, this was also the period in which the McGuffey readers, stressing moral principles and self-discipline, were being widely adopted by the public school systems.)

Crime began to abate; it remained only a moderate problem for about a century.

In the 1920s, dramatic cultural changes began. The temperance movement became discredited and conservative religion lost ground. Wilson also notes that, from 1890 to 1910, about one-third of the articles about child rearing in the *Ladies' Home Journal, The Woman's Home Companion* and *Good Housekeeping* dealt with character development and the importance of the mother's character. In 1920, only three percent had this focus. By 1930, "personality development" was the dominant theme of women's magazines.

In more recent years, cultural emphasis has focused upon self-expression, spontaneity, tolerance, individualism and personal freedom. Rights, not duties, receive primary attention. As for the public schools, they have sharply downgraded character training.

Some Americans have responded constructively to this social milieu, but for many it seems to have released destructive impulses that might otherwise have been held in check. Crime rose steeply in the 1960s and has remained at alarming levels ever since that time.

An English scholar, Christie Davies, analyzed crime trends in Britain during a comparable period. Writing in the Winter 1983 issue of *Policy Review*, Davies observes that Britain's high rates of crime in the mid-19th century diminished thereafter and remained very low until recent years. Then crime began soaring, along with "aggressive hooliganism" at sports contests, drug usage, public drunkenness and illegitimacy.

What accounts for this strikingly parallel pattern of antisocial behavior in Britain? Davies says that, following the earlier crime wave, the dominant Victorian elite imbued all social classes with the conviction that each individual was morally responsible for his behavior. This elite, aided by the religious influence of John Wesley and Methodism, "diffused [certain moral] issues throughout society." These issues included the importance of "honesty, industry, willingness, conscientiousness, punctuality, sobriety and a sense of responsibility." (Davies also credits the modern British police force and universal schooling with helping reduce crime.)

But as the Victorian moral crusade faded, the principle that society, rather than the individual, was responsible for crime became fashionable. This led to a preoccupation with public remedies for the consequences of individual misbehavior, rather than with moral attitudes that contribute to crime. The upshot was a major increase in crime, despite the fact that economic conditions had improved and the welfare state had largely eliminated poverty.

If these writers are correct, this ination of the cultural factors that condition the moral attitudes of the young. Currently, schoolteachers fiercely resist pressures to do more about character development.

More important, we should recognize that the entertainment industry probably has a greater moral impact on the young than any insti-

continued on following page

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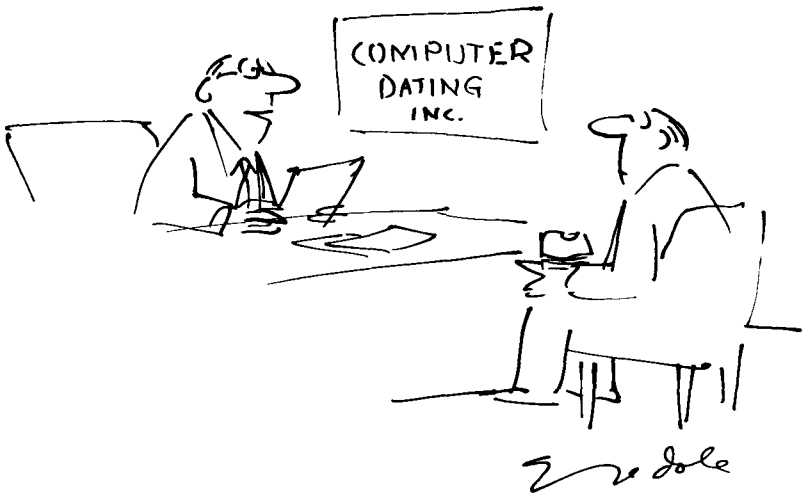
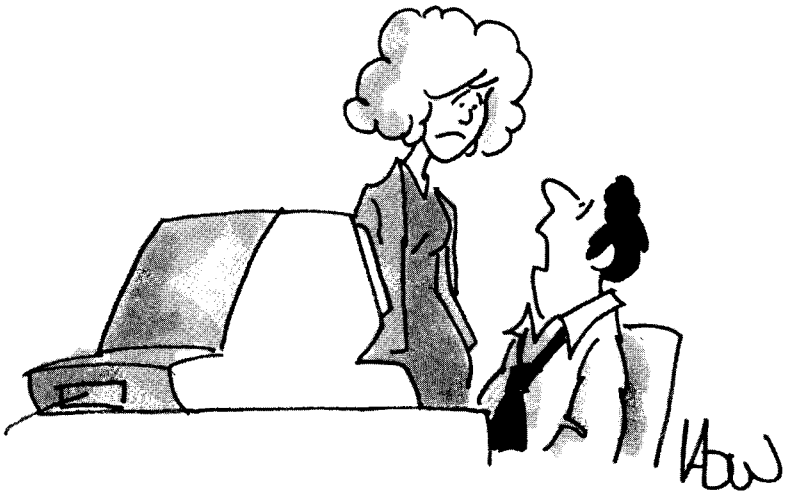
SUPERIOR LOGIC



"We fed your requirements for 'affection, loyalty, soft brown eyes' into our computer and came up with a basset hound."



"The home computer says we'd be solvent if we hadn't bought it."

tution except the home has. And that industry has been at war with many of the values and attitudes that apparently reduced crime in Britain and the United States from the mid-19th to the mid-20th centuries.

A recent study reported in *Public Opinion* notes that TV executives and writers have much more liberal moral views than the average American. The same can be safely assumed for members of the entertainment industry in general. For the most part, they accept no obligation to use their talents to strengthen our impulses toward, or our appreciation of, the good (except for a few liberal values like tolerance).

Instead, they assume that giving the public what it wants automatically legitimates whatever they do. Unhappily, appealing to the darker side of our nature is more profitable than appealing to our better selves.

The results? A TV industry dispensing heavy doses of violence and illicit sex. A motion-picture industry, largely aimed at the young, that stimulates many of their visceral instincts—and tells them what they want to hear. A recording industry whose products all too often weaken inclinations toward self-control and self-discipline. Rock concerts that surely do the same. A massive pornography industry, now poised to exploit cable TV, that increasingly features sadomasochistic scenes. A flock of novelists, out for the fastest buck, whose works reflect their anti-Victorian values. And, unless Professors Wilson and Davies are wrong, a tide of antisocial behavior.

Russian Jews

continued from page 63

inar on Jewish History and Culture, Arkady has organized many seminars and sit-in protests. During the Moscow Symposium on Jewish Culture in December 1976, authorities placed his family under house arrest and warned him to resign from the symposium's organizing committee. In February of 1977, the KGB threatened to expel him from Moscow, and shortly thereafter his phone service was cut off.

Arkady has continued his efforts to help the refuseniks' cause by writing letters to Soviet officials, including the late Leonid Brezhnev. His letters, however, were never acknowledged. Arkady's wife, Helen,

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a former lecturer in Anglo-American literature, has been unable to find work since the couple became refuseniks. The KGB watches them continuously while he and his wife manage to get by on his meager pension of 120 rubles a month (about $156 by the official exchange rate).

Each refusenik in the cramped apartment had his own unhappy story to share. Viktor Fulmakht and Boris Klotz continue to study Hebrew and Jewish philosophy, although this is forbidden in the Soviet Union. Fulmakht has been given what is known as a "final refusal" by the Moscow emigration office and told not to reapply for a visa. Klotz suffers from eye trouble and lost a child in 1980 to crib death.

Yuli Kosharovsky has been struggling to emigrate since the 1960s, but has little hope of ever receiving permission to leave. His words to me as I left that night were, "I now know there is little hope for me, but please do not forget my children. They must be allowed to live free, as Jews."

I reflected on the Moscow refuseniks as our group traveled to Leningrad on the night train. I had believed that they were seeking to leave the Soviet Union for greater political and economic freedom, but I now realize their major goal was to escape religious persecution. The Soviets vehemently deny the existence of anti-Semitism in their nation. Yet of the more than 100 ethnic groups in the USSR, only Jews are denied access to information in any language concerning their history, culture and religion. They are not allowed to gather for cultural seminars or to celebrate national or religious holidays. The Soviets have even gone so far as to delete all references of Jewish contributions to Soviet life from the pages of the Great Soviet Encyclopedia.

Lately, young Jewish adults have been denied access to major universities and technological institutes. The government has also produced a wave of virulent anti-Semitic propaganda in publications available at low prices throughout the Soviet Union.

In addition, a new official government Anti-Zionist Committee has been established to generate hatred against the State of Israel and to fuel anti-Semitism. This committee falsely states that almost all Jews who desire to emigrate from the Soviet Union have already done so. This is simply not the case. It is true that 51,320 emigrated in 1979 and only 2,688 left in 1982—but these figures represent only the number of Jews who were issued visas by the state, not those who wished to leave. The truth is, of the 700,000 Soviet Jews who have received the necessary invitation to come to Israel since the early 1970s, only 250,000 have been allowed to leave, while 450,000 are still awaiting or have been denied visas.

In Leningrad, we made plans to visit with more refuseniks and were joined by Richard Day and Donna Alvarado, staff to the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Immigration and Refugee Policy. This time we traveled by private passenger car. Its moonlighting owner, eager to pad his income with taxi fares from foreigners, was openly defying laws against such a "capitalistic" pursuit. The driver told us that within two hours he could collect as much with his "underground" cab as he earned in two days as an engineer.

As we exited the cab we waved a cheerful goodbye to the unmarked car that had been following us—undoubtedly our KGB shadow—and entered the home of Aba Taratuta, our host refusenik. In the modest two-room apartment we were joined by 15 other Jews. The word of our visit must have been passed by personal messenger, because the government has disconnected the phones of most of the refuseniks.

Aba, a short, amiable, balding man with a goatee, had recently endured a vicious diatribe in the Moscow press, which condemned him specifically for his "anti-Soviet" activities. The 13-page article attacked Israel and Zionism and concluded with a description of Aba. It accused him of being a Zionist emissary dedicated to slandering the Soviet Union. Such vilification of individuals in the press often results in misery for the subject's children at school and for him at the workplace. But this was no problem for Aba and his wife. He, a mathematician, and his wife, a translator, both lost their jobs after applying for an emigration visa ten years ago. It was clear to me that it was difficult for Aba to even step outside his front door for fear of reprisals from neighbors.

One young man among those gathered was not a refusenik, but a Jew representing a large number of victims of Soviet anti-Semitism who have not sought to emigrate. He had graduated at the top of his class and during job interviews was consistently encouraged by prospective employers—that is, until he was asked to show his internal passport. There, stamped prominently is the word "Evrei," meaning "Jew." Suddenly, he told me, employers recanted the existence of any job openings. On his tenth interview, he finally landed a job, but only after conveniently placing his thumb over the word "Evrei" on his passport. Upon discovering his true identity, his new employer attempted to rescind the job offer, but was foiled because government documents had already been signed.

It was difficult to match all the names with the stories that evening

continued on page 104

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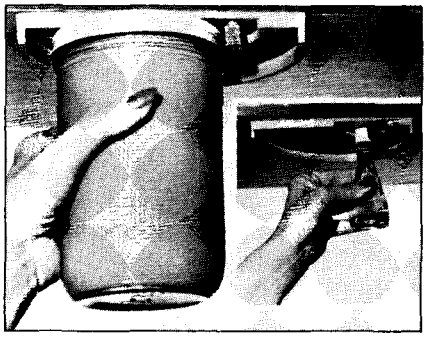

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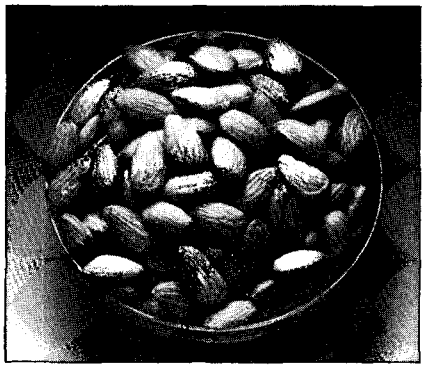

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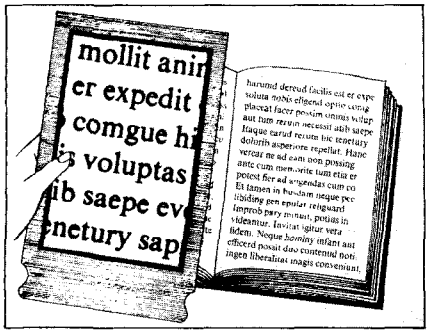

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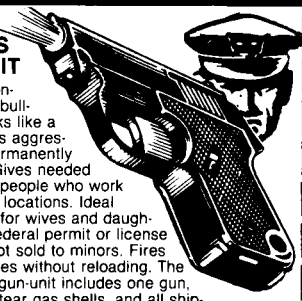

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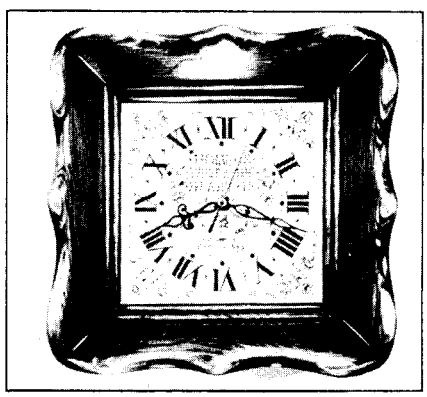

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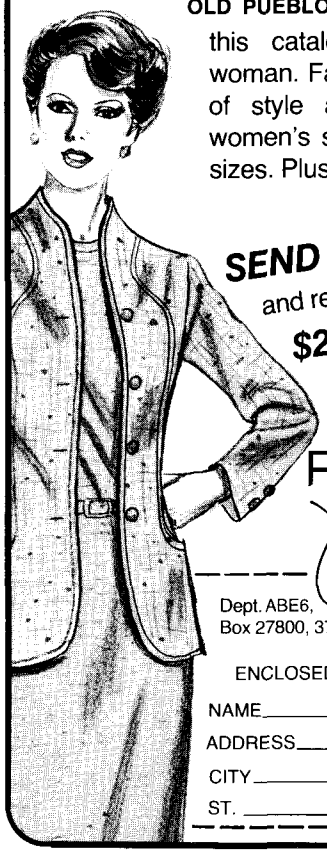

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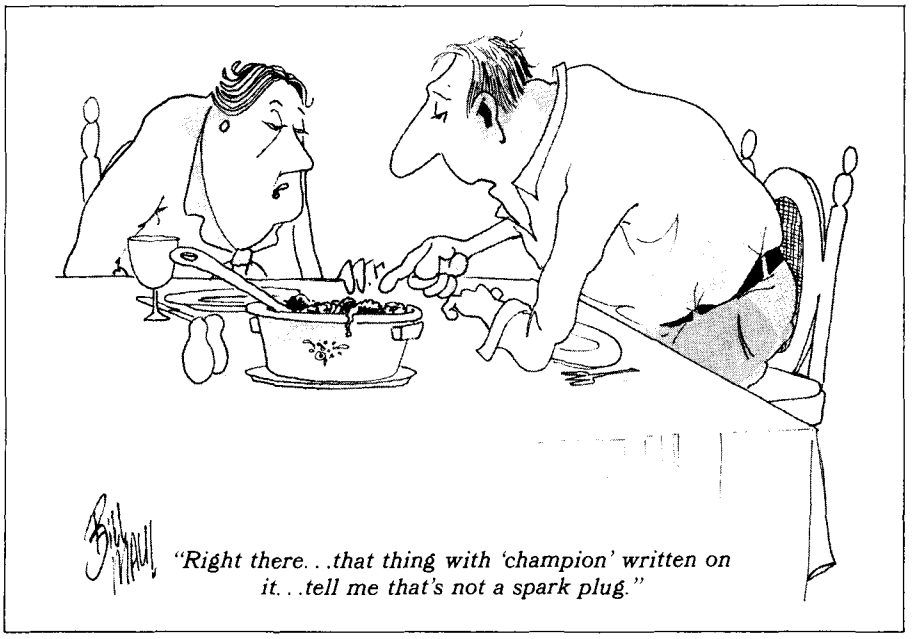

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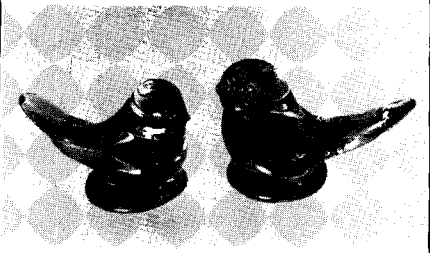

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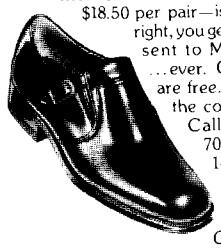

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If you spend long hours each day working in an office, a factory or taking care of a family, the last thing you feel like doing is adding more work to that routine.

You know your job isn't doing much for your body, but adding hard physical exercise to your busy day is more than you can bear. Besides, you've read and heard that jogging, lifting weights and other fads can be dangerous to your joints, back and feet, and you're leery about doing yourself more harm than good.

How Can You Save Your Body From Deterioration Without Hurting Yourself?

The problem with most methods of exercise is that they can hurt you if done incorrectly. Also, most exercise is tedious, boring and it takes too much time. Countless thousands of people who feel out of shape start exercise programs but very few ever **stay** with them. Either injury or sheer boredom causes them to quit.

How many times have you resolved to begin running? How many unused and discarded jump ropes, jogging shoes, dumbells and physical fitness books are collecting dust around your house?

How much time and money have you invested in getting in shape? Chances are, if you have spent very little or very much time and money on improving your body the results have been the same. You have shown little or no improvement.

You are tired, flabby, stiff and prone to aches and pains. You don't sleep as well as you used to. You find yourself short of breath just climbing a flight of stairs. You don't like to be seen in a swim suit. You don't like the way your skin looks and you don't feel strong or sexy.

You Don't Need Exercise — You Need Stimulation

Exercise is the painful, boring, and time consuming approach to solving your physical problems. The approach that's hard to stay with. The approach that doesn't work.

But here's a secret that people with strong healthy bodies have known for a long time. **You have to learn to listen to your body.**

What Is Your Body Trying To Tell You?

All those aches, pains and stiffness — all those fat deposits and sluggish feelings are part of the message your body is trying to give you. Your body is trying to tell you that you have left a very important aspect out of your life.

PHYSICAL STIMULATION.

When you were a child, you got your physical stimulation naturally and regularly. After school you went out to play. You played ball, tag, chase, and you got all the stimulation you needed. You felt strong and healthy. You slept well each night and your whole body felt **alive and well.**

Now, you've outgrown childhood games, but your body still **craves stimulation.**

You can get all the stimulation you need to lose fat, shape up, feel and look younger, stronger and sexier. You can sleep better and feel like a kid instead of a candidate for the rest home — with the amazing new STIMULIZER.

What Is The Amazing New STIMULIZER?

The STIMULIZER is a device especially designed to reawaken your body's ability to regenerate itself. With the STIMULIZER all you need is five minutes per day to bring out the natural powers of health and strength you called upon as a child at play. With little effort, without tedious, sweating hours in a gym, without risk of exhaustion or threat of injury, in just five minutes a day, you can use the STIMULIZER to WIPE OUT sluggishness, fat, weakness, poor posture, fatigue, shortness of breath and the general look and feel of a neglected body.

The STIMULIZER is a special tension device based on a Dynosometric principal. Dynosometrics combines the strength of a resisting force with the strength your own body possesses to unleash your natural powers of regeneration. It is fun, safe, easy and enjoyable to use. It is totally safe and guaranteed to get the results you are trying to achieve with minimum effort in a minimum amount of time . . . just five minutes per day.

The STIMULIZER is equipped with a special steel spring body energizer and revitalizer. Foam padded foot stirrups and no-slip live rubber hand grips. It is attractive, extremely durable, light weight, portable and easily stored. It comes with complete instructions to help you attain the maximum benefit in the shortest possible time.

Stimulize Your Way To The Body You Want

Now, using the principal of playful stimulation — rather than neck-breaking hard work — you can add youth, vitality and strength to your body. You can take away sluggishness, fat and fatigue.

Just order your STIMULIZER today and use it as the instructions indicate for a short 14 days and discover how much stronger and revitalized you will feel and notice how the fat and flab is disappearing. You will now feel full of vitality with all your aches and pains disappearing allowing you to sleep like a baby.

Remember, the STIMULIZER works without forcing you to follow a program of strenuous, tedious exercise. Remember, the STIMULIZER is based on the principal of playfully and enjoyably bringing your body back to the **Fresh, Youthful,** and **Stimulated** feeling of health you enjoyed as a child at play.

Order the STIMULIZER now and play your way to physical fitness.

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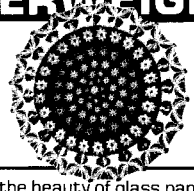

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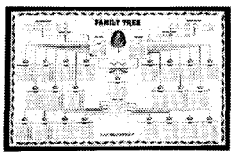

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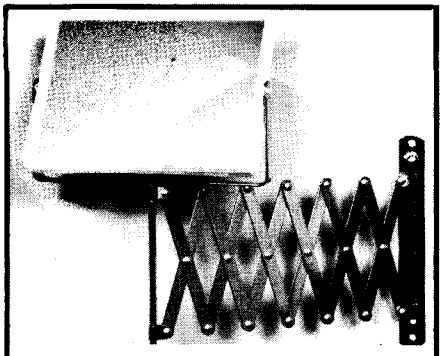

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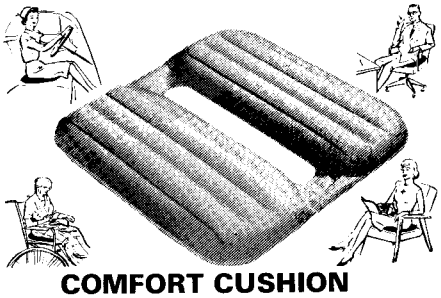

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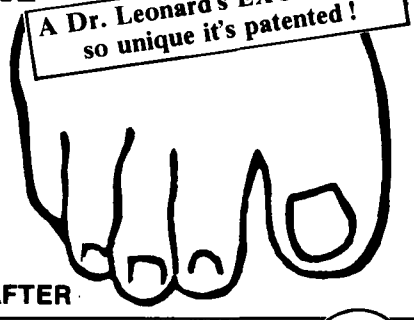

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Only at a quaint country inn is the weary traveler welcomed with a pot of tea, his bed turned down and his breakfast served family style.

Until recently most travelers rarely put much thought into where they'd rest their heads after a long day strapped behind a steering wheel. Within the last decade, though, Americans, discovering a favorite European pastime, have begun to flock to country inns in droves. Proof of their passion are the dozens of inns cropping up all over the country, from Syracuse to Seattle.

Travel enthusiasts who seek out inns as destinations in themselves are rewarded with an emporium of choices. Each bears a distinctive set of endearing trademarks. It is an inn's personality that captures the hearts of smitten inn-goers, reports one New England host: "Inns reflect the roots of their region and the tastes of the innkeeper," notes Paul Kedron. His 161-year-old establishment in South Woodstock, Vermont, is no exception. Its 34 rooms have retained a relaxed and rustic atmosphere, reminiscent of the days when the community was settled 200 years ago. "We're not like some of the posher inns," the former dairyman explains. "We opted for plainer furnishings that are more comfortable than many genuine antiques. We serve good but simple meals and formal dress is not required."

Enhanced by a large pond, riding stables, winter sleigh rides and expeditions to collect Vermont syrup (some which is used for the Kedron Tavern's sumptuous maple-chiffon pie), the inn is a comfortable retreat from city life. As host Kedron puts it: "I don't need to go anywhere because I'm already there."

Pat and Glynn Wells share a similar enthusiasm for the John Hancock Inn. When they first eyed the colonial-vintage village of Hancock, nestled in the hilly Monadnock region of southern New Hampshire, they lost their hearts instantly. Built in 1789, the inn counts itself as the oldest continuously operated inn in the state.

The village, named after John Hancock (even though the founding father never resided here), once threatened to change its name to York. The story goes that Hancock promised the citizens of the community a parsonage, but never got around to deeding the land to the town. After his death, his heirs refused to honor their kin's verbal promise. Today, the feuding is long forgotten, leaving the town to carry on its peaceful ways bearing the name of a patriot.

A regular stagecoach stop during colonial days, the inn continues to cater to business and pleasure travelers. "Sometimes I'd like to keep our guests for a couple of days longer so they could really wind down," muses Pat. She recalls with amusement the time a business executive checked in. " 'Is this where I'm staying?' he asked incredulously. He couldn't believe this place could be a hotel. Later he came and sat in our lounge and started talking. You could see him gradually open up as time went by and begin to relax. When the time came to go to bed he told my husband, 'I feel like my mother should be tucking me in.' "

For landlubbers who yearn for a

You won't find a sunlamp in your bathroom here. Country inns such as the Kedron Valley Inn tend to concentrate more on homeyness and history than on glamor.

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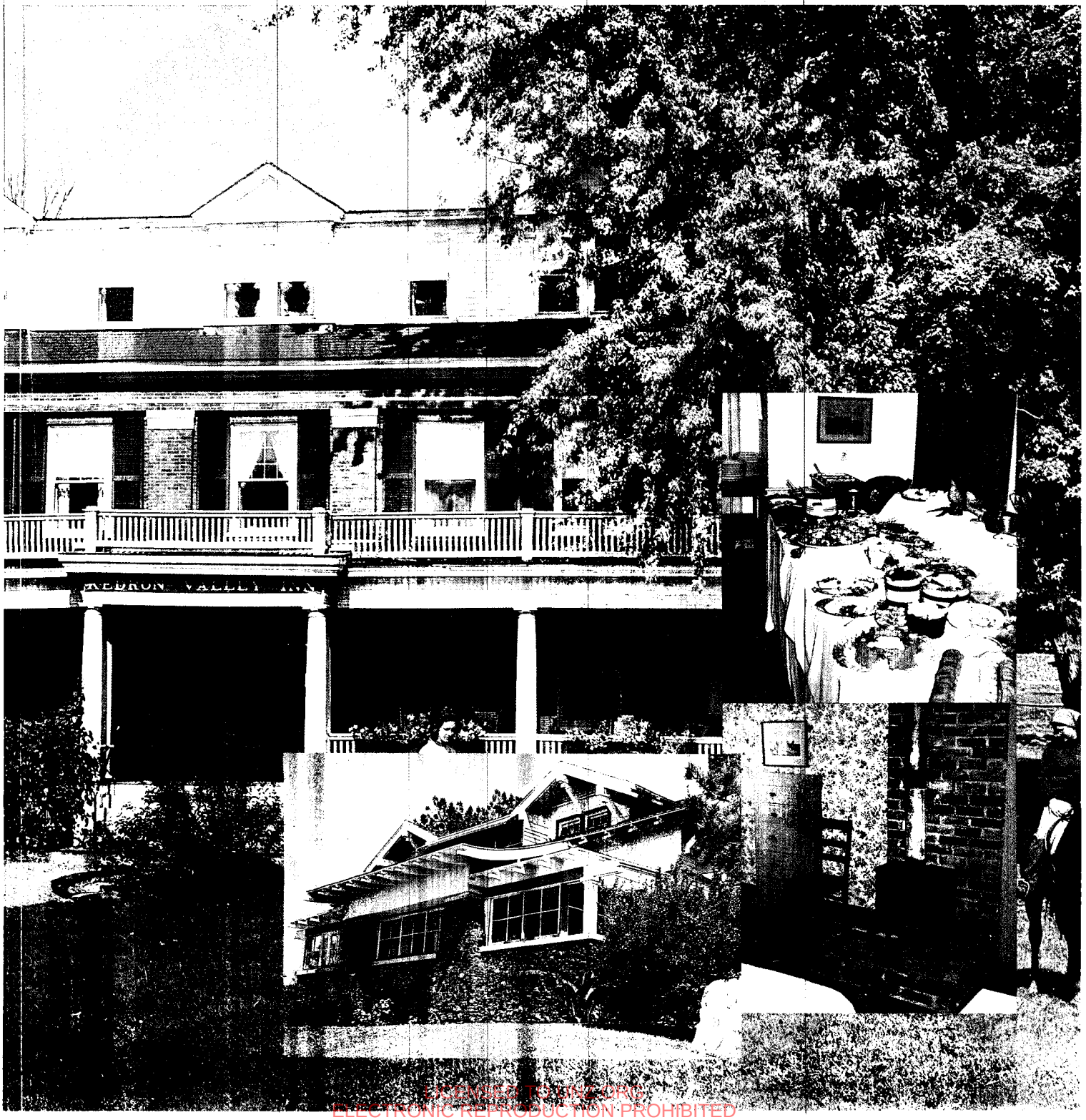
taste of the seafaring life, the Captain Lord Nelson Mansion, overlooking the Maine shore, fits the bill. Nathaniel Lord, a wealthy shipbuilder and merchant, built his three-story mansion during the War of 1812. The interior of the home recalls a bygone era of American opulence. Initials indicating the height of the Lord children authenticates the original wallpaper that remains in two rooms. In 1977 Bev Davis and her husband Rick Litchfield, former advertising executives, bought the mansion and transformed it to its original elegance, recapturing America's romance with the sea.

Farther south on the Atlantic seaboard rests the quaint city of Annapolis, home of the U.S. Naval Academy and the Maryland Inn. Built in the 1770s on land originally intended for the town drummer, part of the inn's construction is just one room wide, typical of Colonial townhouse architecture. The inn is only a short walk away from the academy and the harbor, where visitors can watch crabs and oysters hoisted ashore or take chartered cruises on Chesapeake Bay. While all of the

(Below) The bountiful food and cozy warmth of a country inn. (Center) The Rock Haus Inn—no Colonial overtones, but still plenty of charm.



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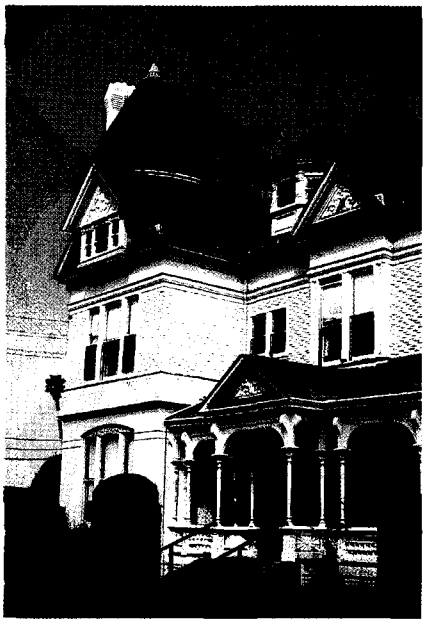
amenities of a gracious hotel are still remembered at the Maryland Inn—the morning paper is delivered to each room and beds are turned down at night—the inn keeps time with modern pleasures as well. Weekly appearances by great jazz artists and a big-band series highlight the inn's entertainment schedule.

Curling up with a good book in a rocker perched on the front porch is one of the most-sought-out forms of entertainment at the General Lewis Inn in Lewisburg, West Virginia. History buffs can envision the battle fought between Confederate and Union troops at the foot of the drive in the spring of 1862. (The rebels lost.) Further exploration turns up two slave cabins behind the house. One of the rough-hewn cabins was once occupied by a slave named Reuben. Found guilty of planning a slave uprising, Reuben was hanged. John Withrow built the main house in 1834; in 1929 it became an inn and has stayed in the same family ever since. Tucked in the heart of the Allegheny Mountains, the General Lewis Inn lavishes Southern hospitality in generous portions: smoked ham, pork chops, fried chicken and rich pecan pie.

West Coast inns are no less hospitable and comfortable than their Eastern neighbors. Take southern California's Rock Haus Inn in Del Mar. The house first served as a



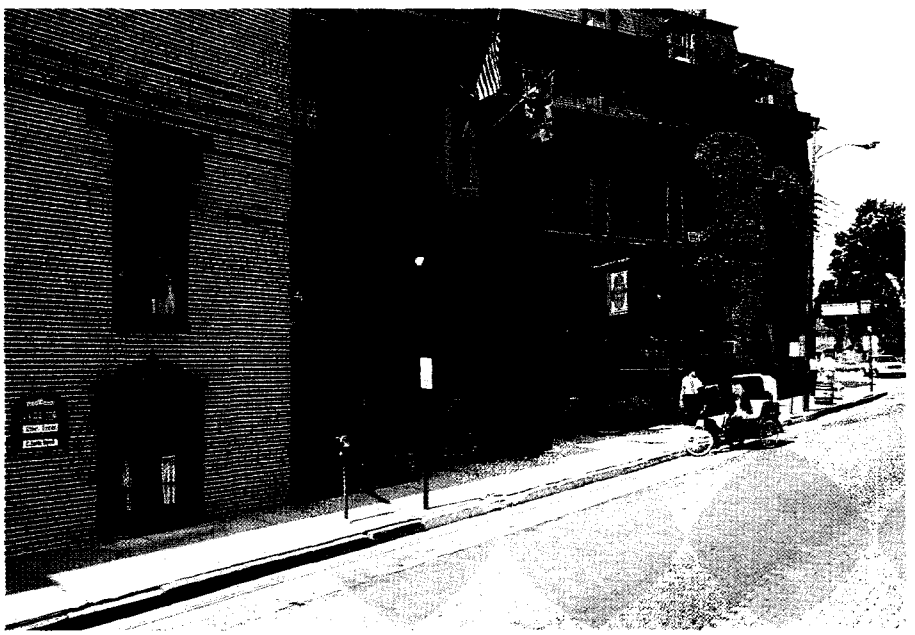
Once the residence of publisher E.W. Scripps, Britt Haus today treats guests to a Victorian bed-and-breakfast vacation in sun-loving San Diego.

place of worship before becoming a brothel and later a gambling parlor. Owners Carol and Tom Hauser tease the imagination with tales of a secret passageway used by prohibition-era gamblers during police raids. Today the bungalow captures both past and present with a harmonious blend of antiques, bright contemporary furnishings, wallpaper and comforters. In the morning, baskets of warm breads, fresh fruit and juices are served on the front porch that overlooks the quaint town and the Pacific beyond. Here plans are made for a day of sailing, of strolling through the village's boutiques or perhaps of a walk along the shore to collect shells.

Sojourners heading north find the Pelican Inn, overlooking Muir Beach (a 20-minute drive from the Golden Gate Bridge), just their cup of tea. It is run by a fifth-generation British pub-keeper named Charles Felix; guests are soon at ease in the half-timbered English farmhouse that is filled with antiques from the mother country.

Felix claimed the site for his inn some 15 years ago. After he carefully scavenged for the right furnishings and construction materials, he opened the inn four seasons ago. Guests from all corners of America and the world have been paying calls ever since. After supping on the hearty pub fare of bangers (jumbo English sausages, also served at breakfast), navy bean soup, shepherd's pie and a rich array of sweets, it is easy to understand their attraction. The six-room upstairs with low exposed-beam ceilings (many bearing the carved initials of honeymooners) add to the place's storybook charm. Felix, like English innkeepers of old, has taken special precautions against the "evil eye." A stone with a hole in it hangs over one of the beds to prevent rickets in case of pregnancy. Holly branches above each door ward off witches. Bones and iron buried under the hearth of the massive walk-in fireplace downstairs offer added protection. If those remedies don't dispel your fears, climbing into one of the high-canopied beds will put all your worries to rest.

While many inns date back two centuries or more, innkeepers are not so rooted in the past as to overlook means of enhancing their services. "We're finally getting our place the way we want it, with real working Franklin fireplaces, canopy beds and upgraded menus," notes Vermonter Kedron. "And we've been here almost 19 years," he adds. Martin Hostick of Britt Haus, in San Diego, shares a similar fervor for improvements. "Each year we try to add something new, whether it's adding a new yeast bread to our morning breakfast or refurbishing a guest room," she says. " This year



A "city inn": From the Maryland Inn you can walk to the sites of historic Annapolis, such as the U.S. Naval Academy and the oyster- and clam-laden waterfront.

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we turned the caretaker's cottage into a guesthouse suitable for small families. We want returning guests to walk in and find out we're doing more for them. Most importantly, though, innkeepers have to make all the special touches seem effortless."

When preparing a country-inn vacation, don't forget to pack your sense of adventure, several innkeepers urge. "Drop your preconceived ideas and arrive with an open mind," suggests Pat Wells. Hostick understands Wells' concern about vacationers who may not be used to some of the unique features of a country inn. "Probably the worst problem we encountered with new inn vacationers is shared bathrooms [common in many American and European bed-and-breakfast inns]. I always try to explain it in terms people can relate to. When you go to visit a friend, more than likely your bathroom will be down the hall." Most guests get over the initial shock of communal baths when they find the downy-soft towels, luxury soaps, terry-cloth robes and sometimes clawfoot bathtubs provided for their pleasure.

Eliminate unwelcome surprises about your accommodations by asking plenty of questions when securing a reservation. Some inns are not prepared to take children, and smoking may be prohibited. Most provide breakfast and some offer additional dining facilities. Rates vary from moderate to expensive. Foliage time in New England and the summer months in all areas of the country are busy times for inns and require early reservations.

Innkeepers are often invaluable sources of information when exploring new territory. Use them for advice on how to choose restaurants, sightseeing excursions and recreational activities.

If your overzealous sightseeing leaves you wobbling after trekking through miles of monuments, museums and amusement parks, don't despair. There is one sure cure to put the zip back in your step and ease the pounding in your head. Journey forth to the closest country inn, where a sympathetic host awaits to put your spirits in order. Here the centuries-old meaning of hospitality is kept alive and well with an open door, a smile and a keen appreciation for life's finest pleasures.

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FOOD

A TIME FOR SPICES

Spices are fast replacing the salt of the earth in the quest for a more healthful low-sodium diet.

by Michael Allen

After years of playing only bit parts in such things as soups and chowders, spices and herbs are taking heavier roles in the daily household drama of breakfast, lunch and dinner. The doubtful, hungry person, recently pronounced mildly hypertensive by the doctor, gazes dubiously at the little green flecks of basil with which his furtive spouse has doused the boiled potatoes. As he ponders what to do with that nervous right hand so used to wielding the now vanished salt shaker, it may reassure him to learn that those taste buds are embarking on a great adventure. It's a fact that spices and herbs have a long and brilliant history.

The *McCormick Spices of the World Cookbook* tells us that doctors of ancient Greece and Rome discovered that certain spices and herbs held medicinal values, no doubt telling their patients to take two marjorams (a favorite medicine of Hippocrates) and come back in the morning. Wine mulled with spices and honey was thought to be particularly effective in the treatment of many illnesses. (Of course, wine has often been taken without spices for any number of reasons.)

In the early fifth century, 3,000 pounds of pepper, the world's most popular and versatile spice, was demanded for the ransom of Rome; the Middle Ages saw many a slave bought and sold for a few handfuls of peppercorns. Although there is no record of its replacing cash in the pay envelope, a handful of cardamom was worth as much as a poor man's yearly wage.

You've heard the song "London Bridge Is Falling Down"? Well, it didn't, and much of the credit must go to aniseed. Edward I put a tax on the spice to raise revenue for the repairing of the bridge. And you've read of the laurel wreaths awarded to winners of the early Olympics? Today we award medals and use these same bay leaves in soups, chowders, pickling, tomato juice, marinades, stews, aspics, pot roasts and so on.

Long before cinnamon began adding its sweet, mildly pungent flavor to our desserts, the Egyptian Queen Hotshepsut used it in perfumes. And Moses was told by God to use cinnamon in preparing holy anointing oil.

Poppy seed, known for its properties of getting under 20th-century dentures, was cultivated as a source of cooking oil by Egyptians as early as 1500 B.C. And rosemary, the sweet, fragrant herb excellent in everything from lamb dishes to liver paté, was used by the colonists to scent soap; and before that it found prominence in folklore. One legend has it that rosemary will grow only in the gardens of the righteous—which raises the question of why much of it is imported from France, Spain, Portugal and Yugoslavia.

Saffron holds the honor of being the world's most expensive spice. And for good reason. Not that it still graces pharmaceutical shelves in medical preparations or is presented as gifts as in the days of Constantine—it's just that saffron, being the dried stigmas of the saffron crocus, requires 75,000 blossoms or 225,000 stigmas picked by hand to make one pound. Thankfully, in cooking, where it is recommended for flavoring rice, chicken dishes, soups, cakes, sauces and seafoods, a little saffron goes a long way.

Early Assyrians, several thousand years before Christ, believed that their gods drank sesame wine at their conference prior to creating the earth—which may account for such mistakes as poison ivy, mosquitoes and Siberia. Nevertheless, sesame served as a food for the ancient Egyptians and Persians, and Asians considered it a staple as valuable as the soybean. Today, of course, sesame is more often found sprinkled on canapés, casseroles, salads, noodles, soups, vegetables, cheese spreads and dips.

Before thyme began seasoning meat, poultry and fish, it was used by the ancient Greeks and Romans as a fumigant and as a flavoring for cheese and liquor. Tumeric, originally the basis of dye, today colors only butter, cheese and pickles. As for vanilla, the fruit of an orchid plant: Long before Columbus discovered America, the Aztecs were enjoying a drink called "Xoco-Latl," made from cocoa and vanilla beans. Today, it is still used, but mostly in eggnog, milk shakes and hot chocolate. What isn't drunk goes into everything from coffee and cakes to compotes and custards.

Whatever their past uses, the use of spices and herbs in today's kitchens is important—especially as a surrogate for salt. And most especially for the millions victimized by high blood pressure with its sometimes fatal consequences.

So. . .don't wait until you spill the salt before throwing some over your shoulder. Throw it now—shaker and all. Then go to your spice rack and begin substituting low- or no-sodium spices in your recipes—something like these recipes from "Dick Van Patten's Season By Choice Menu Plan," a recipe booklet from the S.S. Pierce Company, makers of Libby's Natural Pack® (no salt, no sugar added) vegetables.

Chicken Valencia
(Makes 4 servings)

3 tablespoons polyunsaturated oil, divided

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How's your spice I.Q.? You needn't be a culinary sage to identify most of these 22 commonly used spices. A well-seasoned cook should know them all. Take plenty of thyme, take your best shot, then turn the page to check your score.

1 cup chopped onion
3 cloves garlic, minced
1 cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped green pepper
1 cup no-salt-added canned carrots, diced
1 can (4 oz.) no-salt-added mushroom pieces, drained
1 orange, peeled, seeded and diced
½ cup orange juice concentrate
½ cup water
1 teaspoon tumeric
2 teaspoons oregano
4 chicken breasts

Heat 2 tablespoons oil in large skillet. Add onion, garlic, celery and green pepper; sauté until limp and tender. Add carrots, mushrooms, orange, orange juice, water, tumeric and oregano. Simmer about 30 minutes. Skin chicken and remove ribs. Use remaining oil to lightly grease a casserole. Arrange chicken in casserole. Cover with sauce. Bake covered at 350° F. for 1 hour. If you are short of time, brown chicken in a skillet with light amount of oil. This will shorten baking time in sauce by about one-half.

Sliced Tomatoes Vinaigrette
(Makes 4 servings)

4 ripe tomatoes
3 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons water
1 tablespoon red vinegar
½ teaspoon Dijon-style mustard
1 teaspoon bay leaves
½ teaspoon chopped fresh parsley
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
¼ teaspoon oregano leaves

Immerse tomatoes in boiling water for 1 minute. Remove and run under cold water. Drain, peel and slice. Cover with vinaigrette dressing.

Dill Vinaigrette Dressing: Place olive oil, water, red vinegar, mustard, basil, parsley, garlic powder and oregano in blender or small jar. Mix until blended.

Whole Wheat Carrot Rolls or Bread
(Makes about 2½ dozen rolls)

1 can (15½ oz.) no-salt-added carrots
2 packages (¼ oz. each) active dry yeast
3 tablespoons frozen apple juice, undiluted
2 eggs
2 tablespoons unsalted butter, melted
¼ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
3 cups whole-wheat flour, divided
1½-2 cups all-purpose flour

Drain carrots, reserving liquid. Coarsely chop carrots; set aside. Place yeast in large mixing bowl. Heat reserved carrot liquid with undiluted apple-juice concentrate until very warm (about 105° F.) and add to yeast; let stand until yeast is dissolved and mixture begins to foam. Add eggs, butter, cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg; beat well. Add 2 cups

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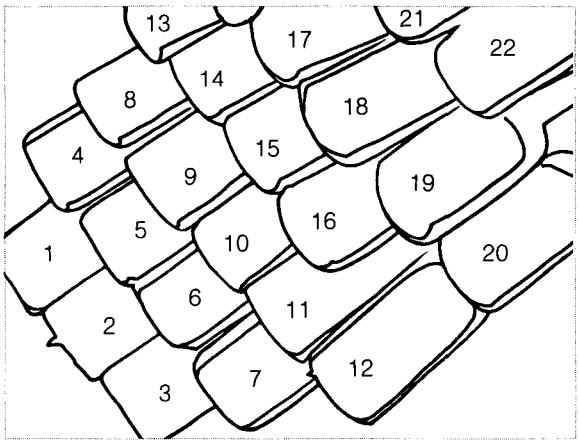

1. rosemary
2. chili peppers
3. parsley flakes
4. cinnamon sticks
5. black peppercorns
6. mustard seed
7. poppy seed
8. chives
9. instant minced onion
10. whole nutmeg
11. paprika
12. bay leaves
13. freeze dried shallots
14. chili powder
15. oregano
16. ginger
17. cloves
18. mace
19. celery flakes
20. instant minced garlic
21. sesame seeds
22. dill

whole-wheat flour, blending well. Add carrots and remaining whole-wheat flour. Work in as much white flour as needed to make stiff dough. Turn dough out on well-floured board and knead 5 minutes. Place in greased bowl; cover with towel and let rise in warm place until doubled, about an hour. For rolls: Punch down and pinch off pieces of dough about the size of a golf ball. Place in greased muffin tins and allow to rise until doubled, about 30 minutes. Bake at 350° F. until browned, about 15 minutes. For bread: Punch down dough and divide into thirds; place in greased loaf pans and allow to rise until doubled, about 30 minutes. Bake at 350° F. for 30-35 minutes.

Tossed Greens with Lima Beans
(Makes 4 servings)

⅓ cup olive oil
¼ cup white wine vinegar
Fresh, ground pepper
¼ teaspoon rosemary leaves
¼ teaspoon thyme leaves
1 can (16 oz.) no-salt-added lima beans, drained
Lettuce, bibb or romaine

Prepare dressing, mixing first five ingredients. Toss beans in dressing; let stand 1 hour. Wash lettuce leaves; break into bite-size pieces. Toss with beans and dressing.

Green Bean Casserole
(Makes 4 servings)

2 tablespoons unsalted butter
2 tablespoons unbleached white flour
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon garlic powder
¼ teaspoon marjoram
¼ teaspoon dill leaves
¾ cup grated cheese, divided
1 can (15½ oz.) no-salt-added green beans, drained
½ cup whole-wheat bread crumbs
1 can (4 oz.) no-salt-added mushroom pieces, drained

Melt butter in saucepan. Mix flour with milk until all lumps are dissolved. Add milk mixture to butter and stir until thickened. Add garlic powder, marjoram, dill and ½ cup cheese. Mix sauce with beans and mushrooms and pour into an ovenproof casserole. Bake at 350° F. until casserole is heated through and bubbling.

Brown Rice Pilaf with Natural Pack Peas
(Makes 6 servings)

4 tablespoons unsalted butter
2 shallots, minced
1 cup brown rice
2 teaspoons chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon black pepper
1 can (17 oz.) no-salt-added peas

Heat butter in saucepan. Add shallots; sauté until softened, about 5 minutes. Add rice, stirring to coat and glaze. Reduce heat, cover and cook about 45 minutes. Heat peas; drain and mix with rice.

Lemon Chicken Tarragon
(Makes 4 servings)

2½-3 lbs. frying chicken
¼ cup whole-wheat flour
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
3 tablespoons polyunsaturated oil
Juice of ½ lemon
4 tablespoons white wine
¾ teaspoon of tarragon leaves

Cut chicken into 8 pieces; dredge with mixture of flour and pepper. Heat oil in skillet; brown chicken pieces on all sides, removing pieces as they are browned to a shallow baking dish or casserole. In a small bowl, combine lemon juice, wine and tarragon; drizzle evenly over chicken. Bake at 350° F. about 1 hour, or until well browned and tender.

Corn Chowder
(Makes 6 servings)

1 tablespoon polyunsaturated oil
¼ cup chopped onion
½ cup diced green pepper
2 medium potatoes, peeled and diced
1 cup water
¼ teaspoon white pepper, to taste
½ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 bay leaf
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons chopped pimento
1 can (17 oz.) no-salt-added corn kernels, undrained

Heat oil in heavy saucepan. Add onion and green pepper; sauté 5 minutes. Add potatoes, water, white pepper, paprika, cayenne pepper and bay leaf. Simmer, uncovered, 20 minutes. Stir in milk; bring to boil. Add corn and pimento; cook 10 minutes. Remove bay leaf before serving.

Corn Pudding
(Makes 4 servings)

1 cup no-salt-added corn kernels, well drained
½ cup heavy cream
2 egg yolks
2 whole eggs
½ cup grated cheese (cheddar or other)
1 tablespoon chopped pimento
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon onion powder
Dash of cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon dried parsley

Put all ingredients in bowl and mix well. Butter baking dish and pour in corn batter. Bake for 25 minutes at 375° F. Serve warm.

Peas and Carrots Vinaigrette
(Makes 4 servings)

1 can (16½ oz.) no-salt-added peas and carrots, drained
Dill Vinaigrette Dressing
(see recipe on p. 91)

Toss peas and carrots with vinaigrette. Serve on a leaf of lettuce or put in a small plastic container to carry for lunch.

(For a free copy of the "Season By Choice Menu Plan" write: Spice Dept., SatEvePost Society, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.)

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OPEN FORUM

"THERE BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD..."

You or I could be next. It's an ignominious way to die—being one of the 25,000 people who will be killed by drunk drivers this year. Why should it be considered so trivial an offense by the courts—so trivial that some victims' survivors are too disheartened to prosecute?

by Art Williams

"The most pervasive form of lawlessness in the nation"—that's what Jim Burnett, chairman of the National Transportation Safety Board, calls the menace of drunk driving. Americans are finally getting concerned about the problem. We've looked the other way for a long time, because drunk driving is one of those things that we avoid thinking about until it affects our own lives. Sure, we see the statistics listed in the newspaper from time to time, and they're pretty frightening. But until the last few years, nobody really wanted to get involved.

Now some tough-minded citizens' groups have finally begun to speak out with some straight talk about this increasingly dangerous situation. These groups have provided examples of action that we, as individuals, can follow.

Each year, 25,000 people lose their lives on the highway in alcohol-related accidents and 650,000 more are injured. Nearly $25 billion is lost in property damage, bodily injuries and lost work. Of these numbers, 5,000 of the deaths and 130,000 of the injuries involve persons 16 to 24 years old.

Those are the cold, hard statistics. But statistics are only part of the story.

A case in point: I'll call him Bob, because there's no sense in using his real name; Bob's story could be any one of the 25,000 tragedies repeated each day all across the country.

When a drunk crosses the yellow line at 80 miles an hour, even the most defensive oncoming driver doesn't have time for a prayer. In Scandinavian countries, where drunk driving penalties are severe, a *designated driver* who doesn't drink that night is provided for all inebriates leaving the party.

Bob was in a bad way when he joined my company in 1975. He had just suffered a tragic business failure, and was heavily in debt. He and his family were really hurting.

But what an unusual guy! Most people in his situation would have been beaten by the kind of bitter disappointment Bob had experienced. Most would have thrown in the towel and given up. But that man had a special spirit. He dug into his new job like a young guy just out of college. He built his own business within our organization, became one of the company's most successful salesmen and managers, and worked himself completely out of debt.

Bob was one in a million. His dad was a minister, and he had deep spiritual convictions. He was a great Christian. In fact, it seemed as if he was just naturally "great"—as a husband, as a father and as a business executive. Bob was the kind of fellow you don't meet every day in the business world, or anywhere else.

One Sunday night Bob and his wife got into their car for the short drive to church. Their new career, and their new life, was going well. For the first time in quite a while, they had security and peace of mind.

Around a curve came a car with a drinking driver at the wheel. The driver lost control of the car, crossed the center line and hit Bob and his wife head on.

It was over in just a few seconds.

Even today it's tough for Bob's wife to talk about it. He was killed instantly. She was seriously injured and hospitalized for several weeks. The entire family was devastated.

The survivors have tried to go on, of course, because there's no other choice. But you ask yourself, "How is this fair? How is it that somebody so important to so many people should be lost through an act of carelessness, an incident that probably would never have happened if the driver had been in full control?" In Bob's case, the other driver was not injured. He never inquired about the family or even called the hospital.

My own family and I still feel the loss of this close friend and business confidant. Even more recently, my

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Jailbird

continued from page 69

identification cards made out to George W. Quackenbush. And I removed from my pockets all of my own personal cards and papers.

I picked up the Quackenbush briefcase, descended to the lobby and withdrew the money bag from the hotel safe. I told the room clerk that I was leaving and might be gone for several days or even weeks. In the meantime, I told her, I wished to retain my room.

I then picked up my car at the paint shop and drove to the office trailer of the Jones Construction Company.

I alighted from the car, carrying the Quackenbush briefcase. In the briefcase was the money bag. And in the money bag was the $5,000. The tape recorder was in the side pocket of my coat.

I knocked on the door of the office trailer. It was opened by a man I had never before seen. Unobtrusively I switched on the tape recorder. "Are you Mr. Potts?" I asked.

"Yes."

"My name," I said, "is George W. Quackenbush. If you would be so kind as to step over to the yonder machinery shed, I would like to talk to you about the Gyro-Excavator."

We went to the shed and walked in beside the big, ungainly machine. Mr. Potts looked at me suspiciously. "What did you say your name is?" he asked.

"George W. Quackenbush. I represent the Gyro-Excavator Company of Indianapolis. Probably you were expecting Chet Morgan?"

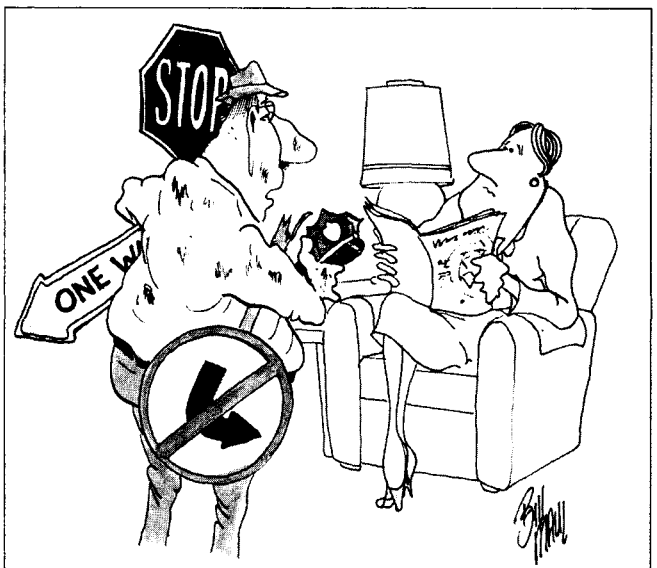
"Yes," he said, "I was."

From here on I followed practically the same routine that the real Mr. Quackenbush had used on me the day before. I explained about poor old Chet and his slipped disc. I gave the entire sales pitch about fluffing up the earth. I gradually worked around to the $5,000. And I explained—even more convincingly than the real Mr. Quackenbush—how this payment was a completely ethical honorarium for professional services. Mr. Potts signed the order.

And when I finally produced the money, he grabbed it with unmistakable eagerness. As he started to count it, there came an interruption. Two men stepped around from behind the big Gyro-Excavator.

Mr. Potts looked at one of these men with astonishment. "Why, it's Mr. Jones," he said. "What are you doing here with the police chief?"

Mr. Jones seemed angry. "I had heard," he said, "that you were having a Gyro-Excavator shipped out here. I had also heard vague but unproved rumors that the Gyro-Excavator Company has a bad reputation. So I asked my friend here, who happens to be the chief of police of North Harwood, to keep an eye on things. When the machine arrived, he notified me. And today we came out here to look it over. We happened to be standing behind the machine when you came in. And we were just on the point of making our presence known when the conversation became so interesting we could not bear to interrupt you."



"I found these lodged up under the car when I was changing the oil . . . know anything about them?"

Mr. Potts smiled a sickly smile. "I'm so glad," he said, "you happened to hear us. Mr. Quackenbush offered me a bribe, and I pretended to go along, so as to trap him."

"And just how," asked the chief of police, "did you think you were going to trap this man? You did not know you were going to have any witnesses. So, for all you could tell, it would be merely your word against his. You would have no proof."

"Wait a minute," I said. "You are getting this wrong. It is just the opposite of what this man Potts claims. I am the one who was pretending to be a crook, so as to trap him."

"Without any witnesses, as far as you knew?"

Triumphantly I drew the tape recorder from my pocket. "I brought along a very good witness," I said. "I have here a recording of our whole conversation."

The chief was still hostile. "Give me that thing," he ordered. I handed it over. He played part of the recording.

"Now do you believe me?" I asked.

"No," he said. "This is nothing but a scheme for blackmail. If Potts decided to cancel the order or back out of his bargain some other way, you could threaten to expose him by playing the recording before a judge and jury."

"You're all wrong," I said. "If Potts wants to cancel that order, it will suit me just fine. My name is not Quackenbush. And I don't represent the Gyro-Excavator Company."

The chief of police made me hand over the briefcase and the contents of my pockets. Everything he found bore the names of Quackenbush and the Gyro-Excavator Company. He even looked out the door and saw the name GYRO-EXCAVATOR on my car. "All right," he said, "if your name is not Quackenbush, what is it? And if you don't represent the Gyro-Excavator, what do you represent?"

I was just about to blurt out the truth when a restraining thought entered my mind. These people were so suspicious that I was sure they would continue to doubt the purity of my motives. If they found out that I am the sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company, they would jump to the conclusion that I had dreamed this whole thing up, had masqueraded as a Gyro-Excavator salesman in order to discredit that company and had deliberately corrupted Mr. Potts so that he could

continued on following page

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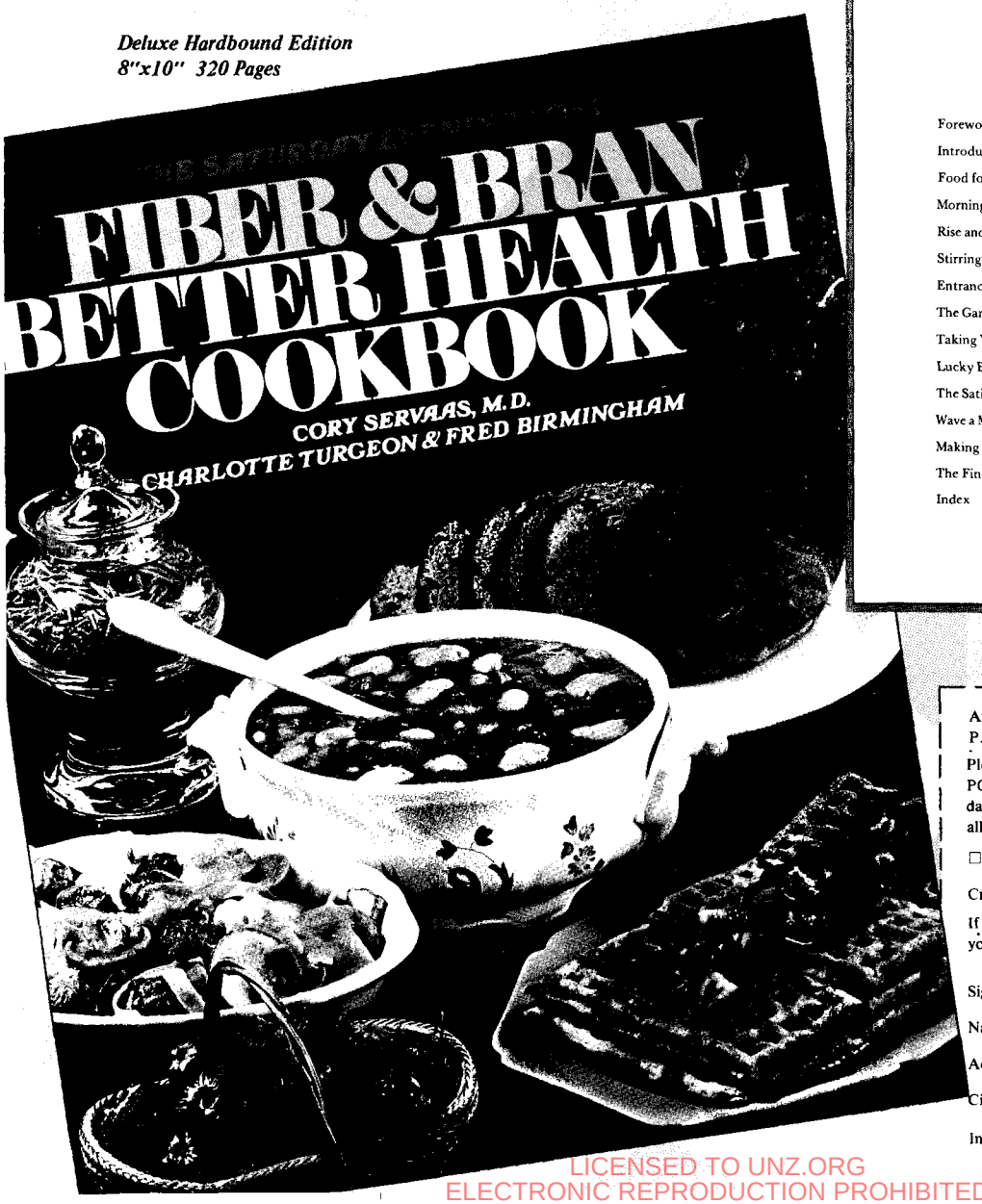

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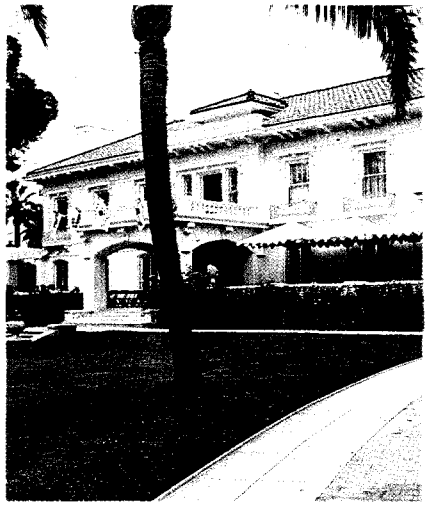
Where in the World?

Whether you travel by plane, train or only armchair style, you may recognize these places with help from clues below.

A

☐ *New York*
☐ *London*
☐ *Paris*

More than six million visitors pass through these doors yearly to view such masterpieces as Van Gogh's "The Cypresses," El Greco's "View of Toledo" and nearly one million other art objects spanning 5,000 years of history.



B

☐ *New Orleans*
☐ *Tampa*
☐ *Pasadena*

Everyone loves a parade, and the chewing-gum magnate and his family who lived in this mansion from 1914 to 1958 liked the one that passed their home so much they donated their house for use as a permanent parade headquarters.

C

☐ *Tel Aviv*
☐ *Tulsa*
☐ *Phoenix*

The power of religious faith and the latest medical technology go hand in hand at the modern hospital complex near which stands the 60-foot-high statue of "The Healing Hands," the world's largest single bronze sculpture.

D

☐ *Egypt*
☐ *Tibet*
☐ *Peru*

This city atop a 6,750-foot mountain was lost for 500 years. Its people belonged to a high civilization that once stretched the length of a continent.

Answers on page 108

be blackmailed into buying Earthworms. It seemed to me, therefore, that this was one of the occasions when silence is golden. I decided I had talked enough. "Gentlemen," I said, "I have nothing further to say."

The chief of police spoke to Mr. Jones. "If it's all right with you, I think I'll lock up both these characters on charges of bribery and conspiracy to defraud."

"It's all right with me," said Mr. Jones.

Even though I doubted the legality of this arrest, I maintained my discreet silence.

Potts and I were taken to jail and locked up—fortunately in separate cells. That was last Tuesday. For three days I refused to say anything to anybody. I even refused to ask for a lawyer. I just sat there like Henry David Thoreau or any of the other famous men who accomplished great things by merely remaining in jail and doing nothing. For three days I concealed my identity and thus saved the Earthworm Tractor Company from becoming involved in this ugly situation.

This morning my patience was rewarded. Mr. Jones and the chief of police entered my cell. Mr. Jones administered a blistering denunciation—which I will not repeat except to say that he made many of the same points that you, Henderson, made in your last letter.

In conclusion he said, "I don't want to get mixed up in a long and disagreeable court case, so I have dropped all charges against you and Mr. Potts. At my request the chief here is letting both of you go. We have destroyed the tape. We are returning your recorder, your briefcase and your filthy money. Your car is waiting for you outside. And you will remove your excavator as soon as possible."

"Thank you," I said.

"I have just fired Mr. Potts," he went on. "Never again will I have any dealings with him. I have destroyed the Gyro-Excavator order. Never again will I have any dealings with that company. And never again will I have any dealings with you."

"I will try to keep out of your way," I said.

"I am placing a large order with the Earthworm Company. And it may interest you to know that in the future I intend to deal exclusively

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with Earthworm."

"Most interesting," I said.

And it may interest you, Henderson, to know that as soon as I got back to the hotel here in Philadelphia I mailed the briefcase to Mr. Quackenbush, with an anonymous note asking him to send for his silly excavator. I am keeping the tape recorder. And I am sending you the tainted $5000. With your refined sense of ethics you will know better than I what to do with it.

All best wishes,

Alexander Botts

Oral Roberts

continued from page 45

structed, the ORU Medical School was launched. How does it fit into this great complex? And how is it doing? A medical school is a high-risk enterprise. Rare is the university that dares establish one.

The answer is that the ORU Medical School seems to be doing fine. It graduated its first class in 1982. Its enrollment is expanding on schedule. Its program is accredited provisionally, which gives it as much official professional validation as a new institution can have at this stage.

An eminent physician, who serves on the accreditation team and as dean of a highly respected medical school, gives the ORU program high marks. Based upon the public's perception of Oral Roberts as a television preacher-evangelist, this outside critic-observer remarked:

"You would never expect him to build a university, a law school, a nursing school, a dental school or a medical school. He has done just that, and he has not spared any effort to make it in every regard first rate. I haven't looked at the other programs, but in medicine and graduate-school efforts he has succeeded beyond our wildest hopes and has really done a remarkable job."

That is the judgment of a secular scientist who would not be numbered among Oral Roberts' traditional constituency. But maybe he is getting drawn in. He said, "What Oral Roberts provides is comprehensive medicine plus comprehensive family and life counseling—and of course the spiritual aspect—and it is just really outstanding."

As Oral Roberts looks back on 35 years of preaching and praying and working and dreaming, as he looks

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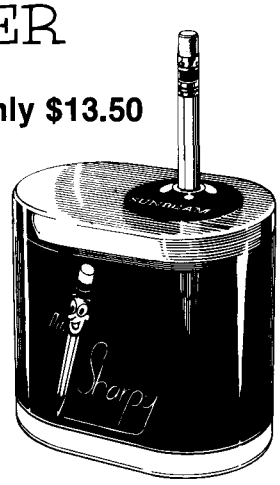

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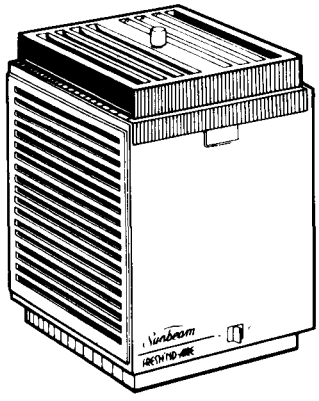

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around him and looks ahead, how does he see all this?

"When I began, it was to take God's healing power to my generation. The source of all health is God. A doctor is an instrument, his medicines are an instrument, his surgery is an instrument. He can't heal anybody, but as an instrument he can cooperate with God, the source of all healing, and God will bring healing. I pray for the sick and I can't heal anybody. My prayers cannot heal anybody, but if God uses my prayers as an instrument, then that prayer has value. What we are trying to do here is to be the best instruments we can learn to be, to combine the best of medicine that is available and the most devoted and caring prayers we can send forth, so that as His instruments we can help do His work by bringing healing of body, mind and spirit to a sick world."

Oral Roberts, his university and the new City of Faith are already powerful instruments to help a world that needs all the healing that it can get.

Get Out Of Town

continued from page 55

house and they were all armed, right down to Haskins, whom I'd never seen touch a gun before.

"Good afternoon." It was ma who opened the ball and I was proud of her. "It's nice of you to call. Will you gentlemen get down and come in? I've some cold lemonade."

It was a mighty hot afternoon and there wasn't a man in the outfit wouldn't have sold his saddle for a good cold drink, but Sheriff Russell spoke up.

"Ma'am"—he was real brusque as always—"we've come to ask you to get rid of this troublemaker you've hired. You're to fire him."

Ma smiled, and like Riley said, ma was a right pretty woman. Thing was, ma came of an old Virginia family and she had the dignity that came of it. She smiled mighty sweet, but there was a chill in it too. "I am afraid, Sheriff, that I do not quite understand you. Do you mean that I am no longer permitted to hire whom I wish? Upon just what law are you basing this—this order?"

Russell wasn't used to being talked up to. He was a hard old man who was used to being kowtowed to. Some of the men behind him kind of shifted in their saddles and looked uncomfortable. Ma was a real lady and they all knew it.

"This man's a troublemaker!" Russell's face was showing his anger. "He's—"

"What trouble has he made? I wasn't aware he had been off the place, and am sure he has not."

"That's neither here nor there."

"Will you name an instance, Sheriff? You accuse him of being a troublemaker. What has he done?"

Russell was flabbergasted, and I never looked to see the day. He had brought all those men who did business with the Coopers out here to lend weight to his demand for Riley's being fired. It was to be public opinion behind him. Only ma had a real stubborn streak.

Riley never said a word, but I could see the admiration in his eyes, and I know I was seeing ma like I never had before. She believed in taking care of our own, but I'd never expected to see Sheriff Ben Russell faced down by anyone.

"What is more to the point, Sheriff, Johnny Loftus and Ed Shifrin were on my range today, threatening my son and Mr. Riley. I want them arrested for trespass and put under bond."

Russell was really mad now. Nothing was going like he planned, and the worst of it was, Rafe Cadieux chuckled. The sheriff turned on Riley.

"You get out of town or I'll have you in jail!"

"On what charge?"

"I'll find the charge."

Riley was very cool. "Sheriff, I want to make something very clear. I took this job because I wanted work and because I liked the way this boy approached me. I think he's a fine lad.

"When I started work I found out there had been a lot going on that wouldn't go on if there was a man on the place who knew what he was doing and who was honest.

"You have no charge against me. I have made no trouble here. Furthermore, as long as I can work on this job I'll stay, and you'll not run me off. You tell Cooper I'll be in town tomorrow at ten. If he'll meet me there in person and tell me to leave, I'll go."

Those days, folks didn't have many amusements. We looked to court trials, fights and showdowns for excitement, and every now and again somebody would blow his top and there'd be a shooting.

There was nothing Sheriff Ben Russell could do but turn around and ride back into town, and that's exactly what that posse did. Only Rafe Cadieux stayed after they left.

"Riley, what I've seen today, I like. If this comes to a case in court I'd admire to be your lawyer."

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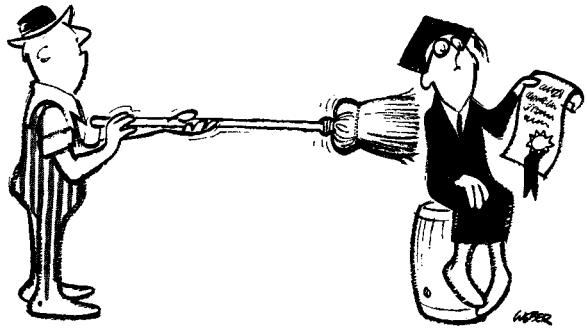

The Perfect Squelch

Robert was the kind of rarefied intellectual who could grasp anything between book covers and not much else. As a result, he held two college degrees, but never a good position. He covered up his inability to come to grips with the world by talking above the heads of most people around him. At an industrial plant where he worked as "unskilled labor," he lectured loftily on anything and everything to the less-educated men around him.

There came a day when the foreman called to Robert and two others, "You guys grab brooms and sweep up over there."

Sulkily Robert replied, "Look, boss, I'm a college graduate."

"Oh, I'm sorry," the foreman said apologetically. "Here, let me show you how."

—Robert J. Pugel

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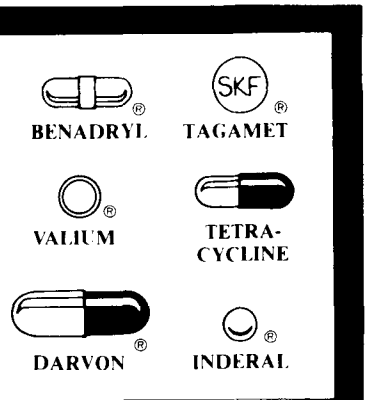
Prescription Drugs' Side Effects Revealed



Do you know the intended good effects and bad side effects of over 200 prescription drugs?

(Peachtree City, GA)—

FC&A, a Peachtree City, GA, book publisher, announced today the release of a new book for the general public, *Prescription Drugs Effects and Side Effects.* It reveals the little-known side effects of over 200 of the most often prescribed drugs — side effects which are known to few people besides doctors.

The Good Effects of Drugs

You take drugs prescribed by your doctor for their good effects like relieving pain, fighting infection, birth control, aiding sleep, calming down, fighting coughs, colds or allergies, or lowering heartbeat and blood pressure.

Do You Have Any Of These Dangerous Side Effects?

Prescription drugs can cause diarrhea, dizziness, dry mouth, sleepiness, depression, headache, insomnia, upset stomach, blurred vision, cramps, rashes, constipation, fever, stuffy nose, short breath, high blood pressure, fear, ringing sounds. Also, poor appetite, balance, sex or heart function.

Do You Know The Answers To These Questions About Prescription Drugs?

When your busy doctor gives you a prescription, what do you, or even your doctor, know about it? What's it for? Will you be allergic to it? What are its side effects and dangers? Will it affect other medicine you're taking?

It's up to **YOU** to keep yourself informed by reading this book. For example, on page 30 you'll learn that a drug you take for upset stomach can cause nausea — the very thing it's supposed to prevent — plus convulsions or heart attack!

Latest Facts On Each Drug

Two outstanding pharmacists have helped add newly discovered side effects to the 1983 edition. The book describes more than 200 of the most-often-used drugs. Facts are given in easy-to-understand words instead of hard-to-understand medical terms.

Easy To Read

Drugs are listed in alphabetical order for quick, dictionary-style finding. The book lists brand names, money-saving generic names, good effects, side effects, warnings and interactions with other drugs.

It tells how to save money by using generic drugs instead of expensive brand names. It also explains drug categories. (For example: a drug may be called an "analgesic" — analgesic means "pain reliever.")

How To Help Your Doctor

Tell your doctor if you have any possible side effects given in this book. If he thinks best, he may lower your dose, stop your medicine or switch to a different drug not having such side effects.

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Order this 30,000-word, easy-to-understand book, edited by two pharmacists. Simply cut out and mail the coupon today. There's a no-time-limit guarantee of full satisfaction or your money back.

Partial List of Drugs In Book

Are you taking any drugs on this list?

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"Thank you, but I doubt if it will come to that."

We had a quiet supper. We had come in early from the range, so Riley put in the last hour before sundown tightening a sagging gate. He was a man who liked to keep busy.

At supper Riley said to ma, "Thank you, ma'am. I am proud to work for you."

Ma blushed.

Next morning ma came to breakfast all prettied up for town. Only thing she said was, "Your father taught you to stand up for what you believe to be right, and to stand by your own people."

There was quite a crowd in town. Word has a way of getting around and folks had a way of being on the street or in the stores when it looked like excitement, and nobody figured to finish their business until it was over.

We left our rig with Old Man Taylor and he leaned over to whisper, "You tell that friend of yours Cad Miller's in town."

Ma heard it and she turned sharp around. "What does he look like, Mr. Taylor?"

Taylor hesitated, shifting his feet nervouslike, not wanting to say, or figuring why ma wanted to know. But ma wasn't a woman you could shake off. "I asked a question, Mr. Taylor. I believe you were a friend of my husband's."

"Well, ma'am, I figured so. I figured to be a friend of yours too."

"And so you are. Now tell me."

So he told her.

It was a warm, still morning. We went down to the hotel, where I waited, and ma went out to buy some women's fixins like she won't buy with a man along.

All the chairs were taken in front of the hotel, so I leaned against the corner of the building next to the alley. Moment later I heard Riley speak from behind my right shoulder. He was waiting in the alley right around the corner of the building.

"Don't turn around, boy. Is Cooper on the street?"

"Not yet, but Cad Miller is in town."

"Tom," he said, "just so you'll know. I was in prison for killing a man who'd killed my brother. Before that, I was a deputy United States marshal." He hesitated. "I just wanted you to know."

Nobody on the street was talking much. A rig clattered along the street and disappeared. The dust settled. A yellow hound ambled across the street headed toward the shade. Ma went walking up the other side of the street and just when I was wondering what she was doing over there the Coopers turned into the upper end of the street. The boys were riding on his flanks and the old man was driving a shining new buckboard.

Cooper pulled up in front of the hotel and got down. His boys were swaggering it, like always, both of them grinning in appreciation of all the fun.

Cooper stepped up on the walk and took a cigar from his vest pocket and bit off the end. His hard old eyes glinted at me. "Boy, where's that hired man of yours? I understand he was asking for me."

"He leaves town today," Andy Cooper said loudly, "or he'll be carried out."

Cooper put the cigar in his teeth. He struck a match and lifted it to light the cigar and I heard a boot grate on the walk beside me and knew Riley was there. Cooper dropped the match without lighting his cigar. He just stood there staring past me at Riley.

"Lark!" Cooper almost choked over the name. "I didn't know it was you."

"You remember what I told you when I ran you out of the Nation?"

Cooper wasn't seeing anybody but Riley, the man he had called Lark. He wasn't even aware of anything else. And I was staring at him, because I had never seen a big man scared before.

"I told you if you ever crossed my trail again I'd kill you."

"Don't do it, Lark. I've got a family—two boys. I've got a ranch. I've done well."

"This boy here had a father."

"Lark, don't do it."

"This boy's father has been dead three or four years. I figure you've been stealing his cows at least two years before that. Say five hundred head."

Cooper never took his eyes off him, and the two boys acted as if they couldn't believe what was happening.

"You write out a bill of sale for five hundred head and I'll sign it for the boy's mother. Then you write out a check for seven thousand dollars and we'll

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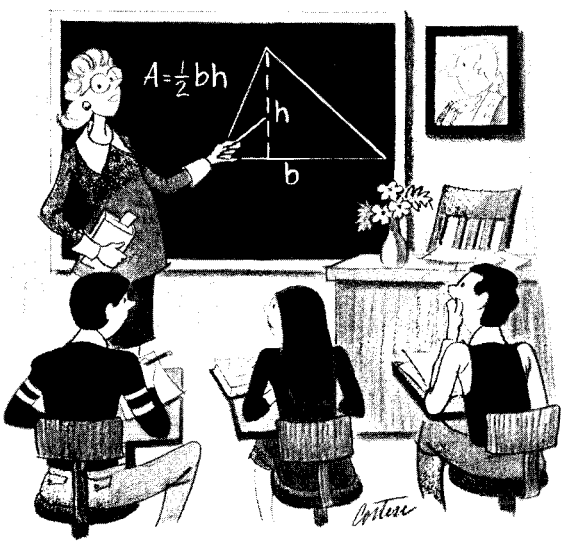

You be the Judge

By John Ritter

The whole high school gossiped when Miss Murphy, the math teacher, became pregnant.

"We can't have an unwed mother teaching in our school," said the principal. "You're fired," he fumed.

The tearful teacher hired an attorney who sued the school board for back pay and reinstatement, based on sex discrimination.

If you were the judge, would you decide for the school or the unwed mother?

Miss Murphy gets her job back, plus $7,000 in back pay. "Firing an unwed mother violates the Civil Rights Act," said the judge. "It is illegal sex discrimination because unwed fathers are not fired."

(Based on a 1977 federal appeals court case in Ohio.)

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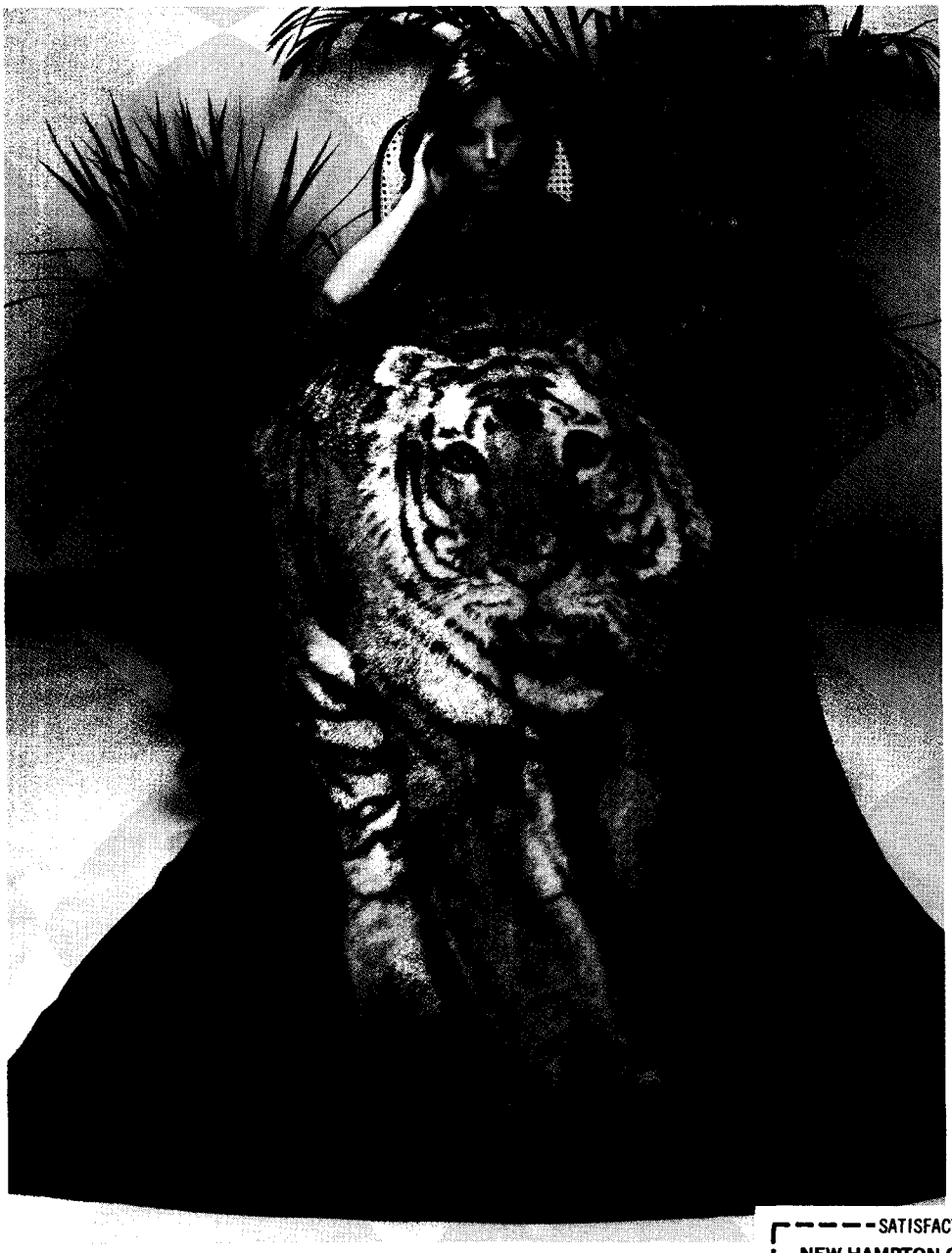

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cross the street and cash it together."

"All right."

"And you'll testify that Cad Miller was told to kill this boy's pa."

"I can't do that. I won't do it."

"Pike," Riley said very patiently, "you might beat a court trial, but you know mighty well you ain't going to beat me. Now my gun's around the corner on my saddle. Don't make me go get it."

Cooper looked like a man who was going to be sick. He looked like a school kid caught cheating. I figured whatever he knew about Riley scared him bad enough so he didn't want any argument. And that talk about a gun on the saddle—why, that might be just talk. A man couldn't see what Riley was packing in his waistband.

"All right," Cooper said. His voice was so low you could scarce hear it.

"Pa!" Andy grabbed his arm. "What are you sayin'?"

"Shut up, you young fool! Shut up, I say!"

"Cad Miller's in town," Riley continued; "you get him out here on the street."

"He won't have to." It was ma's voice.

The crowd moved back and Cad Miller came though with ma right behind him, and trust ma to have the difference. She had her a double-barreled shotgun and she wasn't holding that shotgun for fun. One time I'd seen her use it on a mountain lion right in the door yard. She near cut that lion in two.

Sheriff Ben Russell wasn't liking it very much, but there was nothing he could do but take his prisoner. Once Cooper showed yellow, those two boys of his weren't about to make anything of it, and any man who knew our town knew Cooper was through around here after this.

Back at home I said, "Cooper was calling you Lark."

"My name is Larkin Riley."

"And you didn't even have a gun!"

"A man has to learn to live without a gun, and against a coward you don't need a gun." He rolled a smoke. "Cooper knew I meant what I said."

"But you'd been in prison yourself."

He sat on the stoop and looked at the backs of his hands. "That was later. Ten or fifteen years ago, what I did would have been the only thing to do. There are laws to handle cases like that, and I had it to learn."

Ma came to the door. "Larkin . . .Tom. . .supper's ready."

We got up and Riley said, "Tom, I think tomorrow we'll work the south range."

"Yes, sir," I said.

Genetics

continued from page 28

body; they code for a range of forms under an array of environmental conditions. Moreover, even when a trait has been built and set, environmental interventions may still modify inherited defects."

The genetic program responsible for brain development calls for multiplication of nerve cells in the first few weeks of the fetus. This is followed by a sorting-out of the cell types. Then this sorting-out is followed by a migration from the core area around the neural tube to form the mature structures of the brain such as the cerebral cortex, the cerebellum and the basal ganglia.

There now begins formation of the "processes" of the cells, referred to as dendrites and axons, leading to synaptic connections, followed by spine formation and the formation of multiple small connections. The final "spining" provides the interconnections between neurons in the brain, giving the staggering number of combinations used in the thought process.

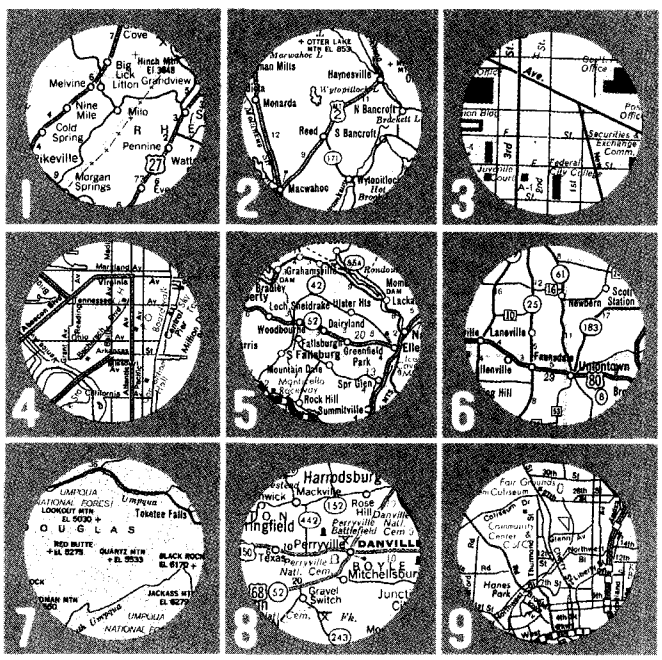
"In other words, the genetic code is responsible for the hard-wired diagram that eventually develops," said Rosenberg, "and this is independent of any characteristic of learning, race or geography.

"Very important for human development is the formation of spines on dendrites at the very end of this process. You can have a child that hears and sees and speaks and walks and talks and feels and yet is profoundly mentally retarded. The difference is, while the brain is apparently fully formed, that final, terminal spine-formation step has not matured as it should, resulting in retardation.

"This shows that the entire process of the genetic code for brain architecture is necessary to produce truly human behavior."

Graphically demonstrating the built-in genetic behavioral processes is the child who has been blind and deaf since birth, who has never seen anyone laugh and has never heard laughter—but if you com-

continued on following page



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 108)

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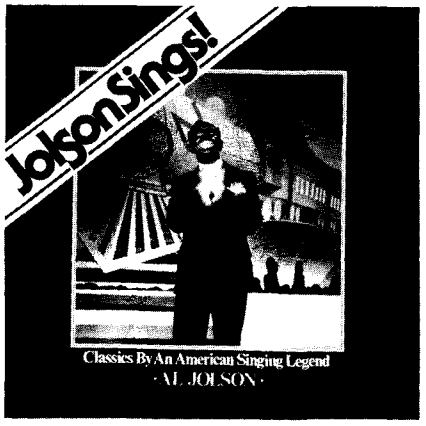

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I Want A Girl (Just Like The Girl)
Toot, Toot, Tootsie
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Sonny Boy
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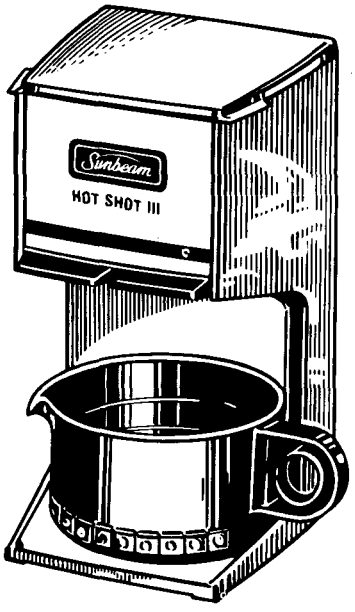
HOT BEVERAGE MAKER



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municate by Braille with this child and tell him something humorous, the child exhibits the expression of laughter and actually laughs, said Rosenberg: "The emotions, if you will, are hard wired."

There is a somewhat controversial regime of thought called "sociobiology." It declares there are sets of genes that determine primitive human behavior just as they do in animals—behaviors such as hunger, sex, thirst, territoriality and aggression, he explained:

"However, the sociobiologists will say that some concepts, such as altruism, fair play, justice, honesty, are also under genetic control as techniques for biological survival."

A parent who saves a child from a burning building, the behavior of a mockingbird in driving a cat away from its nest, and even that of a lion which destroys cubs of another pride—all could be carrying out biological maneuvers to preserve genes, said Rosenberg. He continues:

"Look at the repertory of human behaviors. Irrespective of race or culture, complex behaviors such as religious feelings, incest taboos, marriage rituals, group bonding and cleanliness seem to have arisen spontaneously in separated primitive tribes.

"There's something here, I think, that transcends civilization."

Coaching By Computer

continued from page 65

don't know how valuable they would be, anyway," adds Ed Hughes, who has served as "computer coach" for a number of NFL teams, including the Eagles and the Washington Redskins, before coming to the Bears. "Too much thought in football can cause too much confusion."

"Computers will *never* replace a coach," says Frank Arnold. "For one thing, I couldn't take my TICOR machine on the road, because the fans could kick the plug out and erase everything. Besides, there's one other thing a computer can't do: It can't draw basketball diagrams like a coach. It will never take away the coach's personal touch."

LaRussa, in an attempt to put this information in perspective, says that "potentially, computers have a certain edge—and that's what we are looking for—an edge. But the key to managing and winning is still the quality of the players and their attitudes down on the field."

When Joe Gibbs got the Redskins coaching job two years ago, one of his first moves was to call Bert Gilner and order the same kind of computerized offensive reports he had used as an assistant with the San Diego Chargers. Gilner, who provides game-scouting software to a number of NFL teams from his Florida-based company, says that computerized reports save coaches at least a full day of preparation time. "Computers actually increase a coach's productivity by 20 or 25 percent," he claims.

But as Miami Dolphins coach Don Shula said recently after studying his latest printout, "Bert, this is great! But if we don't have the horses, it doesn't mean a thing."

Russian Jews

continued from page 73

in Leningrad. Pavel Astrakhan, a young man who desperately tries to observe Jewish customs, told me of his arrest while attempting to visit Babi Yar on the 40th anniversary of the massacre there of thousands of Jews. Yevgeny Lein related the horror story of his year in a Siberian labor camp. He had been sentenced for resisting police when they raided his apartment. Iosif Radomiselsky told me of his attempts to support his parents on his salary from part-time work. Trained as a computer engineer, he was dismissed from his job after applying for a visa. Grigory Genusov described his life in a communal apartment where seven families share a single bathroom. He also told of searches and harassment by the KGB.

I left Aba's apartment that night with a better understanding of the problems of the Soviet Jews as well as a greater appreciation for life in the United States. I was frustrated because I could not answer the refuseniks' questions: What could the American government do to help them? When would they ever be allowed to go to their homeland?

I returned to America convinced that we must use the Soviets' oppressive value system more effectively to pursue our commitment to freedom and human dignity. The Soviets too often gain access to U.S. grain and to cultural and scientific exchanges without making any concessions concerning the psychological brutalization of their peoples.

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Naive Western appeals for "compassion" and "human rights" do not move the hardened occupants of the Kremlin.

Saber-rattling may not change Soviet policy, but reasonable bargaining will, as proven in 1979 when Soviet emigration policies were vastly liberalized for a time. We should attempt to coordinate our Soviet-American trade relations with the efforts of other Western countries to bring about changes in Soviet policy. The American business community, which also deals directly with the Soviet government, should be sensitized to the problem. They possess the most leverage we have. I believe we offer the most hope for the thousands of Russians who ache for religious freedom.

Six months have passed since my visit to the Soviet Union. The following letter I received recently from a refusenik indicates that conditions are not improving:

"Now our situation reminds one of the situation here 30 years ago. It's as if the ugly and frightening spirit of the ghosts of Stalinism have risen from their graves. I would like to be an optimist, but to my sorrow, there is. . .not even a hint of a positive development, and as to negative signs—they are in great quantity."

If we as Americans recoil from solidarity with millions of the oppressed around the world, we must confront the truth that we share the blame for their suffering, and that our waning wills may ultimately assure our own undoing.

Woody Allen

continued from page 61

and I had the misfortune to enter and ask Gauguin if he had seen my felt hat. Distracted, Gauguin lost his grip on the tooth and Feldman took advantage of the lapse to bolt from the chair and race out of the office. Gauguin flew into a frenzy! He held my head under the X-ray machine for ten straight minutes and for several hours after I could not blink my eyes in unison. Now I am lonely.

Vincent

Dear Theo,
All is lost! Today being the day I planned to ask Claire to marry me, I was a bit tense. She was magnificent in her white organdy dress, straw hat, and receding gums. As she sat in the chair, the draining hook in her mouth, my heart thundered. I tried to be romantic. I lowered the lights and tried to move the conversation to gay topics. We both took a little gas. When the moment seemed correct, I looked her directly in the eye and said, "Please rinse." And she laughed! Yes, Theo! She laughed at me and then grew angry: "Do you think I could rinse for a man like you!? What a joke!" I said, "Please, you don't understand." She said, "I understand quite well! I could never rinse with anyone but a licensed orthodontist! Why, the thought I would rinse here! Get away from me!" And with that she ran out weeping. Theo! I want to die! I see my face in the mirror and I want to smash it! Smash it! Hope you are well.

Vincent

Dear Theo,
Yes, it's true. The ear on sale at Fleishman Brothers Novelty Shop is mine. I guess it was a foolish thing to do but I wanted to send Claire a birthday present last Sunday and every place was closed. Oh, well. Sometimes I wish I had listened to father and become a painter. It's not exciting but the life is regular.

Vincent

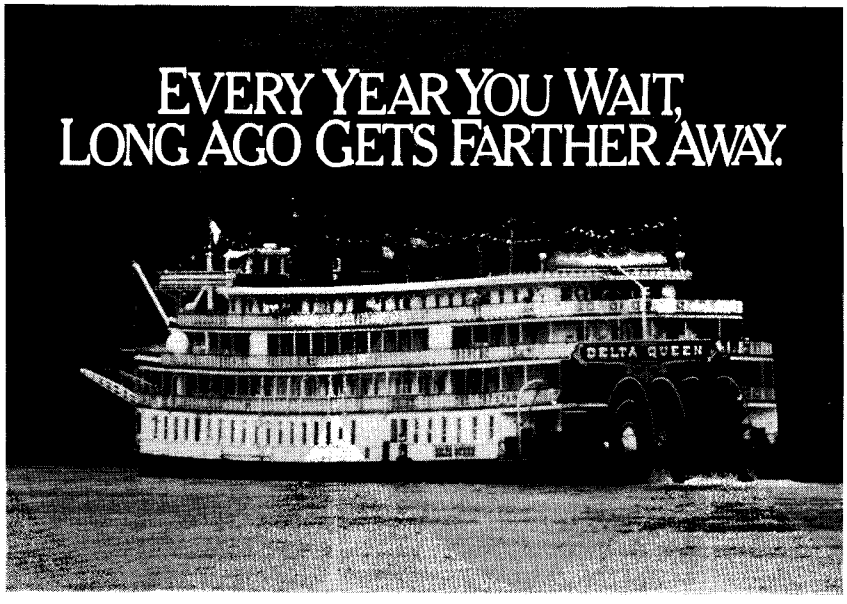
Phonograph Record

continued from page 57

clarinet that remembered everything gone, accepted everything present, and waited for anything more still to come, echoing in and out of the story of the Japanese girl betrayed by the American sailor, the oboe saying words and the saxophone choking on swallowed emotion: "Fox Trot (On Melodies by G. Puccini, arranged by Hugo Frey) Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. 18777-A."

After that, whenever other members of the family attacked me for some seeming eccentricity, my mother always patiently defended me until she lost her temper, whereupon she shouted, "He is not a businessman, thank God."

"Eat to live, and not live to eat."
—Benjamin Franklin



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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

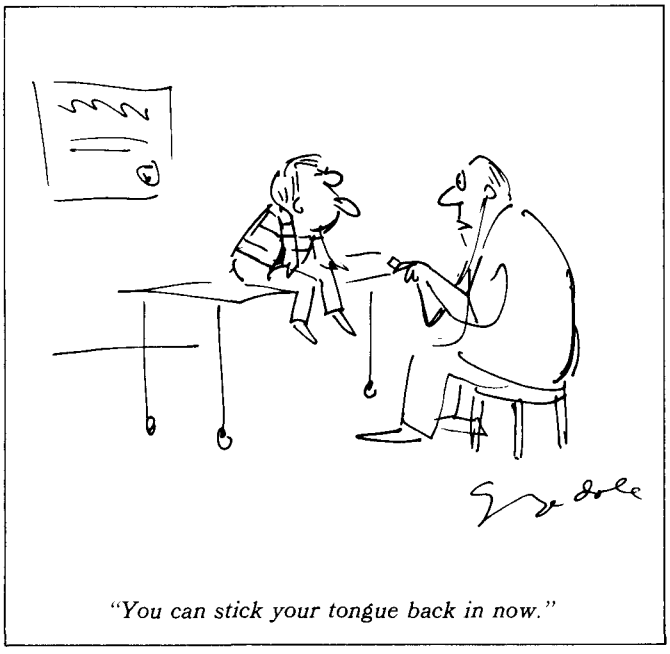
"The health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and all their powers as a state depend."—Benjamin Disraeli

Home Test Kits

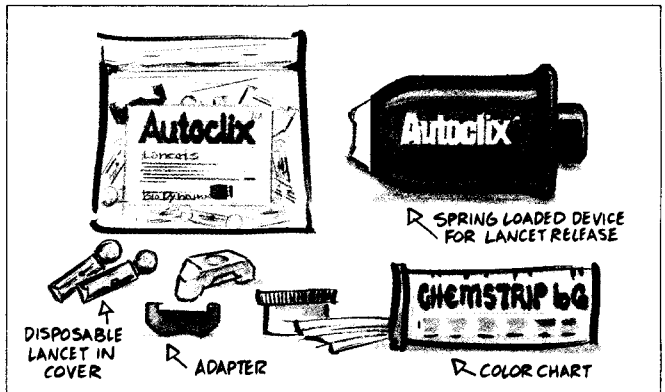
In medical school 15 years ago, we were incredulous when we were told that probably half of the diabetics in the United States were undiagnosed. A cowboy in the West may still discover he is diabetic and has "sugar in his urine" because the campfire he extinguishes by urinating on it gives forth a caramel aroma, we were told. A rancher who takes pride in never having to see a doctor knows there is something wrong when the flies suddenly start swarming on the area where he urinates back of the barn. He knows from folklore that he is "spilling sugar in his urine," and this is the first indication to him that he is a diabetic. Learning that there is sugar in the *urine* is after the fact. It is like reading last week's newspaper compared with knowing your present *blood* sugar, or more correctly, glucose level. A high blood glucose level (*hyper*glycemia), we were told, in the extreme causes a diabetic coma and even death; too little glucose in the blood (*hypo*glycemia), in the extreme, can cause irritability, tremors, nervous palpitations and even violence or fainting and death.

Well, it became apparent to us that the amount of glucose one has in one's blood is a pretty important indication of one's well-being. The primitive method of detection that the cowboys used was a dangerously unscientific means of diagnosis. By the time there is enough excess glucose in the blood to cause the kidneys to excrete it into the urine, important damage can have occurred.

That the problem was universal, and not limited to the likes of cowhands and ranchers living in remote areas, was brought to my attention dramatically. Our minister's teenage daughter went into a diabetic coma, and this episode was the first time her parents had any indication that she had become diabetic. These are well-educated and culturally privileged parents whose children are given routine medical attention.



"You can stick your tongue back in now."



They're a boon for diabetics, but these home glucose test kits can also be used successfully by the undiagnosed. If you have symptoms of extreme irritability and nervousness when you are hungry, a simple test with Autoclix® and Chemstrip bG® might tell you that you are *hypo*glycemic. If you test below 50 on the color chart two hours after breakfast, tell your doctor. In the event you are one of the many undiagnosed diabetics, you might find a high reading (150 or higher, 2 hours after breakfast). You should then repeat the test the following morning and *tell your doctor*!

The state of the art in early diagnosis of high or low levels of blood glucose has come a long way in the past 15 years. Perhaps the single most important development in recent years has been the self-blood-glucose monitoring kits that are now available in drugstores throughout the country. They enable one to get a drop of blood painlessly from the finger, to test and to know in minutes whether there is too little or too much glucose in one's blood. Knowing that, it is possible to take action to change the too-high or too-low condition.

I asked an eminent diabetologist, Dr. James Anderson, to bring us up to date on these, and he recommended the ones illustrated, the Autoclix® and Chemstrip bG®, because they are easy to use and are accurate. A tiny disposable lancet is hidden from view in its cover until the Autoclix® releases it at just the right depth. It penetrates just enough to bring forth a drop of blood large enough to cover the quarter-inch strip on the tape.

For thick, calloused skin, there is a different-colored adapter for a slightly deeper prick. All in all, it is so painless that some of my colleagues prick their own fingers each time they demonstrate the device to a new patient. The drop of blood is left on the Chemstrip for 60 seconds, wiped off, and after another 60 seconds the col-

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or is compared with that on the Chemstrip bG® bottle. Bio-Dynamics makes a meter called Accu-Check® for those who prefer the reassurance of reading an exact number, or who are visually impaired.

Urine glucose testing can provide an estimate of blood sugar, but it is often misleading and an unreliable indicator of the actual *blood* glucose level. Sugar that has been collected in the bladder over a period of time appears in the urine later and does not reflect the blood sugar level at the moment it is urinated.

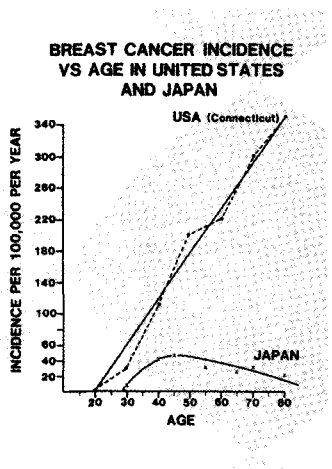
Without a doubt, it is downright dangerous to be letting yourself function with a too-high or too-low blood glucose level.

It is known that repeated incidents of uncontrolled *hyper*glycemia may actually accelerate the onset of diabetic complications such as blindness, heart attacks and kidney failure. And too-low blood sugar (*hypo*glycemia) can cause you to hate your spouse, your children or your job.

Diabetics who maintain normal glucose levels can prevent serious complications. Diabetologists explain that, although it is a relatively new concept, achieving tight control of diabetes is rapidly gaining worldwide recognition as a process that enables the diabetic to lead a normal, active life, because he can make adjustments concerning insulin dosage, diet and exercise. When unused sugar accumulates in the blood and spills into the urine, symptoms such as frequent urination, excessive thirst, excessive hunger and itching occur. Severe, uncontrolled hyperglycemia may result in: nausea; vomiting; irregular, heavy breathing; and eventually, diabetic coma.

Look For Low-Dosage X-rays

When your doctor prescribes an X-ray, it's a good idea to ask him about any options as to where you can go to get the least amount of radiation. This is a particularly important consideration for women over 50, who should have a mammogram every year to check for breast cancer. For them, the cumulative effects of radiation will be significantly decreased with low-dose, state-of-the-art X-ray mammogram equipment, which uses one-third as much radiation as xeromammography and 100 times less than the older X-ray equipment, still in use at some hospitals, according to radiologist Dr. Patricia Harper, who operates a breast clinic that includes ultrasound.



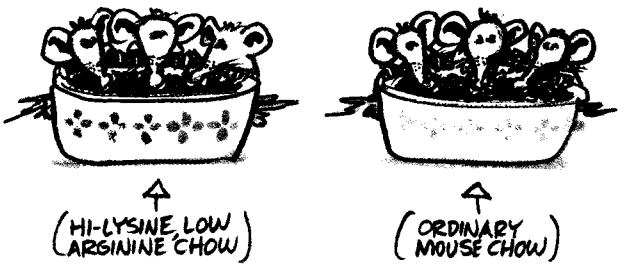
Women in Japan have far less breast cancer than U.S. women. Fat in our diet is implicated.

Chart adapted from work of J.L. Kelsey in *Epidemiology Review*, Vol. 1, 1979.

Japanese women have about one-third as much breast cancer as women in the United States; in Japan older women have far less breast cancer than young women.

For women who discover their own breast lumps, the

continued on page 108



Your Society has purchased 100 white mice with a generous contribution from Dr. and Mrs. Maloof Abraham of Canadian, Texas.

When Dr. Abraham called me, I told him the mice cost $5 each because these mice are a special breed that develop leukemia and die within six months. He quickly offered to buy the first 100 mice. Sixty of these mice will be fed supplemental lysine in daily doses of 500 mg and 1,000 mg per 10 kg of body weight. The formulas for these experimental mice will also be low in arginine. The remaining 40 mice will be used as controls and will be given ordinary mouse chow.

At the end of six months, if most or all of the mice fed high-lysine, low-arginine diets remain alive after their counterparts on ordinary food have died from leukemia, there will be great rejoicing in our laboratories. Pray that our experimental mice will not get leukemia and that we will have a breakthrough.

The honor roll of contributors who are making our computer-based research possible continues to grow.

Here is a list of recent donors who have put their money to work helping your Society to prevent cancer:

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WHERE IN THE WORLD

(Answers from page 96)

A. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, located on the Fifth Avenue edge of Central Park in New York, houses the most comprehensive art collection in the Western Hemisphere. Founded in 1872, the museum has been in its present structure since 1902.

B. William Wrigley, Jr., of chewing gum fame, lived at this address in Pasadena starting in 1914. He and his family enjoyed watching the Tournament of Roses from their windows each New Year's Day, and in 1958, the home was donated to the Tournament as a permanent headquarters.

C. Tulsa, Oklahoma, is the setting for the world's largest bronze sculpture, The Healing Hands. Evangelist Oral Roberts proposed the sculpture in order to symbolize the unity of medicine and prayer. The Healing Hands constantly remind all who see them that God is the source of all healing.

D. The fabled lost city of Machu Picchu is found deep in the Andes Mountains of Peru. Built by the Inca Indians, Machu Picchu was never found by the conquering Spanish and lay deserted and forgotten until rediscovered by Hiram Bingham in 1911.

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 102)

1. Tennessee
2. Maine
3. Washington, D.C.
4. Atlantic City, N.J.
5. New York
6. Alabama
7. Oregon
8. Kentucky
9. Winston Salem, N.C.

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"Your teeth are fantastic, but your gums have to come out."

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Medical Mailbox

continued from page 107

average remaining life span is only seven years for white women and four years for black women, according to Dr. Elizabeth Kelly-Frye, a world-renowned breast-cancer researcher. On the other hand, if a lump is discovered before it is palpable in screening programs such as mammography and ultrasound, the life expectancy is almost normal.

Unfortunately, 90 percent of breast cancers are discovered by the women themselves.

If the Japanese can screen all their women, shouldn't we be trying harder, since we have three times Japan's incidence of breast cancer?

Since cancer-prevention guidelines now encourage women over 50 to have X-ray mammographs yearly, low-dose radiation is important. Other guidelines include:

1) Monthly breast self-examination;

2) Annual palpation of the breasts by qualified medical personnel;

3) A baseline X-ray mammogram at age 35;

4) Between 35 and 39, annual mammography if you have a personal history of breast cancer; and

5) Between ages 40 and 49, annual mammography if there is a history of breast cancer in immediate relatives or personal history of breast cancer.

Since ultrasound has no radiation and is not known to have any risks, all adult women could benefit from

continued on following page

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In the 1980's... New Hope for The Diabetic

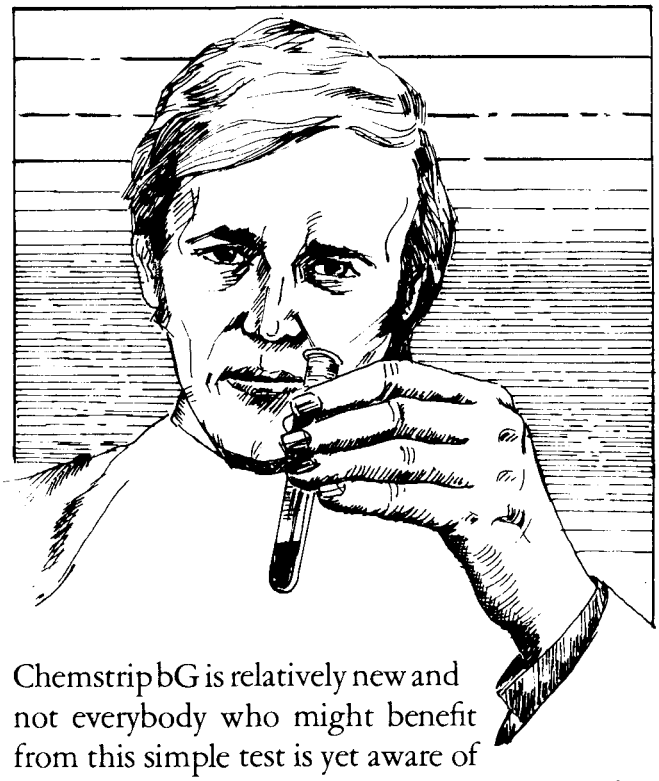
In 1922 Drs. Banting and Best at the University of Toronto startled the medical world with the discovery of insulin, the precious substance without which carbohydrates cannot be metabolized properly in the human body. By the end of the 1920's insulin was made widely available and principles of management of the disease *diabetes mellitus* were revolutionized. Hundreds of thousands of people's lives were saved; hundreds of thousands of lives extended. And for the first time in history there was *hope* for the person with diabetes.

For upwards of four decades, little further basic progress was made. Excitement in medical research was being generated in other fields and the study of diabetes was not widely in fashion.

Then, as we approached the 1980's, a quiet revolution began. New and better insulins of greater purity were perfected. New and better methods of managing diabetes were developed, notably, the technique of home monitoring of the patient's blood sugar levels. Such testing had heretofore been done on urine and for a variety of technical reasons did not provide the timely and accurate information necessary to achieve what doctors now call "tight control" of the disease.

Medical studies indicate that the complications of diabetes can be reduced when "tight control" is achieved.

Home Monitoring, now recognized as providing far better management of diabetes, brings new hope to the diabetic. Until recently, however, it was necessary to purchase a machine to process the tiny drop of blood collected by the patient for testing at home. But now, with the development of a test called Chemstrip bG,® no machine is necessary for most patients. Using this simple test strip, patients are able to test themselves at home and arrive at accurate, usable results. The drop of blood used for the test is usually taken from a finger, by a tiny pinprick which most patients say doesn't bother them at all.



Chemstrip bG is relatively new and not everybody who might benefit from this simple test is yet aware of its existence. If you are diabetic, or have a diabetic friend or family member, the best course is a patient-physician consultation to determine how this test and the new techniques of home monitoring can be of benefit. It is our hope that Chemstrip bG will help bring *you* new hope.

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the use of this screening device—not instead of, but in addition to the following national guidelines for mammography. Ultrasound is now available in an estimated 100 medical centers throughout the United States.

Vitamin C for Infertility

Recent evidence shows that vitamin C can be used to treat some forms of frustrating male infertility. Researchers at the University of Texas report that 1 g of vitamin C per day apparently reversed infertility in 15 petrochemical workers.

After four days of the vitamin C supplementation, the men, all of whom had abnormally low levels of vitamin C, showed significant improvements in sperm count, viability and mobility, according to Dr. Earl B. Dawson.

It has long been known that vitamin C added to semen in test tubes reversed sperm agglutination. For these men, agglutination of sperm dropped from an average of 37 percent to 20 percent after four days, and 14 percent at seven days after taking vitamin C daily, Dr. Dawson said.

The men were not followed long enough to determine if the wives conceived. However, an earlier ascorbic acid study of 27 men with nonspecific sperm agglutination showed that the wives of 20 men had conceived during the 60-day study.

Background for Healing

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erts' soul. "I won't get up, son, until you are saved," he told Oral. "You've got to go to heaven when you die."

The last thing Roberts wanted to do at that young age was to go to heaven. "I wanted to live," he says. "But papa knew if I died I would die unsaved." Then followed Oral Roberts' first visionary experience. His father's face faded away, and he saw the face of Jesus instead. "I heard myself crying, 'God, save me! God, save me!' " he says.

Later, Roberts' sister came to him and said, "Oral, God's going to heal you." His brother, Elmer, drove him to a tent where, Roberts recalls, "a man was preaching and praying for the sick."

"The preacher was praying for all types of people, but he didn't pray for me like the other preachers had," Roberts said. "Instead, he said, 'You foul, tormenting disease, I command you, in the name of Jesus, to come out of this boy. You loose him and let him go free.' I felt that power come up in my feet, up through my legs, into my lungs, my face, my head. My head began to roar with it. My lungs opened up, my tongue came loose. The preacher put a microphone in my hand and said, 'Tell them.' And I told them—without stuttering." (Roberts had been a stutterer since childhood.)

The healing from tuberculosis did not come immediately, says Roberts. He was very weak. After all, he had gone to bed with 165 pounds on his six-foot frame, had been sick for 163 days and now weighed only 120 pounds.

"It took me about a year," Roberts says, "and if mama hadn't helped me, I probably would have lost the healing. But she said, 'Oral, when you feel weak and you need to lie down during the day and rest, don't put on your pajamas and get under the covers. Just lie across the bed with your clothes on.'

"What she was saying was, 'Don't get the mentality back that you once had. Know that you're going to be well again.' "

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"But for the Grace of God"

continued from page 93

long-time secretary and friend experienced the terrible loss of a treasured son-in-law. A fine family man, he was killed in an accident involving a teen-age girl who chose to ignore the deadly potential of mixing alcohol and automobiles. This dangerous gamble continues to result in tragedy for families all across America. How can people such as you and I fight back?

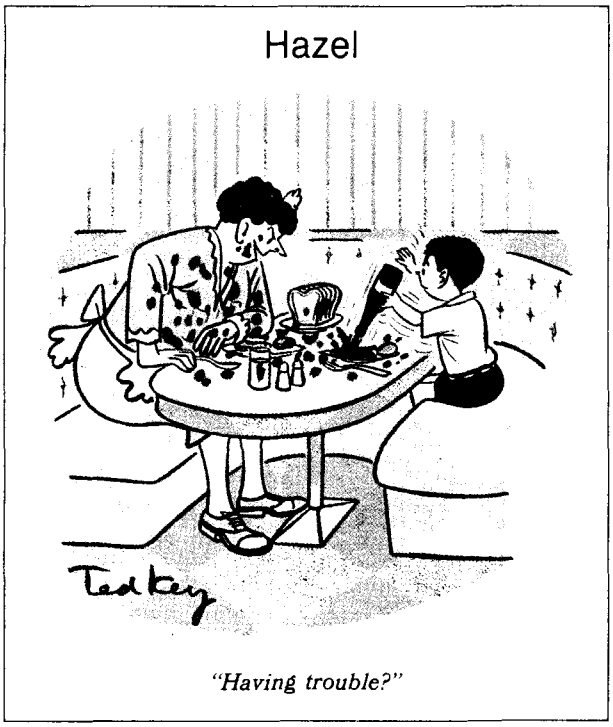
The first place to start, I believe, is with the court system. In the past, offenders have received little more than a slap on the wrist. In Bob's case, the family decided not to prosecute, because their lawyers confirmed their fears that the driver would probably receive a suspended sentence. But Bob's wife is still troubled by the nagging thought that somehow it just isn't right that the driver be released to endanger other lives.

It disturbs me, as a citizen, that the courts have been so lenient with drinking drivers. They refer to a situation like Bob's as "negligent homicide," which means that a life was taken unintentionally. But to the family of the victim it's a pretty meaningless distinction. Something is wrong when an innocent couple is out for a drive, abiding by the law, and an irresponsible person takes a life—only to be dismissed by the courts.

Patricia McGovern, a Massachusetts state senator, made this same point at a recent conference on drunk driving. "When I was a little girl," Ms. McGovern said, "I was raised in a home where we were taught the difference between right and wrong. But now we look at people who do violent acts and classify them as ill. Are we not at the point where we have to differentiate? Is the *defendant* the victim or is the *victim* the victim?"

I agree with Ms. McGovern's question. It's time the courts recognized drunk driving for what it is—a criminal act that takes its toll on the lives of individuals and families. I don't believe in being unduly harsh, and I know that problem drinkers need help. But our society simply can't condone it when these people get behind the wheel of a car, take a life, then go free to do the same thing again. What about the victims? What restitution do they get?

There is some hope, however. The families of victims of drinking drivers have been taking action. Organizations like Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD), Remove Intoxicated Drivers (RID) and Students Against Drinking Drivers (SADD) have gotten some good results. Due to their efforts, and the efforts of other citizen-activist groups, many states have responded with stronger deterrents and penalties.



"Having trouble?"

In New Jersey recently, I passed through a community that had obviously banded together to combat the problem. The seriousness of their commitment to stop drinking drivers was expressed by signs posted throughout the town promising offenders full prosecution.

It's a big problem, but the success of unified groups such as these has been encouraging. Their actions need to be matched by the actions of individuals, people like you and me. There are things we all can do, within our own areas of influence, to bring about positive changes.

One thing we all can do is help refocus public attitudes about drinking and driving to make the practice less socially acceptable than it is now.

Many of us have been at parties where fountains of liquor were served, and where everyone was encouraged to drink as much as they liked. It's almost a mark of status to have a well-stocked bar. At these events, we're all fully aware that many guests get into their cars to drive home "under the influence" in various degrees. The fact that someone's leaving a party "smashed" is more a matter for joking than for serious concern. Few of us will speak up to prevent someone who's had too much to drink from driving home. But we should.

Business events are a similar matter. With many companies, drinking is a way of life. The three-martini lunch is almost a cliché. Often, company conventions are little more than parties, with plenty of "drinks on the house."

This is an area where business leaders can make a positive contribution. Those in leadership positions at companies set the tone for the entire organization. If more would set an example of abstinence or moderation within their own organizations, they could eliminate the temptation to overindulge, and relieve the pressure of drinking in order to fit in with the group. It's a fact that many people drink in social situations to be one of the crowd, and it's my guess that many would feel more relaxed in an atmosphere where nondrinking was just as acceptable, or more acceptable, than heavy drinking.

Drinking doesn't have to be an essential evil of the business world, and business leaders would do a lot of good if they would take their responsibilities as examples seriously in this important area.

There's something that each of us can do to make an impact, however small our circle of influence. My suggestions may seem minor, but a lot of little efforts eventually add up to big results. If the thousands of people affected by this tragic situation would speak up, they would create a voice that demands attention.

A drinking driver, a few short seconds, a family destroyed. It's time we all do whatever we can. . .for the *real* people behind the statistics.

Do we have any other choice?

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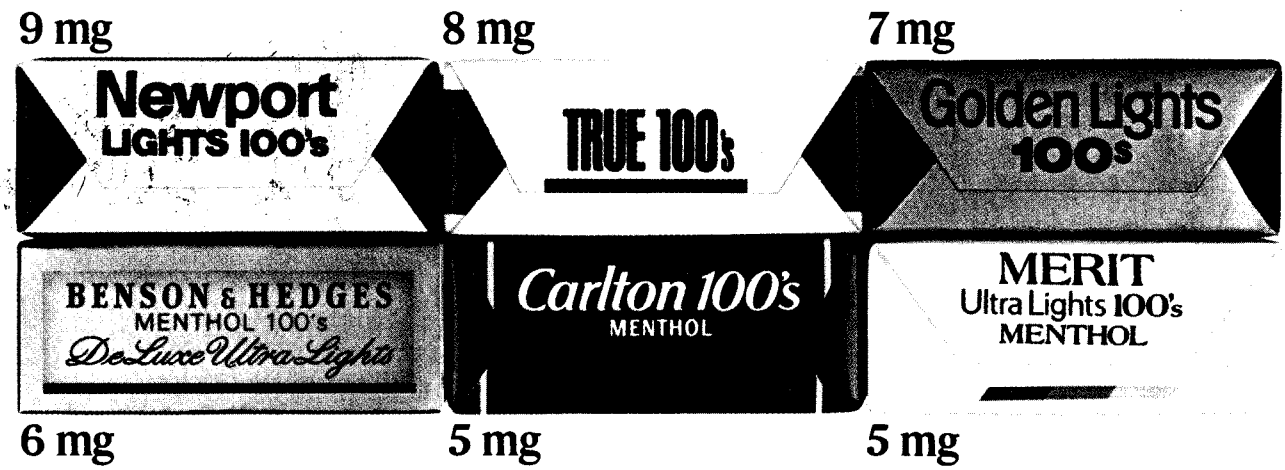

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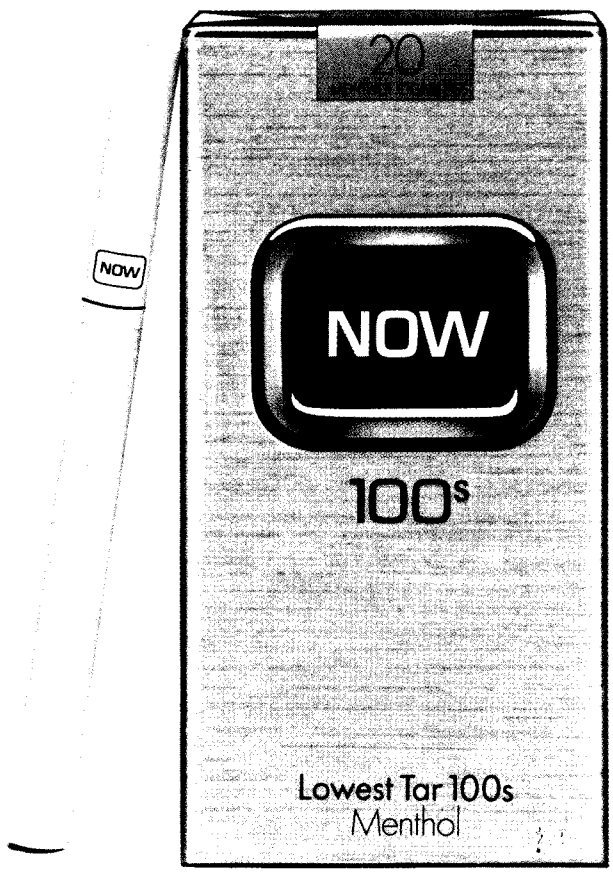

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